Secret Marriage a dramatic novel of family life **By Kathleen Norris**

June 29, 1935

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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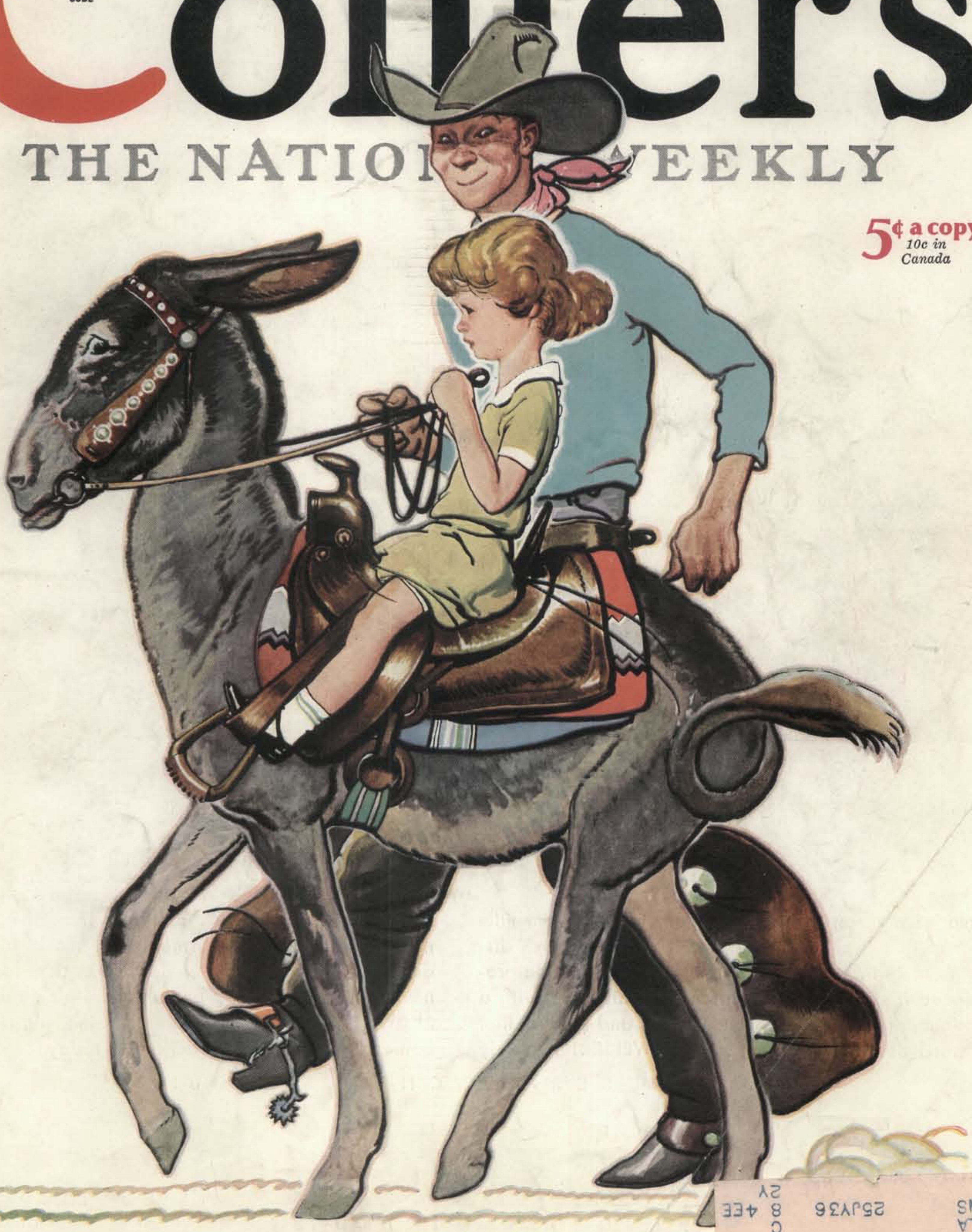

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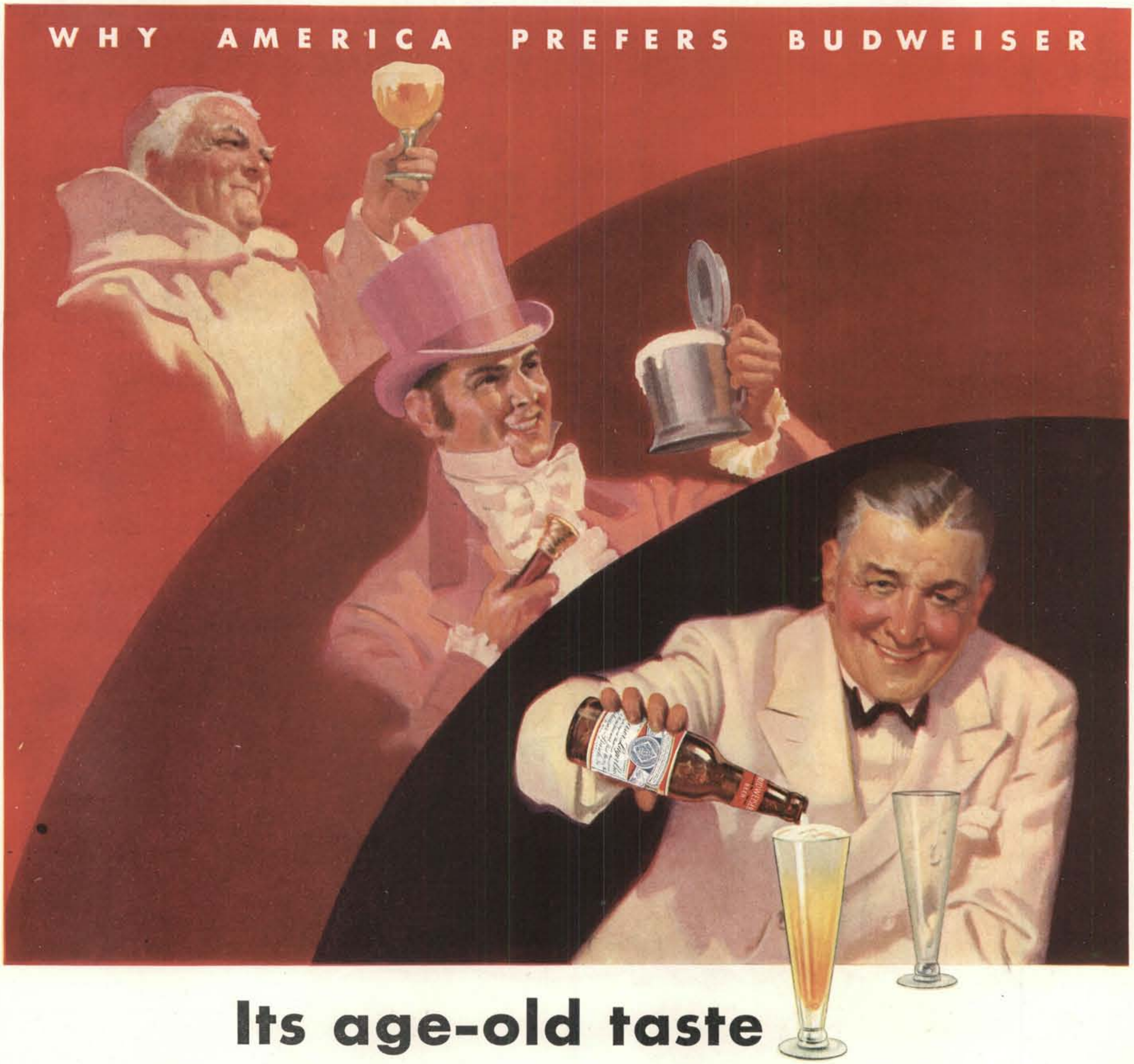
June 29, 1935



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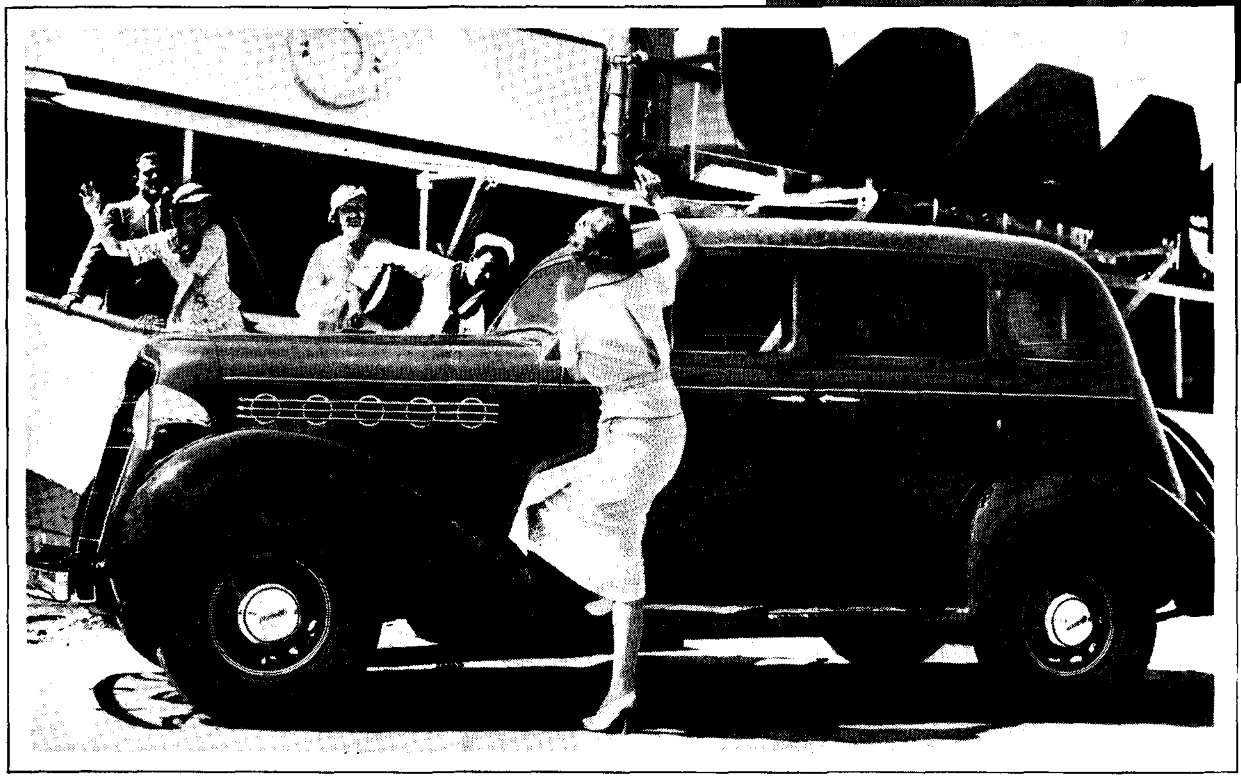

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN she was a little girl Diana Carmody decided she would never marry anyone but a real cowhand. Barry Hatfield was a city product, didn't like the country, let alone the West—said it gave him fresh-air poisoning. Hardly the lad for Diana. Yet Barry became the ideal cowboy, the hero of the nation.

Barry himself didn't take it seriously; he still thought of himself in a drawing-room setting. But when Diana was kidnapped by the Mexican sheepherders, Barry knew his lines—he was on the spot with horse and spurs and gun. In an uproarious short story Harlan Ware presents "The Broadway Buckaroo."

FROM our listening posts throughout the nation comes news that this summer will be the biggest tourist season you have ever seen. Eager to help you plan your trip, we asked Jim Marshall, our Seattle lookout man, to write down the information that will make your trip more safely exciting. What to do, for instance, if someone offers you a dairy-cow steak in the cattle country; how to drive over mountain roads; how to pronounce deceptively spelled names of western towns; novel and charming things to do. If you are going to stay home read "Tourist Heaven" anyway and have the melancholy pleasure of knowing what you'll miss.

IT WAS a hurricane that destroyed the skipper's schooner. She just went to pieces at the end of the blow and left him in command of one oar and his own body two hundred miles from land. But he was still "The Skipper." He knew the winds and the sea; he knew the Pacific Islands Pilot by heart; and he had no idea when he was beaten. Will F. Jenkins writes his soul-stirring adventure.

JOHN R. TUNIS takes you to Wimbledon to watch the representatives of thirty nations battle it out on the "Center Court." People stand in line all night just to get a peek. You're in luck.

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY didn't play bridge; pinochle is favored in police stations. But, confronted with a "Perfect Alibi," O'Malley finds it expedient to sit in for a couple of enlightening rubbers that bring another killer to bay.

KATHLEEN NORRIS continues the moving adventures of Mary Burleigh. W. E. Wilson writes the Short Short Story. Owen P. White, Malcolm Reiss, George Creel, Courtney Ryley Cooper, B. F. Wilson and others contribute articles and fiction. Just keep cool.

This Week

●

June 29, 1935

Cover by H. M Stoops

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Secret Marriage, Part I. The first part of an entrancing new serial. Page 7

HARLAN WARE
Second Money. All he wanted was a winner. Page 10

WINSTON CHURCHILL
To End War. Off-the-record opinions on Europe's chances for peace. Page 12

GEORGE CREEL
A Banker Who Can Talk. Meet Marriner S. Eccles. Page 13

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Poor Man's Gold, Part II. Jeanne sells a claim. Page 14

ALEXANDER F. JONES
Rain and Resurrection. The bright face of prosperity in the Northwest. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Funds in Transit, by Frank Condon. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
McGraw's Boy. The story of ballplayer Frank Frisch. Page 19

STANLEY PAUL
People Grow Older. Young love, streamlined. Page 20

HUGH WILEY
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RUTH CHANDLER MOORE
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JACLAND MARMUR
The Lion and the Rose. Mediterranean adventure. Page 32

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Handy facts. Page 55

EDITORIAL
Let's Not Go Goofy. Page 58

●

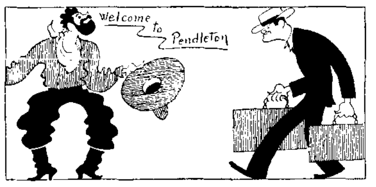
Any Week

IF WE lived in San Francisco, as several of our clearly enthusiastic readers advise, we think we'd spend a lot of time riding up and down Powell Street in those cable cars that look like products of a nice social understanding between an Irish jaunting car and the old switchback at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. There's adventure for you. It's like a reviewing stand on wheels. We tried it recently and got to talking to the gripman—the gentleman who runs the car. Very complicated job, he says, too. And he knows it.

"Trouble with a lot of people," said he, "is that they ain't trained to do something everybody else can't do. If you're a specialist you get a job. Take what I'm doing. I'll bet not one man in five thousand who rides on this here car could make head or tail of running it. What would you do, for instance, if this car stopped and wouldn't start again? Give up?"

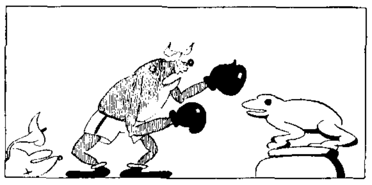
OF COURSE we gave up. And we felt so ashamed of ourselves that we got off and boarded another car. It made us feel pretty puny—as we did at Pendleton, Oregon, where, as we were passing through, they were preparing to celebrate something. We met a man who wore buckskin pants, a brave red shirt and a carefully nurtured beard—red.

"Brother," he said, "welcome to Pendleton." We told him we weren't staying. "Not staying in Pendleton?" he roared. "Nonsense. Tell you what. You stay over and we'll give you a nice bronc to ride." We told him we were pretty sure we couldn't manage a bronc. "Nonsense," he repeated. "That's just some more of this propaganda that's going around."



NATURALLY you can't go gallivanting around the country without learning something about propaganda. We met some in Denver. We parked at a nice, noisy outdoor meeting where a very thin orator asked questions which he answered himself. "Who's Ickes working for?" he demanded. "Wall Street. Who's Huey Long working for? Wall Street. Who's this guy General Johnson working for? Wall Street." And after a while he got to Father Coughlin. "Who's Father Coughlin working for?" he cried. And someone in the audience said: "The telegraph company."

SO YOU see how it is. And it just goes to show you what you'll run into if you don't stay home minding your own business. But if we'd stayed home we probably would never have seen a frog with a broken nose. This, too, happened in San Francisco. Mr. Leon Huckins owns this curious creature. Its name is Harvey. Once Harvey wasn't much of a frog, but today he's gargantuan and has a frightful temper. Thinking to mellow Harvey, Mr. Huckins bought a wife for him—Esther—and a fine, big stone frog to sit on the rim of Harvey's and Esther's pool. Noise of battle fetched Mr. Huckins out of bed one night later—but too late. Esther was absolutely dead, done to death by Harvey. And Harvey was doing his best to murder the stone frog. That's how it happened. Harvey is a widower, lolling sullenly in the pool, croaking curses at the stone frog. But he doesn't leap at it. Nose too sore.



THERE will be cynics who won't believe that one. But there's nothing we can do about it and we're in no mood to try. They're the sort of people who won't believe that the chain-letter insanity carried ladies in Little Rock, Arkansas, so far out of control that they launched a dandelion-weeding chain. Simple enough in theory. When you got the letter you were supposed to weed your neighbor's lawn—clear it of dandelions. And presently when your name was at the top of the list you got *your* lawn weeded. But ladies began to accuse each other of chiseling—just pulling off the tops of the dandelions and not getting out the roots. You'd be amazed the way folks felt about it. Swell feuds have been born of less.

HOWEVER, we couldn't wait to find out how seriously the social fabric of Little Rock had been impaired. We had to be getting on—particularly to Salt Lake City, Utah, and we're glad we kept that date. They took us prospecting for gold. They gave us a pan and a bank in the creek and showed us what to do. And we did it. Moreover, you may take our word for it that we found gold. Not much gold, of course—perhaps ten cents' worth. But we got a million dollars' worth of kick out of it.

OLD sourdough that we are.

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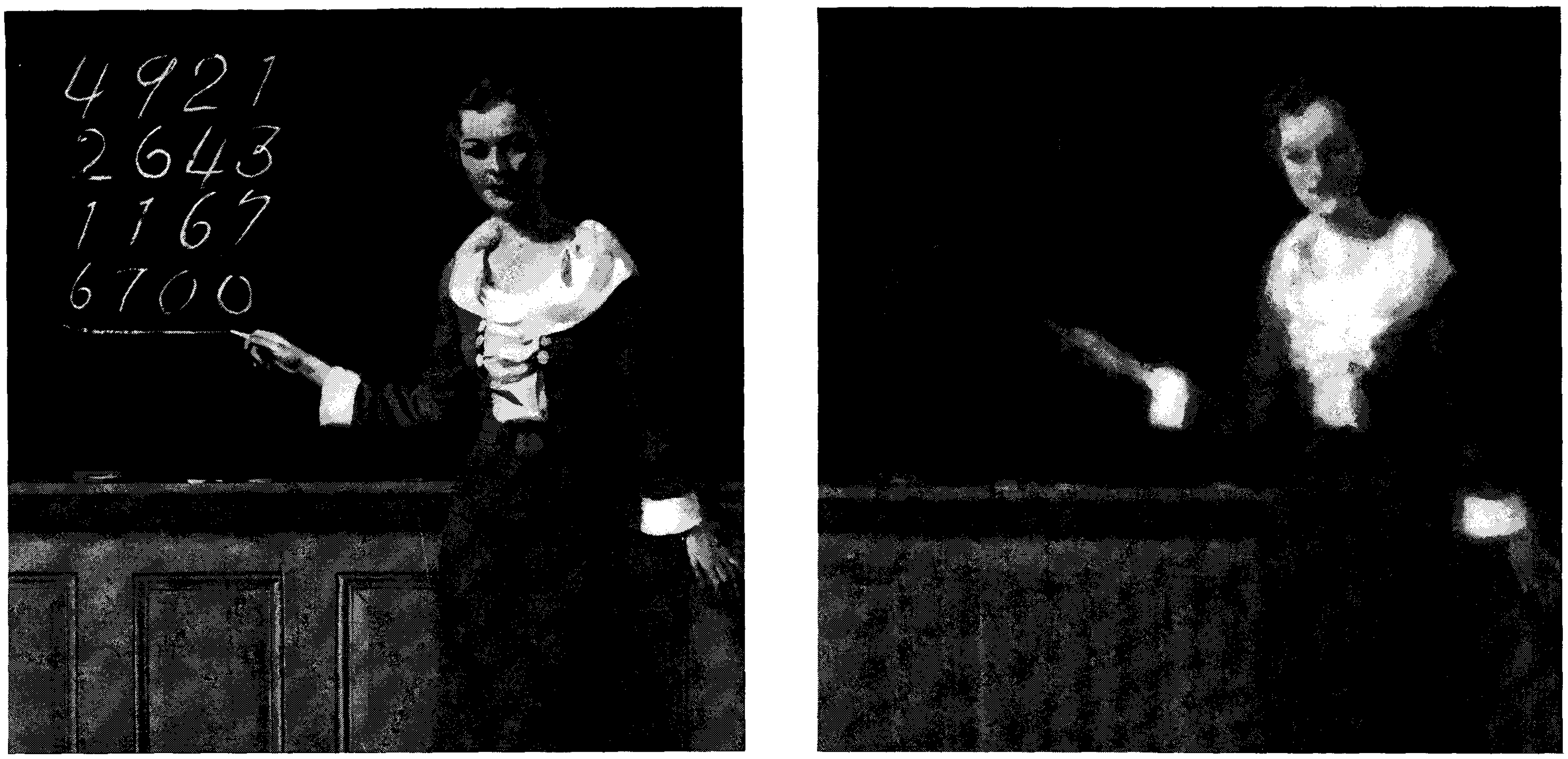
Test Eyesight Regularly



The Blackboard Problem—as it looks to Jim and as it looks to Bill

BILL failed in arithmetic. He couldn't add blurry figures that wouldn't stand still. Poor vision is a tough handicap to a child in school. At least one in every ten has some form of defective eyesight.

> **A Special Warning**
>
> *Contrary to a widespread idea that the Fourth of July has been made "safe and sane," the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness states that the toll of accidents from fireworks was greater last year than in many previous years.*

Many of these uncorrected defects are progressive and cause increasing eye-strain and impairment of vision. Eye-strain may lead to severe recurring headaches, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, dizziness and other disorders.

In older people there are other conditions of the eyes which are far more serious than imperfect vision. If untreated, they may eventually lead to blindness. Glaucoma and cataract can be present and in the first stages give little indication of their threat to your sight. Recognized early, glaucoma may be successfully treated; a cataract may be removed by an operation.

Good reading habits of young and old prevent many eye troubles. Have your eyes examined regularly, even though they seem to be normal. Never wear glasses which have not been prescribed. Don't read with the light shining into your eyes, or without your doctor's consent when recovering from serious illness, or when lying down—unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your eyes below the line of vision. Hold your work or book about 14 inches from your eyes.

Don't use public towels or rub your eyes. Conjunctivitis and other communicable diseases may follow. Do not use any medication for diseases of the eyes unless it has been prescribed for the purpose.

Make sure that no member of your family is endangering his sight. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Care of the Eyes." Address Booklet Department 735-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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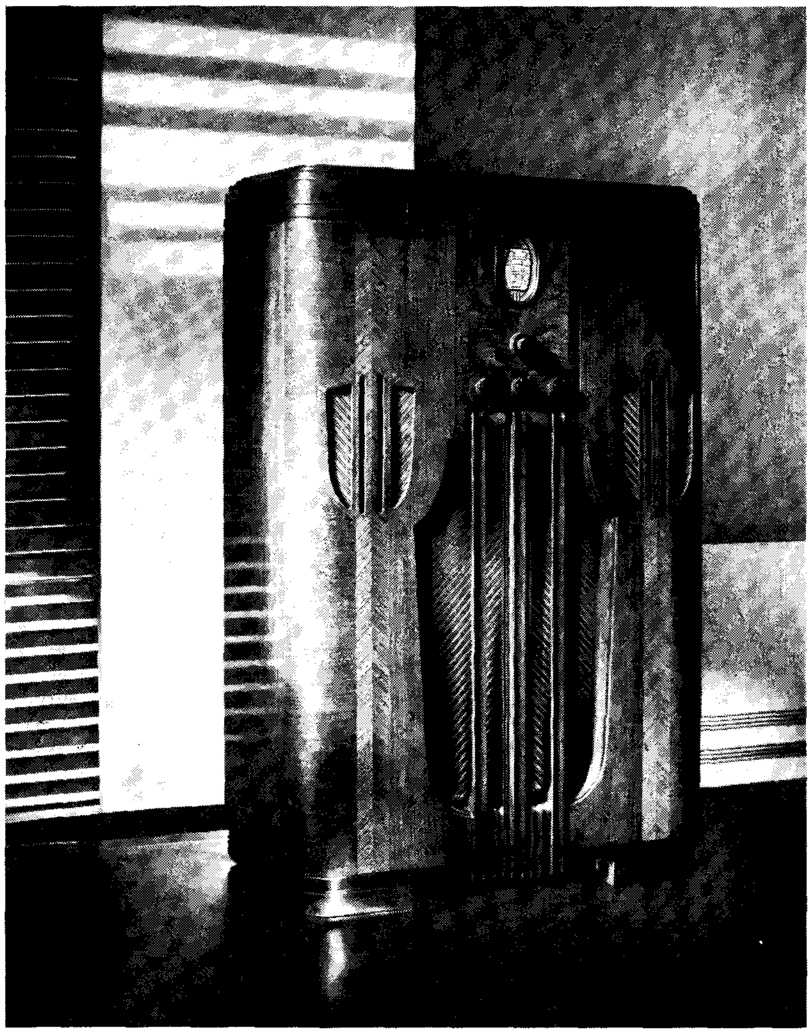

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So much for America! Would you like to hear London, Berlin, Madrid, Paris, Rome? Tune the short-wave bands . . . and you're abroad. Another movement of your fingers . . . you're eavesdropping on the never-ending chatter of the amateurs . . . speeding in a police car . . . flying with the Air Mail.

Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the power, the fidelity, the world-spanning range of this new 1936 Philco 116X. And he will show you how easily perfected reception can be yours through the new Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

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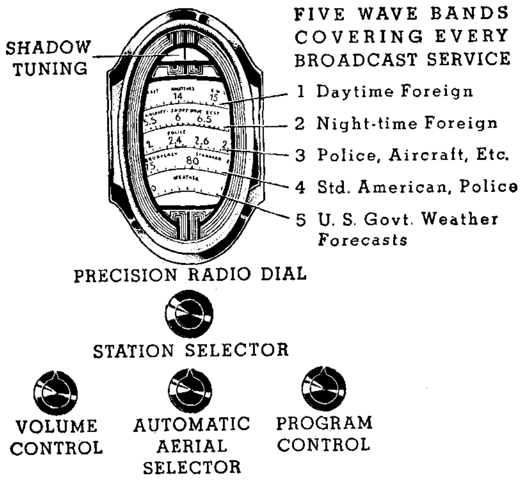

STATION *settings are spaced farther apart on the Philco Dial . . . Shadow Tuning shows you visually when each station is tuned-in perfectly . . . the two-speed Station Selector makes tuning easy. The combination gives you the easiest, most precise tuning in all radio.*

THE *Program Control permits you to adjust the radio to receive each program at its best. Five Points:—Points A and B for music and Point C for speech, from American Stations. Points D and E for Foreign Stations.*

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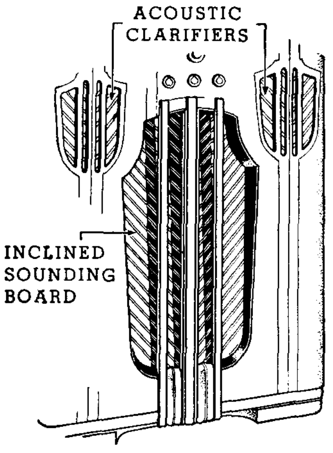

THE 116X *is a true High-Fidelity instrument, with a vastly extended musical range which brings out the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. High-Fidelity is indispensable for full music appreciation.*

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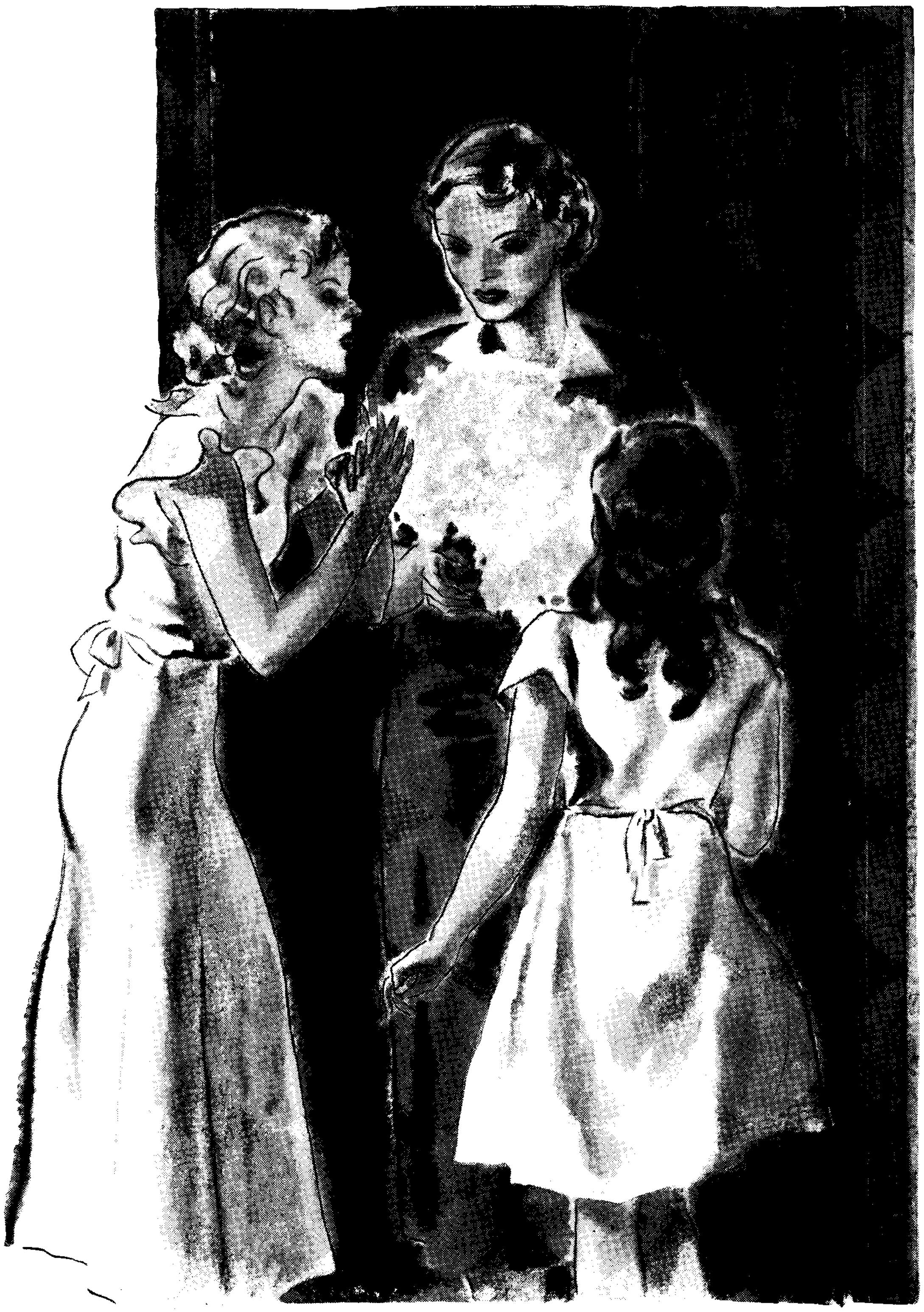


She would never forget these—her first flowers from a man who liked her

KATHLEEN NORRIS'

new novel

Secret Marriage

Copyright, 1935, by Kathleen Norris

IN THE deeply curtained window of an old-fashioned country mansion a girl of nineteen stood looking out into a California October rain. Behind her the rep curtains, hung in stately loops, almost shut off the room; there was firelight in the room, and there were other figures—a lean tall boy standing silent by the high mantel, an elderly frail little woman sunk into a deep chair. But the girl in the window might have been alone in the world.

She felt alone in the world; dramatically, strangely alone. Her aunt and her oldest brother were within a few feet of her; another brother, two other sisters were somewhere near; there were servants in the house. But Mary Burleigh's mother had been buried, had been put down into the weeping wet earth a few hours earlier, and Mary's bruised young soul and tired young body were still feeling the terrific impact of the blow death had dealt her, and dealt them all.

The clothing of sudden age and responsibility that her soul and mind were wearing was still as strange to her as the fresh mourning that she and Lindsay had put on that morning; plain black frocks, black coats, round flat black hats. They had not worn veils. Aunt Joan, who usually had only a confused idea of what was going on, had protested against veils when Lindsay and Mary had vaguely, apathetically, consented to assume them. Lily—Aunt Joan had said almost hysterically of their mother—Lily wouldn't have wanted to see her girls in veils! So the woman from Jorrop's Dress Shop had put the veils back in the big box and carried them away. She had said very nicely that a great many ladies "in grief" did not wear veils nowadays.

There had been a church service comforting in its familiarity, and then the long drive to the cemetery and the dreadful wait in the rain. The man had said that they need not wait, but Peter and Mary and pale little Lindsay had felt that they would rather.

But after all they could not wait until the end, for Lindsay had grown faint, and had had to be put back in the big black limousine in a half-conscious condition and rushed to coffee and sandwiches on the ferryboat. Much better, since it was such wet weather, to go back to the house. Chrissie, aged twelve, and Barty, aged ten, had been left in a kindly neighbor's care; another neighbor was with Aunt Joan. It was much more sensible now to think of the living rather than the dead, and comfort them.

Chrissie and Barty had been building houses with brick blocks when the funeral party came back, and Aunt Joan had been mercifully asleep. She had been up at all hours during their mother's illness and was all but ill herself. It was just a little shocking to find the children so busy and contented on this terrible afternoon; but they had immediately stopped their play and pushed themselves up against their older brother and their sisters, with many kisses, and much half-awed and half-fascinated questioning about the funeral, and about how Lindsay felt, and Mary felt, and if everything was "all right."

"Yes; everything is all right, darling," Mary had said over and over, seated in Mother's old chair, with her arms about the little brother and sister. "I'll have to be their mother now," she thought, in a strangeness that was not all pain. Life was going to make a tremendous demand of her; her spirits rose to meet it. She did not know what the next step was to be, or how girls got along without their mothers and fathers, but whatever came would find Mary Burleigh ready.

MEALS were at odd hours today; meals had been irregular in the household for a week or more. Lena, in the kitchen, had wiped her eyes and given the children milk and bread and jam; various kindly elderly women had made Mary drink soup or coffee; once Mary had scrambled eggs for Peter in the kitchen, but whether in the middle of the morning or the middle of the night she could not remember.

Today someone considerately had had soup and sandwiches for them when they came back from the graveyard. Later, Agnes, the old nurse they had outgrown, who was pantry maid now, had asked if they would have "dinner as usual," and with the odd new sense of her responsibilities upon her Mary had said, "I suppose so." Chrissie had instantly asked with great animation if she and Bart could have dinner downstairs, and Mary had answered quietly, "Of course." She meant, for one thing, to be wonderfully kind to Chrissie and Barty; she could not take Mother's place, but she could always be kind, and trust that they would grow up to be good. And she meant, vaguely and confusedly, to be a good big sister to Lindsay, and to make this house a real home for Peter. Peter, in his second college year, had been a little worry to Mother, but he would not fail them now—after all, even though he was only twenty, he was the head of the house.

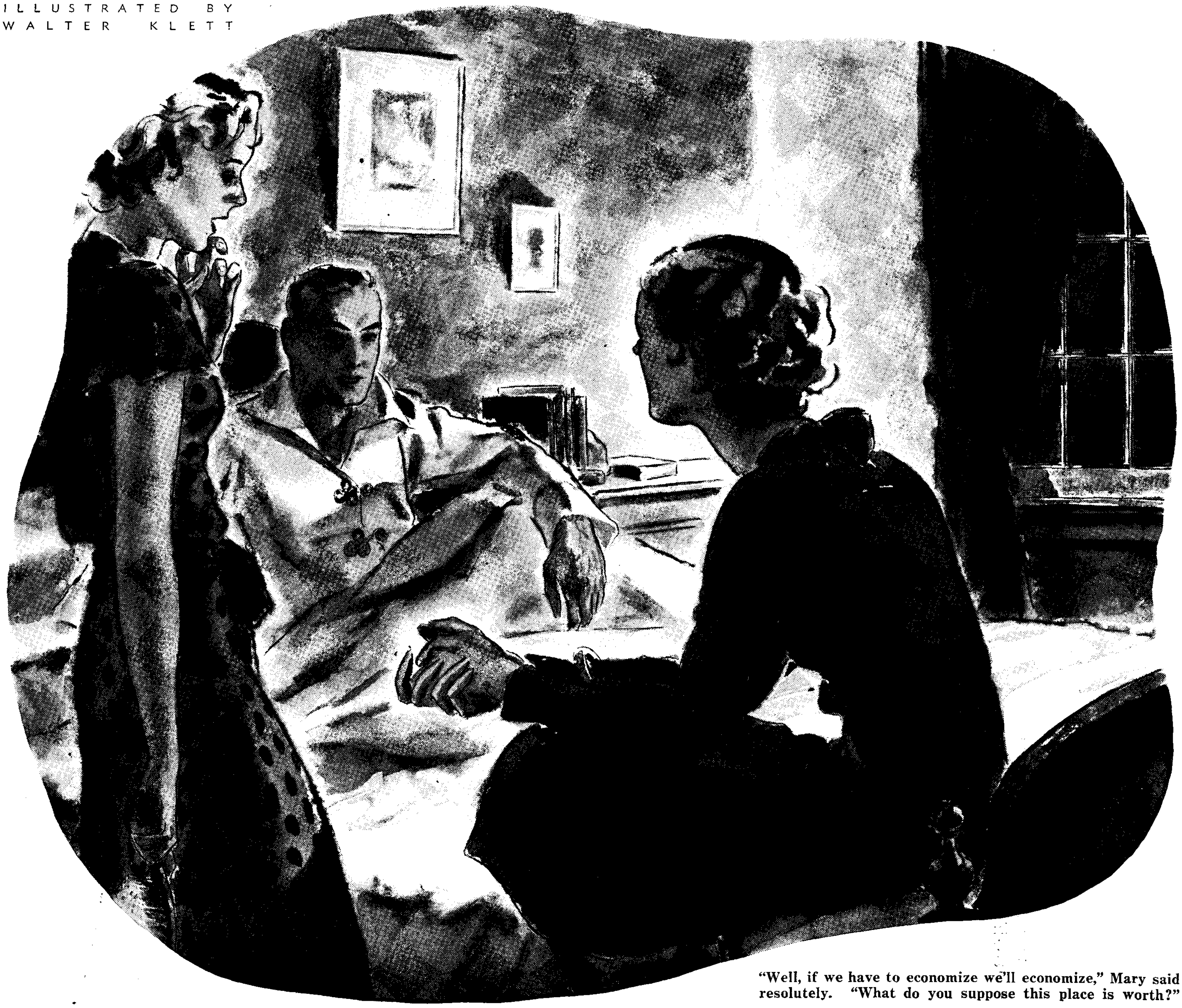
As for Aunt Joan, she was no problem. Gentle, feeble, affectionate and fearful, Aunt Joan was merely a shadow in the children's lives. She had been strong and gay and normal once, but there had been an accident—the dreadful accident they hardly remembered, when their father, driving home in an autumn dusk, had been killed by a collision with a railway train, and when his sister had been injured. Since then she had been just Aunt Joan, who had to be reassured about earthquakes and fires, who never would get into a motorcar, who never heard the long shriek of a railway train without trembling. She remembered enough to fear trains and motors, but not much more; she never spoke rationally of her brother, or of the accident, or of anything indeed that was not of the moment. But she loved them all, and they had been taught to be kind and considerate to her.

MARY BURLEIGH, standing in the window of the big front parlor, thought of all these persons in turn, and resolved in her bewildered heart to do her duty by each and every one of them. Lindsay, seventeen years old, was in her last year of high school; she must finish, of course; afterward she could decide for herself what she wanted to do. Bart and Chrissie must go on with their schooling undisturbed. But would Peter want to finish college? He had been restless and bored during these last few months; now that he was his own master he might coolly decide against any further schooling. Mary felt a little preliminary pang of anxiety about him. How did one influence a determined, independent brother for his own good?

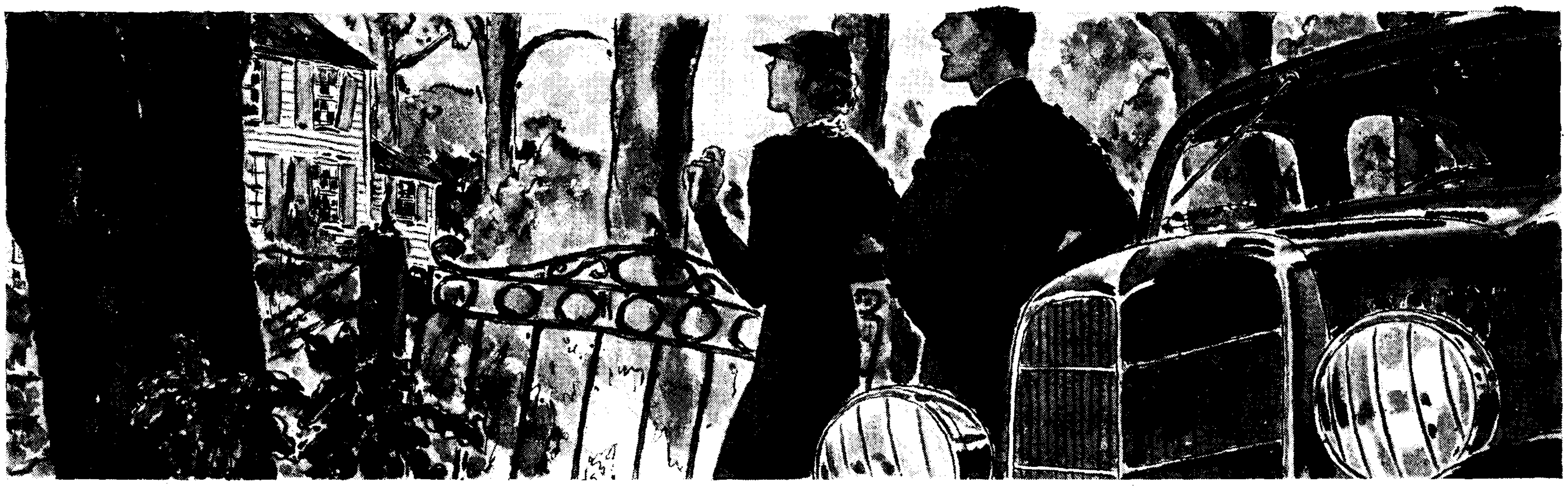
For herself, her path was plain. She had had one year of college, entering when Peter did, although he was seventeen months her senior. But then, last midsummer, her mother had become ill and Mary had been needed at home and had taken her place there with character and dignity, managing the servants, the other children, managing presently the doctor's visits and the meals and hours and rooms of the trained nurses; doing her inexperienced best and getting on, her mother had told her a hundred times, miraculously well.

Now when it was all over, and the nurses had gone, and the doctor had paid his last visit and given her fatherly advice, there seemed to be an appalling silence in the house, a silence filled with ghosts. The rustle of Miss Petrie's and

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"Well, if we have to economize we'll economize," Mary said resolutely. "What do you suppose this place is worth?"



"That's the house, back there under the oak. Gosh, what an awful place!" Peter said

Miss Jackson's white starched uniforms still sounded on the stairs; the gentle moaning call from her mother that had so long broken the evening stillness was somehow more audible than ever tonight. Mary felt as if she must go flying upstairs, must enter that shaded, dim room that was scented with drugs and antiseptics, must once again lean over the stretched form under the sheets with her old query:

"What is it, darling? What can I do?"

"Just tell me that they're all right and what they're all doing," her mother would say with her gallant smile. She did not suffer much, only a little now and then when she got tired of lying still; she had enjoyed life to the end, Lily Burleigh. It seemed shocking, incredible to Mary even tonight, that it was all over, that what they had known must come had really come and gone away as a fact into the past. Mother was dead.

RAIN beat black on the glass; it was quite dark outside now, the trees were gone, and the familiar shrubs and paths of the big garden. The Burleigh house stood on a full acre of property in that part of the country town that had once been most fashionable; it had a tennis court on the north side; roomy old stables and a windmill at the back, and a garage at the south side, on Winchester Street. There were only two houses on the block: the Burleighs', once elegantly called "Nine Oaks," and the Moulton house, upon whose gate the words "Laurel Lawn" were still faintly to be traced. The Burleighs' had a hedge, thick and well-trimmed, and a black iron gate with a lantern above it; the Moultons' house was still surrounded by a fence of fine white poles arranged in deep scallops, broken by a gate with latticed sides under a sort of little arbor. The poles went all the way around the place, giving a fine, dignified effect, and well matched the balconies of wooden lace, the Gothic cupolas and mullioned narrow windows of the house.

Mrs. Moulton's father had been General Angelo Peralto, *alcalde* of all this region, in the old days of the sheep ranches, long before pioneers and gold hunters had come to California; Mrs. Moulton's aged grandmother, mustached and mahogany-colored and ninety, had been one of the familiar figures of the Burleigh and the Moulton children's childhood.

The children of the Moultons were three: Carol, independent, artistic, studying drama in New York; Spencer and Maria Elena. Maria Elena and Lindsay Burleigh were of an age, and had been inseparable since babyhood; Spencer was twenty-two, and he and Mary and Peter Burleigh were fast friends. At sixteen Mary had dreamed of Spencer as a sweetheart, but now she had known for some months that one did not fall in love with a neighbor quite so simply as that; Spencer had been away to college in the East, and probably had a great many girls there. And tonight she felt years—æons—older than Spencer.

She looked over toward the Moulton house and saw a light in Spencer's room, and lights in the senior Moultons' rooms, and lights everywhere downstairs. She wondered if they were talking about the Burleighs. Judge Moulton, looking very serious and stout and bull-necked, had come over to see them all last night, and had been most concerned and kind. Everyone, in fact, had been kind. But somehow all their kindness had not lessened the odd, excited, not wholly unwelcome pressure on her heart. It was as if she had reached a country across whose borders their kindnesses could not touch her. She was absorbed in her own emotions, absorbed in the great new role she must play. She and Peter would be heads of the house now; they would decide everything. They would decide about the younger children's schooling, and what Antone should plant in the garden, and when he should wash the car—

Agnes, who had been their nurse, would stay with them, of course. What had Mother been paying Agnes? Mary did not know. Her mother, talking endlessly to Mary of all sorts of other things, had never given this eldest daughter any confidences about household expenses or the family's financial status. Mary could order meals and stop on her way downtown to report leaks to the plumber; Mary could discuss the problems of her brother Peter, arrange for Chrissie's dancing lessons, but the subject of her conversations with her mother never was money. Lily Burleigh had frankly detested the thought of business; she had said she had no head for it; she had always left that sort of thing to Harry. And Harry, Mary's father, had been dead for more than nine long years.

"WE ARE fatherless and motherless, all five of us!" Mary thought, looking out into the black rain, and across the dripping, indistinguishable shadows of the garden to the Moulton house. "I'll—I'll have to be *good*."

She turned away from the window and went back to the fire. Peter threw the end of his cigarette into the dying flames and held out a hand toward his aunt.

"Dinner rang," he said.

"Oh, did the bell ring? I didn't hear it." Mary put a bracing hand under her aunt's elbow, and little weak Miss Burleigh hauled herself along between the strong straight young brother and sister. A boy of ten and a girl of twelve, the latter with a bush of reddish hair making her keen little face look thin, were leaping down the old-fashioned wide stairway, whose bordered carpeting was held in place by brass rods.

At the foot of the stairs as a newel post stood a handsome brass figure holding a lamp. The Burleighs' house had been equipped with electric lights for almost a quarter of a century, but the fixtures that still were in the drawing-rooms and halls had been made for both gas and electricity, a precautionary measure in case the new miraculous "incandescent lamps" should ever fail. The gas jets were thrust upward from glass frills, the bulbs pointed downward from similar frills; the effect of the chandeliers was of a spraying bouquet of glass. But nobody ever used the gas now, and Peter had long ago broken the lighter—the metal rod with a smaller rod, fishing-pole style, within it, and with a curved tip and a wax taper.

Chrissie, who was a temperamental child, had been screaming artificially at Barty on the stairs: "Don't touch me—don't tickle me—don't—I tell you star-r-rp!" But she had no sooner taken her place at the big table in the big dining-room than she seemed to sense that something in her frivolity was amiss, and she asked innocently: "W'y are you all looking at me?"

"I do think you could wash your hands and do something to your hair, Chris," Mary said, a little self-consciously. *Someone*, she reflected uncomfortably, someone had to say these things to the children, now that Mother was not here. Even during their mother's illness they had gone into her room every night before dinner and shown her that they were fresh and neat. Chris, in her perverse small-girl way, had taken instant advantage of her mother's absence to come down to dinner looking like a gypsy.

"You're not Mother!" Chris muttered at this point, shaking out her napkin, not looking at anyone. This was felt by the others to be so inexcusable, so shocking a remark, that no comment was made upon it, no notice whatever taken of it. Mary leaned over to tie Barty's napkin behind his neck; Agnes, red-eyed, served cups of the delicious, rich chicken broth that someone—Mrs. Parker, Mary thought it was—had brought in almost daily during the last weeks of Mrs. Burleigh's illness.

It was a strange meal. They were alone for the first time in many confused nights and days. For a week there had been a great stir in the house; much coming and going of nurses, doctors, friends. They had had to muffle the telephone, and since Sunday the big parlors had been given over to unnatural shadows, the strong, stifling scent of flowers—masses of flowers, candles burning bravely in gloom. The center of it all had been that unbelievable oblong box of heavy wood and delicate puffed white satin on a silver filigree frame, and sunk in the center of the flowers and frills a waxen lace-clad figure, its ivory hands lightly yet stonily crossed, its lashes shadowing alabaster, its mouth mysteriously smiling. No trace of illness, no flush of pain, no scent of medicines any more; no troubled whisper. Just ivory silence, in the wavering soft light of the two tall candles, and the rich breath of scented flowers and wreaths.

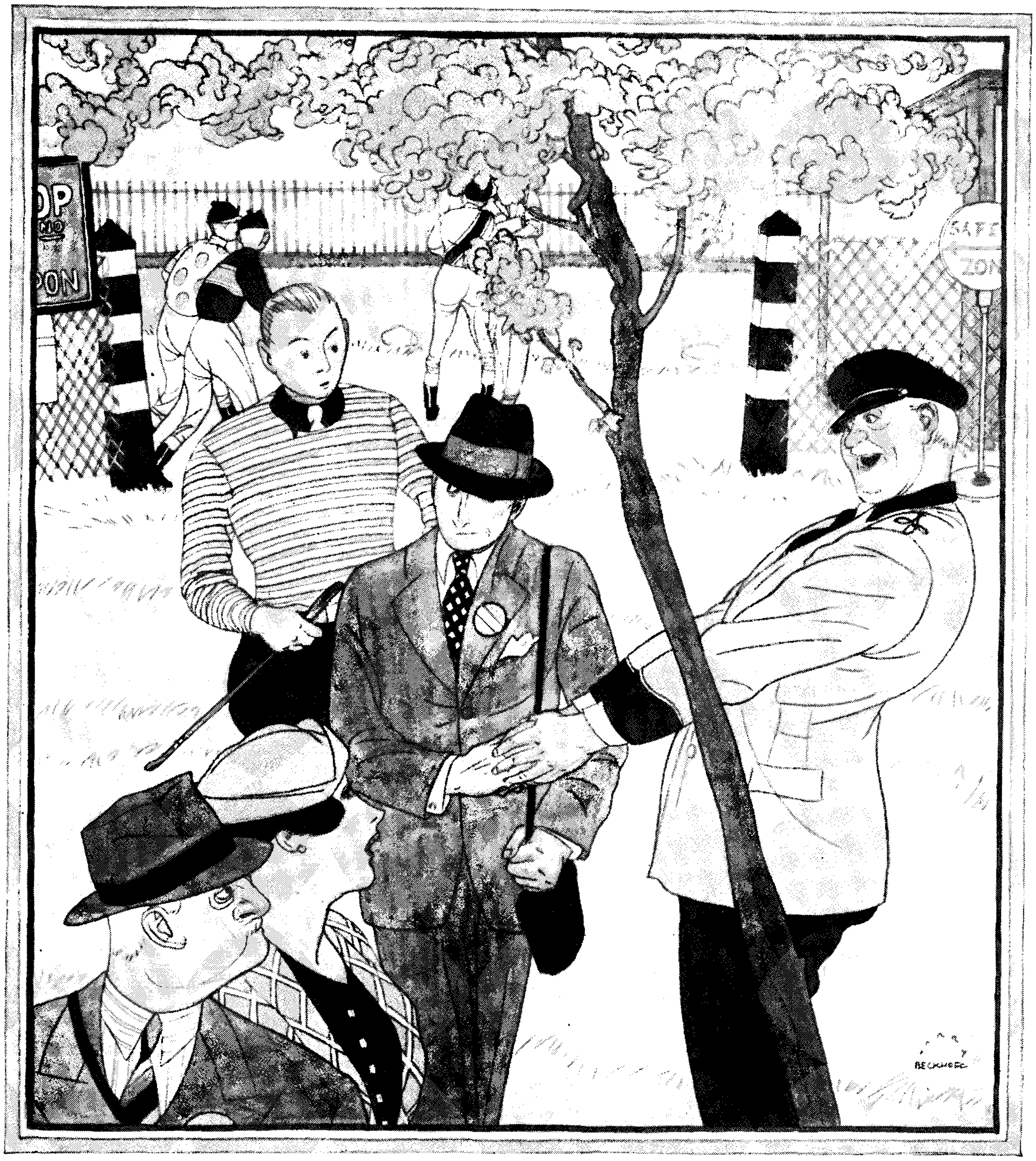
FOR two days black-clad women, smelling of the rain, had been coming and going; today men had come too, scores of men. Now it was all over and the five Burleighs and Aunt Joan were having kidney stew and jelly pancakes just as if nothing had ever happened. Chrissie and Bart, who had spent the day with the Nagle children, were home again. The last fallen flower petal had been swept away from the parlor and the hall, and the rain was falling steadily on that new mound of soft earth where Mother was asleep.

"I ought to be screaming—I guess maybe I'm cold-hearted—I don't seem to realize it," Mary thought. She tried to find some safe topic for general conversation; they all seemed too frivolous or too sad. She was a little tired; the graveyard was a long way off, over in the hills beyond Sausalito across the bay, and the trip had been wet, slow, endless.

Lindsay was two years younger than Mary. They were different in type, but Lindsay took color from Mary. Lindsay was gentle, shy, a dreamer, a book-lover, but she could be giddy and happy enough in sunny times. Tonight she was subdued and silent; it all seemed too dreadful to be true. Lindsay looked timidly at Mary, and smiled with awed eyes when Mary smiled, and fell into agonies of anxiety when Mary's face showed the strain and shadow of the day.

All five of the Burleighs were handsome and, despite differences of coloring and type, alike in certain features. They were all fair, their hair ranging from Barty's chestnut shades to Lindsay's fine, cornsilk gold, with Chrissie's distinct copper color and Mary's red-gold mop for variations; they all had fine, firm skins, creamy and pale, and wide mouths filled with hard, big, white teeth—mouths that somewhat marred their beauty now, that time might temper into fineness and firmness. The girls were nicely built, slender and straight, with well-squared shoulders, and Peter showed himself unmistakably an athlete.

(Continued on page 50)



"Why, you old son-of-a-gun!" the gatekeeper shouted. "If it isn't Second-Money Deneen"

Second Money

By Harlan Ware

A race-track story which will serve as a gentle reminder that you'll never be a winner if you're satisfied with taking only second place

WHEN George Hewlett recommended Black Prince in the sixth, he had better reasons than the three he gave us. But we tore our "tote" tickets into neat squares—as we'd been doing all afternoon—sifted them to the floor of the box, and again turned our attention to the scenery.

The new Santa Anita racing park has a magnificent setting; across from the grandstand the Sierra Madre Mountains capture pools of sunlight in the canyons or allow it to spill over the foothills, like transparent lava. You tell yourself it's worth two dollars a race just to be there.

Of course, it isn't. I'm a fourteen-dollar better in a seven-race program; sixteen dollars in an eight-race program. My interest lags if I don't win something. No amount of scenery will balance the books.

Twelve dollars shy after the sixth—I decided to follow George's advice no longer. Analyzing the information he had given us, we found we'd bet on Black Prince because, first, he had been a cute colt; second, his owner, a forgotten jockey named Mickey Deneen, had worked for George years before; third, George was praying for him to win. This is not what I would call first-class information.

We didn't know the other reasons and George was too depressed to tell us, then. He released a long breath and gazed at the mountains with sad eyes. A long silence settled down on the box.

Presently, we had a visitor. A short, lean, gray-haired man of about fifty. He was chiefly notable for the angle at which he held his chin. The chin was at sixty degrees. He clutched a handful of "tote" tickets.

George saw him, groaned, grasped the rail and pulled himself up.

"Mickey—" he began sympathetically.

Mickey Deneen's high, nervous voice broke in. "It's okay, Mr. Hewlett. I ain't licked yet." An enormous Adam's apple moved nervously in his sinewy neck. "Second money, though—kind of a hoodoo, wouldn't you say? Look, Mr. Hewlett: I had faith in him. Here's what I had on his nose."

There were more than seven hundred dollars' worth of tickets. George took them. He shuddered. Throwing an arm over Mickey's lean shoulders, he drew him aside. But the thin voice cut across his words:

"I want to say I still appreciate everything, Mr. Hewlett. Don't worry about me. I still got a chance." He broke away—square in the shoulders, chin high. We watched him go down the steps and into the crowd.

George sank unhappily against the rail. Alice Hewlett said: "*Tsk, tsk, tsk.* Two dollars is enough to bet on any horse race." Big George, Jr. murmured: "It's two dollars too much, if you're following Dad's advice." The family is humorously tolerant of George and his horses.

George was justifying himself for recommending Black Prince when we heard the scream from the stands. It was a woman's voice, topping a sudden murmur from the crowd. Below us, somewhere, a man shouted. George stumbled over our feet as he left the box.

The announcer quieted the fans; but it was George who later explained all that had happened. George is a sentimental fellow, a collector of race-track sagas. He went back nearly forty years to tell us what happened in the sixth race at Santa Anita that afternoon. . . .

GEORGE HEWLETT remembers Mickey Deneen as a frail, wide-eyed youngster in Kokomo, Indiana. He was about fourteen years old, the ambitious offspring of an unfortunate family. All the unhappy Deneens were shoulder-high—standing on tiptoe to see the parade, but never in it. Mickey yearned to amount to something. He haunted the Hewlett stables. He weighed ninety-eight pounds and was sure he was every ounce a jockey.

Tod Sloan, a Kokomo boy, was making racing history at that time, in England, and young Mickey, inspired by his example, was eager to ride. He followed George around town, from the office, to the stables, to the house, waiting for his chance.

"I'm not going to bother you, Mr. Hewlett," he said, "I just want to be around when my chance comes."

The summer George was twenty he inherited the business and the stable, and he signed Mickey to ride at Sportsman's Park. George liked the boy, for his eagerness, his intensity and his overwhelming ambition. But eagerness and ambition weren't enough. Mickey rode often in the money but was rarely a winner. At the end of the first season they were calling him Second-Money Deneen.

Later, he rode at Churchill Downs, at Belmont Park, New Orleans, San Francisco—but he didn't ride alone. Hard luck rode with him. He achieved a kind of fame for his misfortunes. A sober, industrious, hard-working youngster; but even the newspapers called him Second-Money Deneen.

Because of his reputation Mickey was rarely given a good mount, and he seemed doomed to mediocrity. At twenty-one he was a little heavier, but still a good jockey.

Then he hit a winning streak at Washington Park. The sports writers played it up, naturally enough, and George, who was delighted, went to Chicago to see him.

Well, Mickey had fallen in love. She was a cute little thing named Florie DeVore, second row in the chorus of the number two company of Midnight Girl, playing McVicker's. She was taller than Mickey, but they overlooked that. She was four years older and they overlooked that, too. He had a crazy idea that he must be a stand-out in his business to hold Florie's love. He was riding for his life.

One afternoon, sitting with Florie in the stands at Washington Park, George watched Mickey romp home eight lengths ahead of the field, on a horse nobody had ever heard of. And Florie, eyes bright under her poke bonnet, turned to George Hewlett and said:

"Isn't he wonderful! Just like Napoleon. And he's nice around home, too. He's a dear, Mr. Hewlett."

She kept a scrapbook in which she carefully pasted all the favorable newspaper clippings. She met all the owners and persuaded some of them to allow Mickey to ride good horses. He did very well for a while. Florie was a big help to him.

SHE left the show business, of course, and made a home for Mickey wherever they went. They saved money, too—quite a lot, for Mickey: he had never known such happiness in his life.

And what happened? Comfort and ease and home life added to his weight. He came pounding in with the field. The hoodoo story cropped up again. On his opening day at New Orleans, one winter, Mickey's horse dropped dead six feet from the finish after leading by a length all the way around!

Even the Sunday supplements ran stories about Second-Money Deneen.

That was the year George Hewlett developed a triumphant horse named Firefly and hopefully brought his stable to Churchill Downs. Mickey Deneen turned up, one morning, at his hotel.

Mickey's face was drawn dry, wrinkled and old. He was over thirty. He drank almost no water, so that his thirsty body would absorb the weight of its own moisture. He looked ill. His eyes were red-rimmed.

"Mr. Hewlett," he said, "I got to win some races. You can say anything you want to, but nobody loves a second-rater. I'm gonna quit this business, but I want to quit on top, see?"

George saw. Sentimental fellow, George. He decided to accept a handicap and put Mickey on Firefly. Mickey was very grateful.

"I'll bust that hoodoo with this horse," he said. "This is my chance."

Florie was distressed.

"He won't eat anything," she said. "He doesn't drink any water. He can't sleep. I wish he'd quit."

He did. But not on top. The handicap cost George first money, race after race. He knew it. And Mickey Deneen knew it.

One afternoon, a few days before the Derby, Mickey came into George's room in the hotel at Louisville, and resigned. That enormous Adam's apple was clocking his emotions. The resignation was written out on a crumpled slip of paper, in case he shouldn't be able to speak. He squared his shoulders:

"Don't say anything, Mr. Hewlett. I resigned. Florie's the only first-rate thing in my life up to now and I don't want to lose her."

George tried to tell him that Florie would hardly leave him because he didn't win horse races.

"It isn't just me, Mr. Hewlett. It's our branch of the family. Second-raters. If we've got enough to eat we think we're successful. All right. I got a plan, now. You wait."

He didn't explain what his plan was. He said goodby.

They dropped out of sight, out of the newspapers. Then in his mail one summer morning George found a circular advertising Mickey Deneen's camp at Four Rivers, Wisconsin. On the back, was this note:

> "I went into this because we figure when we have a son it would be a good plan to bring him up in the country where it's healthy. We haven't got one yet. Have you?"

George recalled the exact wording because it hit him over the heart. He knew now what Mickey's plan had been. And because his own son had been born that spring he was especially sympathetic. He sent an announcement of the birth of George Hewlett, Jr., and asked for a reservation at the Deneen camp in August.

Mickey's first words when they met at the Four Rivers station were: "I got your announcement. What'd he weigh?"

The same intent, eager face, the same clipped, hurried speech, the same emotional Adam's apple—just Mickey Deneen a few years older.

"Oh, the boy," said George. "Nine pounds."

"Good." Mickey put the bags in the flivver. "That's a good weight. What's he weigh now?"

"Fourteen pounds."

"That's all right. That's good." They drove off. And Mickey went on, hewing to the line: "Mrs. Hewlett's a big girl. Bigger even than Florie. Boys take after their mothers—I been reading up on it, in books. I figure mine will be bigger than me. I got a chance yet. I'm only thirty-seven."

HE DIDN'T want to talk about anything else:

"If my kid weighs even seven pounds when he's born, that means he'll follow after Florie, see? I'm gonna name him Christy Mathewson Deneen and bring him up to be a baseball player or something. I'm gonna train him to be a champion from the time he's born."

"When will it be, Mickey?"

"What? Oh, in the winter. We're gonna sell out and move to California. It'd be too cold up here."

George was delighted.

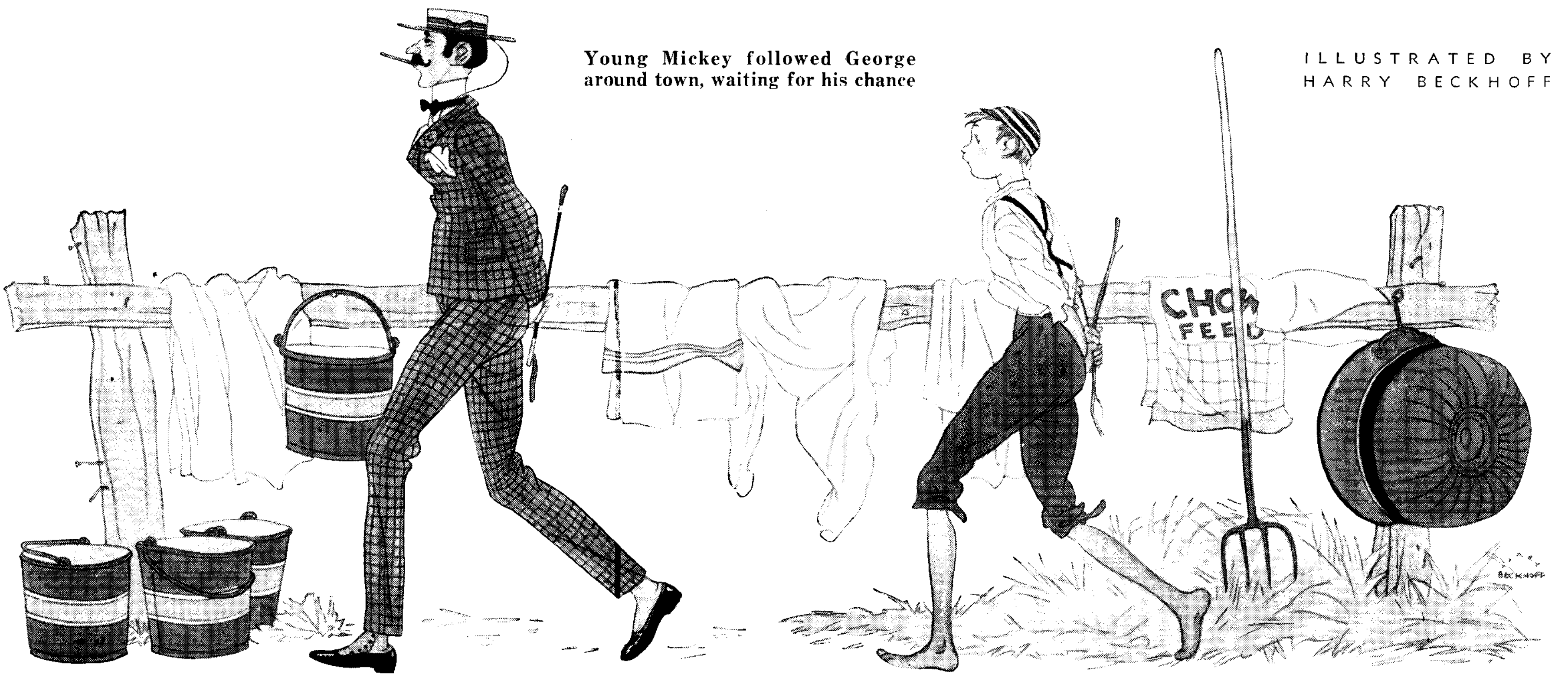
"Congratulations."

"Not yet. Not yet, Mr. Hewlett. But you wait. I got a plan. I'm gonna be the last of the Second-Money Deneens. I'm gonna break that hoodoo. I'm raising a champion!"

George found them pleasantly situated in a moderately priced camp, with log cabins, a lodge, a few boats, and a few guests. Florie was splendid—and very happy. She drew George aside one day.

"I want to ask you a favor, Mr. Hewlett, if you don't mind. Mickey talks a lot about his son—you know. I only hope it will be a son. Well, anyway, even if he talks about it too much, will you try not to look bored? Some of our

(*Continued on page* 39)



Young Mickey followed George around town, waiting for his chance

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

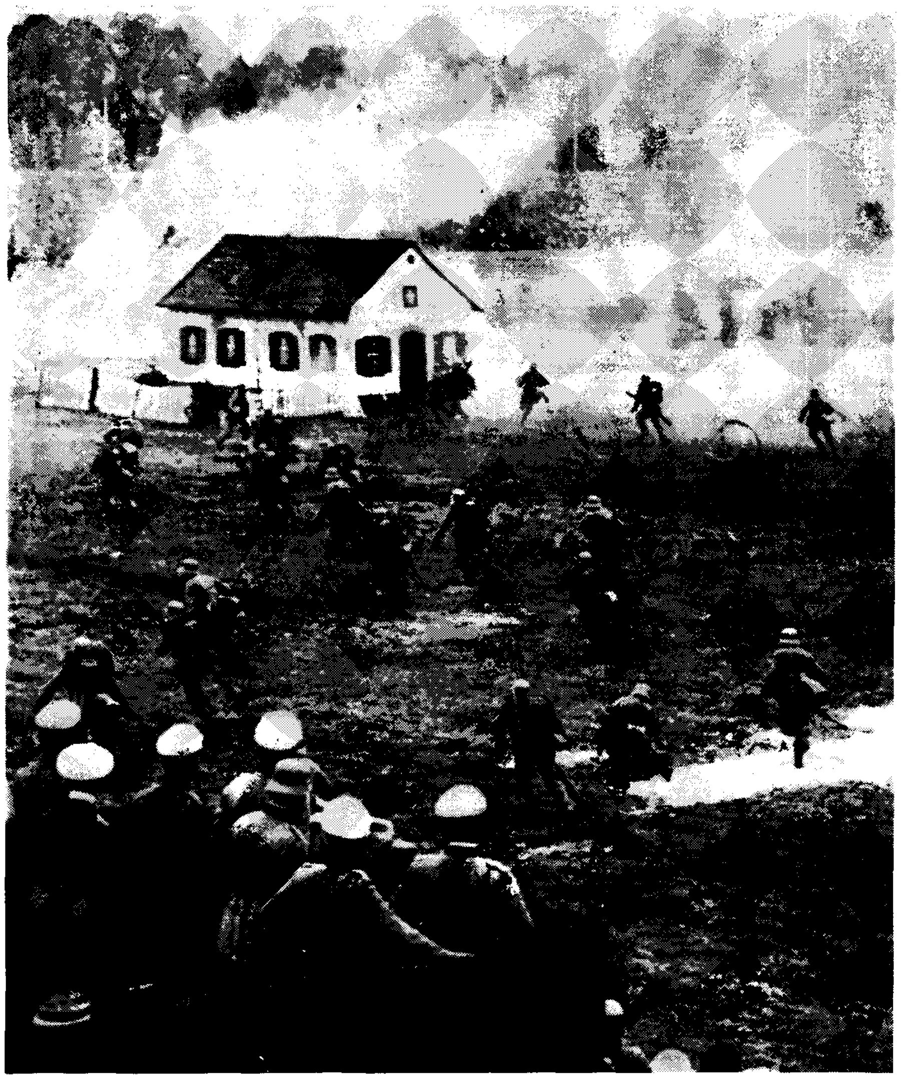
To End War

By Winston Churchill

War's in the air. We have Signor Mussolini's word for it. Is it inevitable? Mr. Churchill thinks so—unless something drastic is done to prevent it. And that something, to Mr. Churchill, does not mean more oratorical good will or more disarmament conferences; it means realistic measures—with the future of civilization at stake

NEW YORK TIMES—BERLIN

A "Soldier of the Sun." One of the German-trained members of a Japanese machine-gun detachment



© INTERNATIONAL NEWS

With Adolf Hitler as an interested observer, the Reichswehr advances in war formation in the German war games at Nuremberg

EVEN persons of the meanest intelligence or the least excitable imagination are aware that another world war—like the last, only worse—will certainly break civilization. In 1914 the nations had immense, slowly gathered reserves of capital, of structure, and of moral stability to draw upon. Great empires, time-honored institutions—constitutional, political, social, financial—added fiber and focus to the life of every country. The world which greeted the awful twentieth century was brilliant, hopeful and sure of itself.

But Armageddon liquidated not only empires, banking houses and social conventions, but the very principles of thought among men, which became fluid as never before in the human story. People became habituated to the idea of a world in flux. Nothing was solid; nothing was lasting; earthquake was the order of the day. The old ideas, the old systems of government, morals and economics were discredited or cast aside, and nothing coherent was put in their places. At the same time, in spite of the catastrophe, perhaps in consequence of it, the world's affairs grew in scale. Noughts were added to all the columns of statistics, and the problems became not only larger and more numerous, but much more complicated and baffling.

The Victorian statesmen thought they knew all about everything, or would soon find it out. Present-day politicians in Great Britain and in America at least admit with disconcerting candor that they have no answer to the riddles which the sphinx so glibly propounds to us, and that the best they can do is to guess or barge about in experiment, or judiciously "mark time" in the hope that something will turn up.

Imagine a world of this weak and undecided character smitten by the sledgehammer blows which dented and broke the hard armor plate forged in the nineteenth century. It would dissolve under the flail of war into a squalid, hopeless, senseless, poverty-stricken welter of distracted individuals who would speedily cling together under the drear yoke of communistic or militaristic dictatorships, or, more likely still, under the worst evils of both combined. Another Great War would cost us our wealth, our freedom and our culture, and cast what we have so slowly gathered of human enlightenment, tolerance and dignity to different packs of ravening wolves.

A Torrent Sweeping Us to War

Nevertheless, in spite of the vague but widespread realization of these possibilities, the human race seems to be drawing steadily nearer to another appalling war. We know all about the Niagara Falls—how high they are, how vast is the volume of water precipitated every minute over them into the abyss. We are well informed about the terrible rapids tearing everything to pulp in the reaches and whirlpools below. Already we can hear the roar of the cataract. And all we can do is to drift along, jabbering, grimacing, bickering in a fleet of boats amid a babel of voices and the low, ever-nearer thunder of the falls.

A sense of the helplessness of Man amid the current of Destiny steals numbingly over the mind. Our vaunted progress—why should it continue? What grounds have we for assuming that the voyage of mankind will improve; that as we turn the bend as each new reach of the river is opened, there will be calmer waters, wider channels, easier navigation, the assurance of a landing upon more fertile and hospitable shores? How many times, perhaps long before the dawn of history, has humanity attained a high development and the consciousness of glorious possibilities? How many times has it been swept back into chaos, so that everything has had to grow up again, slowly, painfully, blindly, from the beginning? That vivid modern philosopher, Mr. H. G. Wells, for twenty years past heard but unheeded, has uttered these warnings in a popular style.

No doubt in the days of the Roman Empire when human intellect stood at least as high as it does today, and when the Christian revelation had already come, very able men—princes, commanders, magnates—often met together to discuss the approaching catastrophe and to make plans based on long experience to ward it off. The depressing fact is that they never could get together enough power and wisdom to master that deep overflow of events which we call destiny. They talked and argued as

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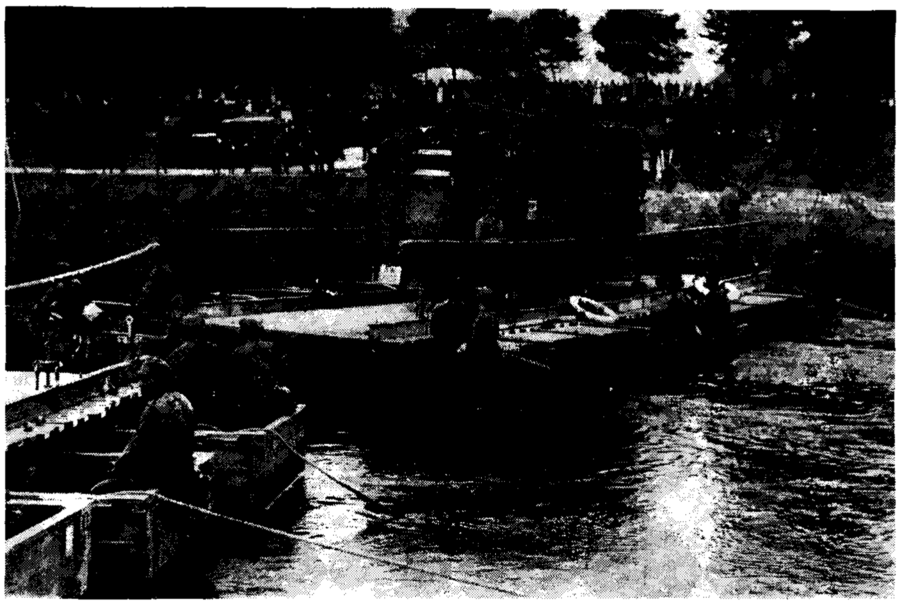


UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Soldiers and military truck being transported across the River Weser in the Reichswehr maneuvers in Westphalia

The story of Marriner S. Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, who has strong opinions and expresses them

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

A Banker who can Talk

Marriner S. Eccles

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

OF ALL the amazing men hived in Washington these days, not the least remarkable is Marriner Stoddard Eccles. More than any other, perhaps, he illustrates the accidental, almost haphazard, quality of American political life. The son of a Utah pioneer, and himself a Mormon missionary in Scotland during his early manhood; an entirely local figure, unknown beyond the shadows of the Wasatch Range until his forty-second year, and yet today the all-powerful Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and an authoritative spokesman for the New Deal, sitting at the right hand of the Great White Father.

Mr. Eccles' first appearance in the national capital was during that dark February of 1933. With banks and businesses failing, and the country sunk in despair, the Senate Finance Committee, unable to think of anything else to do, asked for views on the causes and cure of the depression. One day a small, spare man sidled unobtrusively into the witness chair. He was somewhat undertakerish at first sight, with his pallor, jet-black hair and eyes, but about his face was the look of a sword blade, and the whole of him glowed with a certain incandescence.

He gave his name as M. S. Eccles and Ogden, Utah, as his place of residence. Every senator waited for his words with dull distaste, for they had listened to some seventy or eighty Bright Minds, and were at the stage of intellectual numbness. Before the unknown from Utah had been speaking for sixty seconds, however, the room was electric, for not only did he have ideas—brand-new, trail-blazing ideas—but a gift of intense, incisive speech that gave every idea the drive of a bullet.

The trouble, as he diagnosed it, was that political and financial leaders had been "too unintelligent to see that orthodox economics are out of date, because they were meant for a situation in which famine and scarcity were normal conditions in mankind's struggle against nature. . . . The doctrine of thrift, economy and efficiency, the laying off of men to increase the production of those who are employed . . . without balancing the power of consumption, is unsound and can lead only to destruction. Mass production must be accompanied by mass consumption."

Money and credit were merely means to social ends. What he urged was their effective control by a unification of the banking system under the Federal Reserve. Speaking as one who had been a Republican, he made it plain that he had lost faith in standpatism; he refused to be worried by fear of an unbalanced federal budget, terming it a "bogey"; he denied both the efficacy and the sanctity of the gold standard, and while taking a firm stand against inflation, he declared boldly for what he called "reflation," and demanded huge government spending to restore purchasing power as the one way to bring recovery. The capitalistic system could endure only if reformed, and the profit motive must be freed of its extortions and greeds.

Continuing in the same low, even tones, Mr. Eccles advocated higher income and inheritance taxes; federal grants for the unemployed, unemployment and old age insurance, a bank deposit guaranty law, federal control of securities and stock exchanges, child labor laws, minimum wages, a more equitable distribution of wealth as currently produced, federal regulation of all forms of transportation and communication, a far-flung program of mortgage relief and, last of all, national planning for security and stability instead of the hit-or-miss, helter-skelter, devil-take-the-hindmost system under which America had been operating.

A Real Captain of Industry

A wild-eyed radical? Not at all. When outraged conservatives went over his record, they found that the unassuming Mr. Eccles had every right to call himself a Master of Finance and Industry. At the time he was head of a corporation controlling twenty-five banks in Utah and Idaho, and had brought them through the crash without a dollar of loss to depositors; president of a milk company doing an annual business of $5,000,000; president of one of the six companies then building Boulder Dam; vice-president and treasurer of a ten-million-dollar sugar company; president of a great lumber company, and a director in railroads, hotel companies and other concerns.

Having said his say, Mr. Eccles went back to Ogden, disappearing from sight as suddenly as he had leaped into view. Along came Franklin D. Roosevelt, however, bearing the Brain Trust in his train, and the Utah man was soon summoned from his fastnesses as a conferee on proposed legislation. Take his testimony before the Senate Finance Committee, compare it with the many New Deal laws, and the powerful influence of his bold thought will stand plain.

In January, 1934, he was appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and in the following November, President Roosevelt named him Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Few choices have ever caused less rejoicing in the Senate, and weeks became months as he waited for confirmation. One reason advanced for the delay was that he, as an officer and stockholder in financial institutions, was obviously ineligible. Finally, in April, hearings were held, and it developed that Mr. Eccles had not only resigned from every presidency and directorate, but had divested himself of all holdings, taking a loss of $90,000 on one sale alone. He was confirmed.

Behind the fight, however, was far more than the mere question of eligibility. The prime source of antagonism was Marriner Eccles' open championship of the banking bill, that measure designed to centralize the responsibility for the government's monetary policy in one national body, and to vest control of banking in the government itself, so that "banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business." From the day of its introduction, the bill was attacked by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the American Liberty League as an attempt to "convert the Federal Reserve System into a politically controlled institution . . . a political agent of the party in power," and the work of "political planners, inflationists and fiat money advocates."

It is in the background of Marriner Eccles that one finds the reason for the gaping divergence of opinion between him and his fellow bankers. David Eccles, his father, first entered Utah as a boy of fourteen, coming from Scotland with his family under the guidance of Mormon missionaries, and trekking from the Missouri River on foot.

A Boy Who Made Good

Young David seems to have been little less dynamic than Brigham Young, that tremendous figure who carved an empire out of the desert. The growing boy dug coal in Wyoming, ox-carted logs through South Pass, managed to get hold of a lumber business in Oregon, went from that into sugar companies, railroads, banks, fire insurance companies, and died in 1912, at the age of sixty-three, leaving a fortune of $7,000,000 to his family.

Marriner's mother received $2,000,000 for herself and her nine sons and daughters, and by unanimous consent he took charge of the estate as a sort of general manager. He was only twenty-one at the time, having been born in Logan in 1891, and his education had been limited to grammar and high schools with a finishing touch at Utah Agricultural College. From early boyhood, however, he had spent his summers with his father, tending stores, working in logging camps, learning to boss men, and from his nineteenth year to the twenty-first, he had traveled Scotland as a Mormon missionary, an honor reserved for its most brilliant young men by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. From the first he justified his selection, extending the sweep of his activities until they blanketed the Rocky Mountain region.

Now Utah and her sister states are not what could be called populous. Bankers and business men must of necessity be close to the land and even closer to the people. Out there a debtor is not simply a man who owes money, but a human being carrying a load, so that creditors are more "debtor conscious" than in any other part of the country.

That is the way that Marriner Eccles was brought up, and it goes far in explaining his present point of view. Not sentimentality at all, but a very practical realization that what hurts the debtor is not going to be very good for the creditor.

Poor Man's Gold

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

PROSPECTING in Western Canada, Jack Hammond and his partner, Mackenzie Joe Britten, find gold—an area rich in nuggets—in the Valley of the Stikine. They at once go to Prince Rupert to purchase supplies. And there Mackenzie remains for a time. Hammond, however, pushes on to Seattle, where Kay Joyce, whom he has *loved for years, is living. They are, it is* understood, to keep their find a secret.

In Seattle, Hammond is entertained by Kay, her mother and Bruce Kenning, a geologist, who is almost a member of the Joyce family. And there, quite unintentionally, he reveals his secret—and the newspapers scream the great story. Later, journeying by train to the tent town of Fourcross, Hammond finds himself caught up in a mad gold rush. A motley crew swarms around him, the most picturesque member of which is "Around-the-World" Annie, who, accompanied by a number of girls, is planning to entertain the prospectors. One girl—no one seems to know much concerning her—interests Hammond immensely; her face fascinates him—he wonders who she is.

Arrived in Fourcross, young Sergeant Hubert Terry, R. C. M. P., takes command of the newcomers. With him, Hammond enters Annie's ice-fringed tent. The place is crowded with young women. There, Terry asks a number of questions concerning a certain girl—who is not present. "Who," Hammond inquires, "are you talking about?"

Terry turns. "A girl named Jeanne Towers," he replies. "She's been working over at the Hotel de Paris."

II

ANYTHING wrong with her?" Annie stiffened with a queer air of protective ferocity.

"No, there ain't anything wrong with her. From the way you guys act a person'd think that miners still believe storks bring babies! Why don't you let the girl go through? She ain't done nothin' to nobody!"

The sergeant laughed.

"Take it easy, Annie," he said. "I'm not accusing her. I'm just trying to get a line on her—it's a long way to the Stikine."

"Suppose it is?"

"You wouldn't want me to let somebody go in there that wasn't equipped."

"What do you mean, equipped?"

"Didn't she borrow clothes from you when you got off the train?"

Around-the-World Annie shot a daggerlike glance at Hammond. His eyes signaled swiftly—that he had told nothing.

"Where'd you get that?" she asked the policeman.

"Oh, some of the men told me—fellows who were standing around."

"A hell of a lot of business it is of theirs. Now listen—you can ask these girls. Florine, Mimi, Anna May—any of these dames. I never saw the darn' girl before in my life. I got to talkin' to her. She told me she'd lost her packsack. I had some extra duds. She bought 'em and paid me for 'em. Anything wrong with that?"

"Nothing at all," he said. "I just wanted to be sure the girl wasn't taking chances."

He rose then, and stooped through the entrance. Hammond started from the stove, halting momentarily at the look in Around-the-World Annie's eyes. Signaled, he moved close to her.

"Listen, the poor little dame's down on her luck," she whispered. "I don't know what about. Get her through."

"Coming, Jack?" called the sergeant from outside. In answer, Hammond moved through the crackling flap and joined the mounted policeman. They went on, along an icy trail.

"What's this girl's name again?" Hammond asked.

"Jeanne Towers—I think it's assumed."

"Why?"

"Oh—" he gestured with thick mittens; an unspoken explanation of police intuition. Then: "Know her?"

"I think so. Nice-looking girl. Sort of chestnut hair; hazel-brown eyes if I remember right—"

"Trim built—that's the one. Too intelligent-looking to be working as a hasher."

"Oh, yes, you mentioned the Café de Paris."

"I'm still not satisfied about her. Somebody told me she'd begged this clothing."

"No," lied Hammond, for no reason that he could find, "she bought it. I happened to be there; I saw some money change hands."

They walked on through the dusk, broken by the assorted howling of a thousand dogs.

"It's not that I want to turn anybody back," the sergeant said. "But, dammit, these fool girls get into some kind of a jam, and think they can find a way out in a gold rush. It's the end of a lot of them."

At last they were in the sergeant's tent, heating water over a camp stove for a rum toddy. The sergeant leaned over his smoking glass, looking out through the slightly opened flap at the activity of the little camp. Lights had appeared now, gleaming dully through the glazed abodes, and outlining the dogs, heads up, necks extended, as they shrieked their greetings to the early night.

"TOMORROW this'll all be gone," the policeman mused. "And another town growing up in its place."

"That's gold," said Hammond.

"Yeh—gold. I've seen it a hundred times. Following the rainbow. Hurrying from one camp to another, to start a store, or a poolroom, or a laundry or a bakery or a hospital, whether it's needed or not. Trading dollars—"

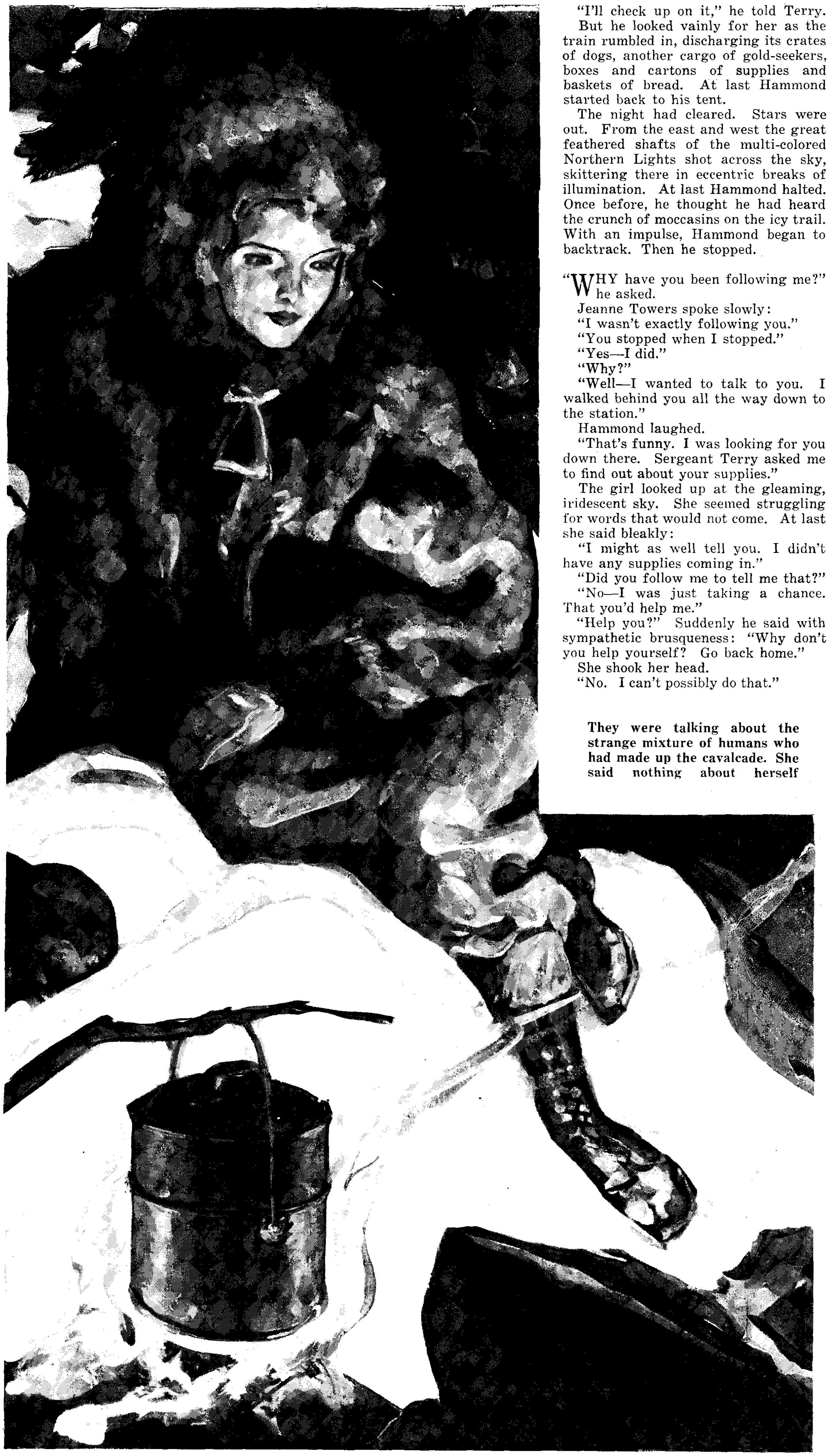
"I've done it enough," answered Hammond seriously. "But this time—"

"Yeh, I know." Again he was silent. The camp was a living picture now; shadows moving about in the tents, busy at the stuffing of packsacks, restringing of snowshoes, the last repairs of dog harness. "Look at 'em—all of 'em going to stake out a million, or make it off of somebody else who has staked it out—" Suddenly he shifted, and pawing into a pocket, pulled out his pipe. "Hammond, I'll be busy tonight checking off some turnbacks. About twenty of them—a few tinhorns, weaklings, women who weren't smart enough to have a good alibi . . ."

"All right. What's my job?"

"I can't go to the station to meet the night train. This girl, Towers, says she's got supplies coming in. If not—see what you can do about talking her out of going up into that country. She looks like a nice kid."

Hammond finished his toddy and pulled on his parka.



They were talking about the strange mixture of humans who had made up the cavalcade. She said nothing about herself

"I'll check up on it," he told Terry.

But he looked vainly for her as the train rumbled in, discharging its crates of dogs, another cargo of gold-seekers, boxes and cartons of supplies and baskets of bread. At last Hammond started back to his tent.

The night had cleared. Stars were out. From the east and west the great feathered shafts of the multi-colored Northern Lights shot across the sky, skittering there in eccentric breaks of illumination. At last Hammond halted. Once before, he thought he had heard the crunch of moccasins on the icy trail. With an impulse, Hammond began to backtrack. Then he stopped.

"WHY have you been following me?" he asked.

Jeanne Towers spoke slowly:

"I wasn't exactly following you."

"You stopped when I stopped."

"Yes—I did."

"Why?"

"Well—I wanted to talk to you. I walked behind you all the way down to the station."

Hammond laughed.

"That's funny. I was looking for you down there. Sergeant Terry asked me to find out about your supplies."

The girl looked up at the gleaming, iridescent sky. She seemed struggling for words that would not come. At last she said bleakly:

"I might as well tell you. I didn't have any supplies coming in."

"Did you follow me to tell me that?"

"No—I was just taking a chance. That you'd help me."

"Help you?" Suddenly he said with sympathetic brusqueness: "Why don't you help yourself? Go back home."

She shook her head.

"No. I can't possibly do that."

There was a pause. Then he said:

"Does Mr. Barstow know that you came up here?" Her slight exclamation and quickly turned face formed the only answer. "Remember?" Hammond asked. "I met you on the stairs; coming down from his office."

The girl raised a mittened hand, rubbing at the fur which shielded her throat.

"I—I remember." Then quickly, "He didn't talk to you about me?"

Down at the station the train finished the unloading of its cargo, human and material. Now, with a shaft of light splotching the snow and a glow of red from the firebox contrasting with the green gleam of the Northern Lights, it rushed away, the howling of camp dogs forming an obbligato for the bark of the engine stack.

"No, Barstow didn't say anything." He added quickly. "I didn't ask him. None of my business."

"Thank you," she said simply. "He promised not to tell anybody."

"If that's an invitation not to write him questions, it's obeyed." Quickly he added: "Why did you ask Annie to take you into the North?" Then: "She didn't tell me. I guessed it."

There was a long pause.

"I didn't see any other way to get there."

"I guess you're right. It's about the only occupation a single woman could find in the first stages of a gold rush."

"I'd try everything else in the world first."

"And you won't go home?"

She clenched her hands.

"I tell you I can't go home!" Restraint for the moment left her. "How can I go home—when I haven't any home to go to? When there isn't any place left for me?"

"But surely—"

"What's the difference?" she asked, "whether I've got to throw myself away in a city—or up here? Except that up here nobody'd know."

Hammond suddenly felt abashed. He kicked thoughtfully at the loose snow of a trail-side drift.

"And I guess that isn't any of my business either," he said at last.

JACK had made the statement almost in self-rebuke. Insistence on knowing this girl's past, he felt, would be a rat's trick. At last he asked:

"You said you wanted me to help you. Do you need money?"

"No—I'll have what I've earned at the restaurant."

"That hasn't been much."

"Oh, I've had my meals." She spoke it eagerly. "And everybody's been good with tips."

Hammond knew it was a puny amount. Yet he understood the reaction; he had not passed the era of poverty long enough to forget how big a small sum could look in adversity. Again the skies flashed with a quadrangle of eerie lights; Jeanne Towers looked up at him, her face illumined. The well-formed lips were slightly parted. There was an expression of desperation in her face which he could not evade.

"What's most on your mind?" he asked.

"Dogs," she answered, as if in reply to the multitoned raucousness of the camp's howling. "They cost so much."

"They'll be worth even more tomorrow. I got an offer tonight for a team of mine. Four hundred dollars." She dropped her gaze, staring at her mittens.

"That's a lot of money."

"So I've been thinking. My partner put me in a hole. Told me first that he was going through light and to bring full supplies for both of us. Then I got here and found he'd taken enough to

(*Continued on page* 24)

Rain and Resurrection

By Alexander F. Jones

They've been having showers in the Northwest — billion-dollar showers. Kids are going swimming and making mud pies where the ground was baked as hard as concrete last summer. It's better than finding new gold. What gold field ever yielded a billion dollars in six months? The Northwest is getting ready to pull that much out of the soil—thanks to a few inches of rain

HUNDREDS of miles of growing wheat, sprouting corn, green pastures. Four million smiling, hopeful people confident that despair is behind them.

This is the Northwest, the nation's bread basket, today.

Last year this same territory—Montana, North and South Dakota, western Minnesota—was a center of one of the most disastrous droughts in history. Crops shriveled under a merciless sun. Livestock died like flies from hunger and thirst. Dust storms blackened the sky at mid-day. Grasshoppers added a devastating touch. It was the climax of five years of agricultural distress for a soul-sick people.

The magic transformation from desert and despair to lush verdancy and high hopes is one of those miracles of Nature that leave the wondering spectator open-mouthed.

The answer is rain—just a few inches of rain and wet, slushy snow that covered the entire territory from central Montana to the Mississippi River, turning the parched soil into black, gorgeous mud. The month of April and the first weeks of May were one grand rain- or snowstorm after another. Farming communities throughout the territory received as much rain in that period as they did in the entire year of 1934.

The effect on the soil, and on the people, was as though Aladdin had rubbed his lamp.

In no time the tremendous agricultural machine that is the Northwest was in a turmoil of feverish activity for the amazing comeback that is going on in this territory today. Millions of acres that would have remained idle were prepared for cultivation. Business awoke with a roar. Farmers were beside themselves with joy, many of them using headlights on tractors to work the clock around. Merchants began to smile. Elevator men opened hundreds of closed elevators. Long trains of tractors, drills and other new farm machinery started rolling into railroad stations. Millions of bushels of seed were rushed by government agencies that cut all red tape so that farmers could get a crop under way.

Farmers, when they could get away, took enough time off to attend meetings at cross-roads churches, where they knelt in prayer as earnest preachers gave thanks for the rain.

The drought was broken.

And a spectacular Northwest comeback was under way.

Some agricultural authorities will tell you that the rain that fell in the Northwest in April and May was worth one billion dollars in cold cash. They produce figures to prove it. But in the next breath they add that this estimate is, perhaps, a little premature. The wheat is not yet in the elevators. The corn and other crops that look so bountiful are not yet ripened. And there are too many poignant memories of hot winds, and other climatic disasters in July to do too much predicting. But with price indices forty per cent higher than last year, there is no room for pessimism.

To one who trekked across these states last year in the blistering heat to see mile after mile of desolation, dying cattle, fine farms turned to appalling ruin, desperate farmers working frantically to get water for life itself, the present picture is drama on a heroic scale.

There is not a farmer living in the thousands of miles within the boundaries of these states who does not confidently expect a crop that will put him back on his feet—and off the community relief roll.

It all goes back to a few inches of rain. Such a very few inches of rain.

America probably never was so weather conscious as it is today. Droughts, dust storms, unseasonable climatic disasters have been in the headlines so frequently in recent months that even city dwellers have learned to scan the skies as the farmer does every day of his life.

Nowhere in the United States does life hinge more literally on a few inches of rain than in the Northwest.

This was explained by a scholarly old gentleman who has spent thirty-one years observing Northwest weather—Martin Hovde, weather chief at Minneapolis. Taking a pointer, he traced the vagaries of western rainfall on his precious wall maps.

Drought a Calculable Factor

"Rainfall decreases as we proceed westward to the Rocky Mountains," Mr. Hovde said. "Minnesota, for instance, has an average rainfall of 26 inches. The eastern parts of North and South Dakota have from 20 to 24 inches and this falls away to 14 inches in the western parts of these states and Montana. We know that from 15 to 20 inches are necessary to grow a normal crop in these states. Therefore, a loss of six inches in rainfall in one year, as we experienced in 1934, is disastrous. It should be remembered, however, that most of the annual precipitation in this territory falls in the six months of the summer growing peripd. The figures of one hundred years show that western Minnesota and the eastern Dakotas can expect droughts ten per cent of the time and the percentages grow as we move west until they reach 40 and 50 per cent in the western Dakotas and parts of Montana. There never has been a change in these figures and there probably never will be."

It is necessary to get this slant to appreciate the gold-rush fever of excitement throughout this territory at this time.

It is also necessary to know the type of farmer. A Northwest grain farmer will gamble with rainfall, hail, hot winds and prolonged drought for that magic season when moisture is normal. Then this great stretch of acres will produce beyond belief. One crop has paid for the land in thousands of instances. One crop has paid off mortgages, the patient merchants, built homes, barns, bought machinery, and made it possible to buy more land.

When that marvelous year comes along when there is an actual excess of moisture, the northern plains grain farmer, if prices are at all acceptable, will make more money than a southern Minnesota dairy farmer will in five.

And this seems to be that dreamed-about, prayed-for year, smack on the heels of the worst drought in history!

The Northwest reads weather figures like the following with more avid interest than a Wall Street broker follows a bullish ticker: Sioux Falls, 1934, 2.17 inches; this year, 7.43. Yankton, 1934, 1.42; this year, 9.56. Huron, 1934, 2.41; this year, 6.98. Bismarck, 1934, 1.37; this year, 3.48. Glendive, 1934, 1.02; this year, 2.98. St. Paul, 1934, 2.02; this year 6.02. Of four hundred weather stations in the territory, practically every one shows splendid increases in rainfall.

Therefore the gold-rush fever. And why not? No gold mine ever pulled one billion dollars out of the ground in six short months. These farmers will do it unless there is a major tragedy. In 1925 the cash value of farm products in these four states was one billion eight million dollars. Last year this total had shrunk to $405,000,000. Thousands of farmers were on relief. Hundreds had lost their farms and seen the work of a lifetime swept away. Schools closed. Counties went bankrupt. Why not excitement, when moisture in the ground goes down from two to four feet?

"If you are going to make a trip through these four states, just keep in mind that the drought of 1934 is a closed issue," said Dean Walter C. Coffey, director of the University of Minnesota farm school. Dean Coffey was regional director for the AAA emergency drought relief and supervised the purchase of more than 2,650,000 cattle in the Northwest during the drought.

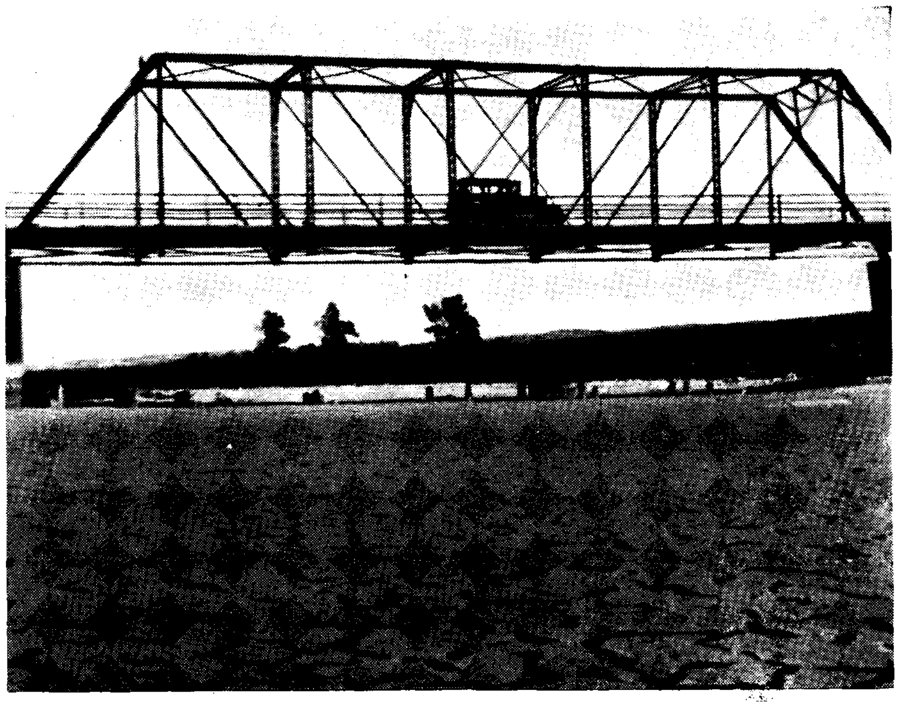
"There is a melodrama in every farmhouse as rain falls on the roof," he added. "There is an epic at every crossroads. American farmers despise living on relief, the dole of government. All they ask is the privilege of earning their own living from their own land. Up here the rural rehabilitation map is the drought map, line for line. And by this fall, unless there is something unforeseen, the farm relief rolls will be decimated. There is not an idle farm in Minnesota this spring. You are even going to find that the farm mortgage is again becoming a respectable instrument. There is demand for good farm land and for good livestock. You had better put some boots in the car if you intend to get off on the side roads, for the gumbo will be hub-deep. And remember, last year's drought is a closed issue."

Clouds That Spill Gold

It was certainly forgotten in Minneapolis, where big implement companies were putting on hundreds of men to get new tractors, new combines, new cultivators, new threshing rigs loaded on long strings of flatcars.

It was forgotten in Southern Minnesota, the biggest butter-producing district in the world. Farmers, although still struggling to get feed, were putting thin herds out on new pasture. Within two weeks, they said, their troubles would be over, for pastures would be self-sustaining. Everywhere there was talk of new silos, new fencing, new trucks. And with butterfat prices higher than in years, they looked for a banner year.

Edging west and north, the big grain farms start to appear. Through Monte-



video, Madison, Dawson, Wheaton, farmers were working in the rain, and under difficult conditions, as the mud gummed their disks. But from everyone came a friendly, happy hand-wave; an extra special wave. Man alive, wasn't it raining! And wasn't every drop of it going into the ground! This country was hard hit last year. Now you can't even get a hotel room.

"I don't know where you can get one," the night clerk at Appleton smiled. "It's raining, you know, and folks are on the move. The place is jammed with salesmen."

As you dropped down into South Dakota, the flat, black soil glistened with moisture. Mile after mile of fertile farms and good-looking buildings. And everywhere feverish activity.

It's Going to Be Different, Now

"I haven't got much time to talk to you," said old Henry Hertel, who farms 500 acres in Sully County. He was disking and busy enough for four men.

But he got down off the tractor, wiping the sweat from his forehead. His disks were clogging in the wet soil and the old man grinned as he looked at them.

"Look at that dirt!" he exclaimed. "Just look at it!"

He took a handful and molded it in his palm, lovingly, like a miner with a prize specimen of ore.

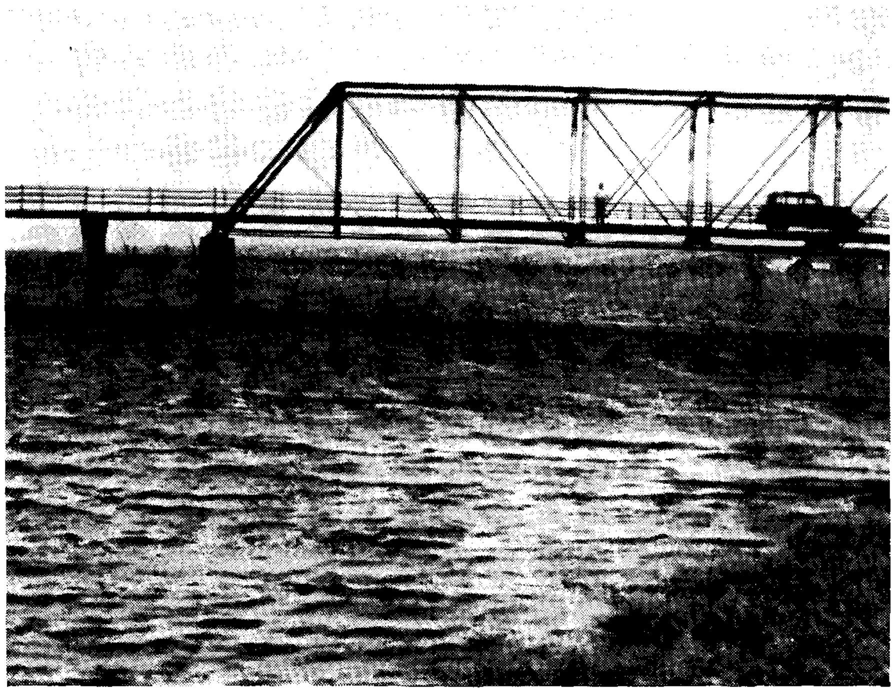
"I lost my shirt last year, but it is going to be different this fall," he concluded as he got back on the tractor.

The drought has been forgotten in the executive offices in Pierre, where Tom Berry, the cowman governor, was so happy that tears ran down his face as he looked out the window into the golden drizzle.

"I'm putting out a proclamation of thanksgiving and asking all our folks to go to church and thank God for this rain," he said. "And I know the entire state will do it. This is the greatest thing that ever happened to South Dakota, coming as it does after last year. Why, we had to sell nearly a million of our cattle to the government last fall and thousands of them were shot. But we will snap out of that. Normally, it takes years to replace a good herd, but we will do it in less time than ever. South Dakota is on its way back in a way that will astonish the country. We need livestock, but our other crops will help get that."

A picture of what the five inches of rain means to Alfred Descombaz, a farmer living in Beadle County, South Dakota, is the picture that is typical

(Continued on page 46)



A tangible symbol of the end of the lean and bitter years. The James River in South Dakota, empty and parched during the drought-dust-storm days, today is filled from bank to bank with life-giving water

He revels in his revived heritage: School, new clothes, new happiness and a new future are the farm child's share of the material benefits of a billion dollars' worth of rain that fell on the Northwest this year

Funds in Transit

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

MR. HAMS JAFF was a fat, roly-poly, Bowery bum, with a protruding stomach and a rugged constitution, affected neither by the wintry weather nor the deadly East Side alcohol which he drank with such gusto. He wore an overcoat habitually, though he needed none. Like many a robust wastrel, he feared illness. He was afraid of a cough. A cough frightened him, for he knew, from reading, that people die of coughs every day, and so he was always protected. In his pocket he carried a small tin filled with cough tablets—six of them in the tin.

Standing in the lobby of the Traders' Bank on lower Broadway, Hams felt a cough coming on, picked a tablet from his tin and noted it was the last one left. He was quite warm, in spite of the snowy weather, for he had previously panhandled two dollars and had filled himself with four shots of *Joe Nappstrabb's Best*, a nitroglycerin form of liquor, over on Third Avenue. He leaned against a bank pillar, thinking of nothing. It was two o'clock.

A closed car pulled up at the curb and three men in blue uniforms stepped out, walking towards the lobby. The last man carried two leather sacks, slung from his shoulder, and as the three passed by where Hams was leaning four other figures appeared from nowhere and the shooting began.

The first three, delivering sacks of cash to the bank, were knocked sprawling, the two bags slid along the marble floor and a trickle of blood began creeping. As the gangsters leaped upon the leather sacks, snatched them up and fled, a bit of green paper fluttered along the floor and stopped at Hams' feet. He picked it up and stuffed it into his pocket.

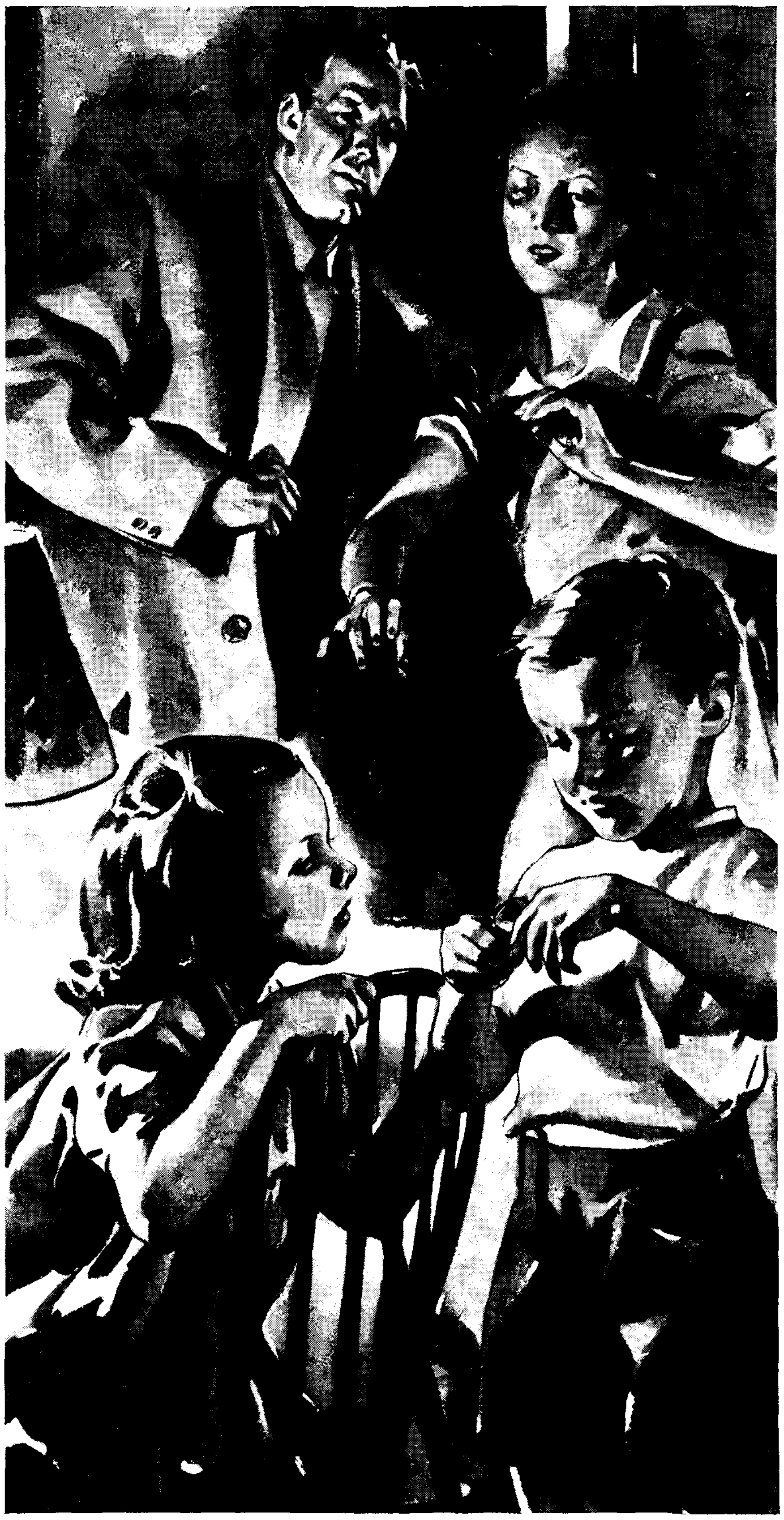
The bandits dashed for their car, followed gingerly by the crowd; the police came on the run. There was more shooting and shouting; a motor roared and half a block distant the cops shot out the rear tires of the fleeing brigands, capturing them in the middle of Broadway and saving the bank's money amid a crowd that cheered.

Hams Jaff sauntered slowly from his pillar, feeling the bill in his pocket. He crossed Broadway into a side street and looked at the bill. It was a thousand-dollar note, all crinkly and brand new. Hams folded it into a small square, so it would fit exactly into the empty cough-drop tin, pushed it down neatly and snapped shut the lid.

HE PROCEEDED at once to a drugstore and bought a fresh tin of lozenges. When night came on, he was extremely drunk, as usual, and sought a free flop joint, where he went to bed without bothering to remove his hat.

The next morning it was still blizzardy weather and Hams strolled along Fourteenth Street, asking people for dimes. He wondered what to do about the thousand-dollar bill. Occasionally he removed it from the tin and admired its graceful design, but as the days went by it in no way affected Hams' life or outlook. For he didn't dare to try to have it changed.

All this happened in December, coming on Christmas, when the weather is sometimes pretty foul. Over in Brooklyn a little man named Spyros put on his hat and overcoat, kissed his wife, whose name was Ellen. At the breakfast table were four children, eating gruel.


"Throw that thing out," she cried. "It might be poison"

"I might as well keep on looking," Spyros told his wife. "No use sitting around the flat. I'll go crazy sitting around."

Spyros was a bookkeeper, out of work. He had been out of work for a year and looked for jobs spasmodically. The family hadn't eaten a hearty meal in six months. And Ellen was one of those unsung women who can take it on the chin endlessly without a moan.

"I might have some luck," Spyros said at the door. "Can't go on forever. Getting toward Christmas, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "but that won't mean much this year."

Spyros spent the day walking the streets, asking merchants if they needed a bookkeeper. It was a drizzly day, cold and raw, and at noon Spyros bought a cup of coffee for five cents and a bowl of thin bean soup for another five.

The afternoon wore on and Spyros had no luck. His feet ached and he was cold when darkness fell. He thought that if he had a glass of beer and some beef he would feel better on the ride home. As he walked toward a near-by café, a seedy bum accosted him. It was Hams Jaff, about his regular occupation, getting drunk for the evening.

"Can you give a guy a dime?" Hams asked.

"What for?" Spyros demanded.

"Well," said Hams frankly, "I'll tell you the truth. If you give me a dime, I'll buy me a drink of licker. It'll warm me up and make me want to go on living."

During this speech Spyros sneezed several times. He had been sneezing all afternoon and he was coughing when Hams Jaff finished his plea. Spyros gave way to a sudden, unaccountable impulse.

"All right," he said. "Here's a dime. Maybe you're worse off than I am."

"Couldn't be," said Hams. "You got a bad cough, mister. Nothing worse than a cough this weather. Doin' anything for it?"

"No," said Spyros, wishing now that he had not squandered his money.

"Well, you better," said Hams Jaff. "Here's a box of cough tablets. Them cure coughs and I know. Take one every two hours."

FIFTEEN minutes later Spyros pushed the button of his flat and Ellen opened the door.

"You're late and you're wet," she said. "Any news?"

"No jobs anywhere," Spyros said, removing his hat and coat. "Look what a bum gave me. Some cough drops."

He tossed the tin on the table and his wife was in instant alarm.

"Throw that thing out," she cried. "It might be poison. A bum, indeed! Jimmy, you leave that be."

She addressed her oldest, who was examining the tin. He opened it and pried out a new thousand-dollar bill and Spyros snatched it from his son's fingers. He held it by one corner, waving it in the light. Ellen took it from him and examined it closely, her fingers shaking.

"You suppose it's real money?" she asked.

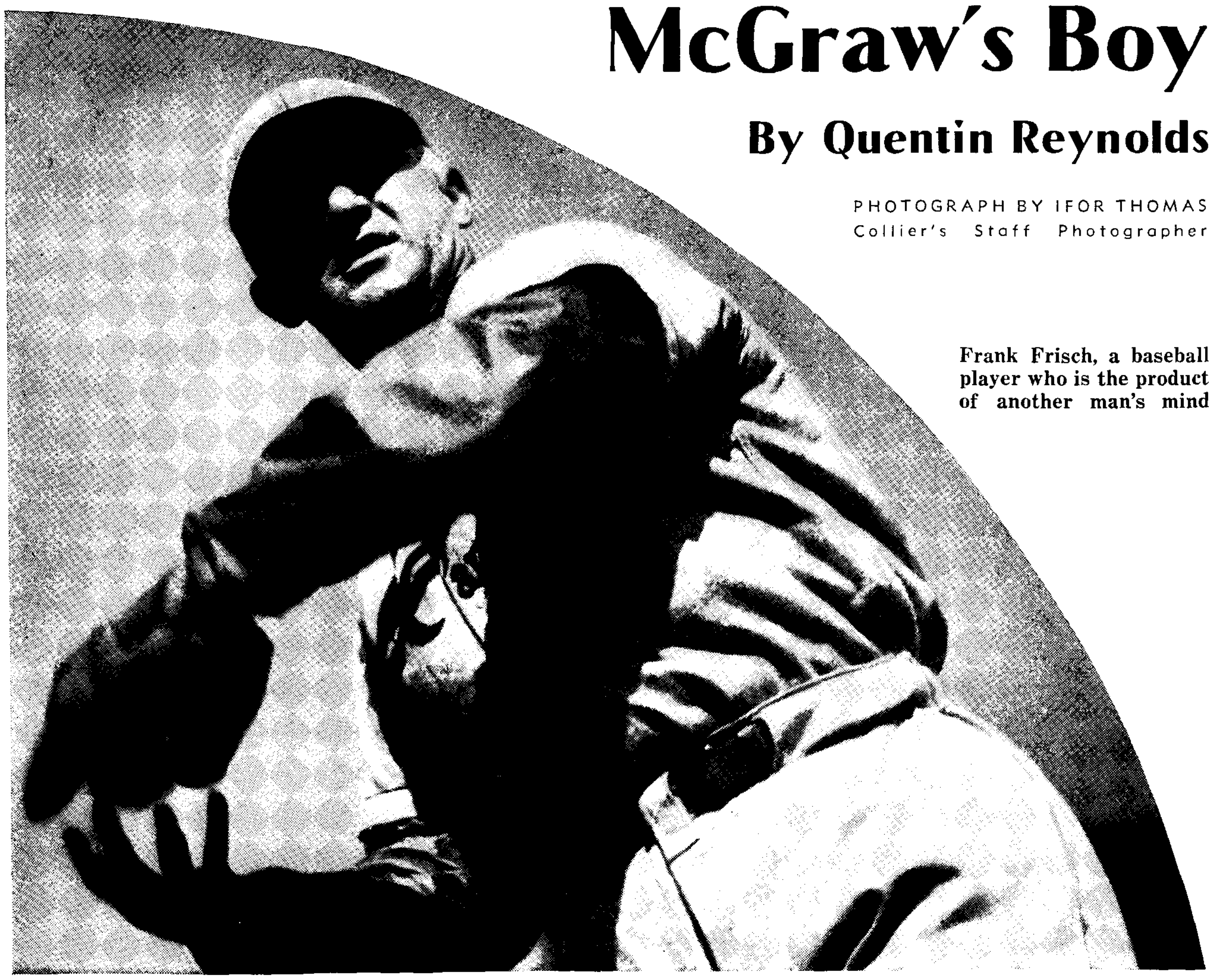
"I dunno. Looks like real money. What would that bum be doing with a thousand-dollar bill?"

With their heads close together, they stared at the piece of paper. The children looked on in silence. Spyros snatched his son out of the chair. "Run up and ask that bank guy on the fifth floor to come down here. He'll tell us if it's real or a phony. Do you know how to pray, Ellen?"

"No," said his wife.

"Well, I do," said Spyros. "I know a prayer. Get down on your knees, you kids. You, too, Ellen."

Spyros knelt down with his family for the first time in their career. He was bluffing. He didn't know how to pray any more than a rabbit. But he began anyhow, while Jimmy trotted up to the fifth floor to get the bank clerk: "Dear God—"



McGraw's Boy

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Frank Frisch, a baseball player who is the product of another man's mind

John McGraw took a raw, awkward rookie from college baseball, taught him how to hit, how to field, how to win games—then fired him. Now look at the result—Frank Frisch, who is a "good man in the clutch"

JOHN McGRAW walked through the hotel lobby and nobody spoke to him. McGraw was on fire. The Giants had just dropped a game to the Phillies. It was only a spring exhibition game but that didn't matter to McGraw. McGraw hated to lose. He was burning up, all right. Even the baseball writers let him alone that day.

Bozeman Bolger—rest his soul—was always close to McGraw. He went up to McGraw's room and found him pacing up and down. Still on fire. Still ready to bite the head off a nail.

"You put 'New York Giants' on the front of their shirts and they think they're wonderful," McGraw stormed. "They think they don't have to try. I never have seen a team play so badly as the Giants played today. They loafed on the bases. They missed signals. Those Phillies are a bunch of right-field hitters and they all murder outside balls. My pitchers did nothing but feed that kind to them. World champions? Don't make me laugh. We won't even finish in the league this year. I got a good mind to fire the bunch of them. Ball players? They're jokes."

"Now, John," the veteran baseball writer soothed, "it was only an exhibition game. It didn't mean a thing."

"No, not a thing," McGraw exploded. "Why, every time we meet the Phillies this season they'll remember the licking they gave us today. It'll make them that much harder to beat. I never saw such a lazy, dumb team as mine today."

"Well," Bolger said. "You can't blame your Frisch for losing that one. He was putting it out, John. He hit three for three and stole two bases. He . . ."

McGraw's face lighted. "Yes, Boze. Frisch was all right. Frisch is my boy."

That was in the spring of 1921 and Frisch was twenty-two years old, just two years out of Fordham, a regular on the Giants but still only a youngster. That was in 1921 and John McGraw was nearing the end of the greatest of all baseball argosies. Getting on in years, John McGraw was, and demanding and exacting he was, too. He wanted perfection—or nothing.

A Chip Off the Old Block

Now the years crowded one another off the calendar and the silver in John McGraw's hair thickened. The years moved very fast for John McGraw but hardly fast enough for Frank Frisch, who was on his way to stardom and who was in a hurry. Then one day the clock stopped for John McGraw and now Frank Frisch had fulfilled his destiny. He was manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, a great player, a great manager, but still McGraw's boy . . . Listen . . .

It was late this spring in a hotel room in Miami Beach. That afternoon the New York Giants had beaten Frank Frisch's world champions—the St. Louis Cardinals. The Giants were hot that day. Stoney Jackson was murdering the ball. Young Hank Lieber hit the fence twice. Dick Bartell was knocking the ears off the Cardinal pitchers.

Frank Frisch hurried back to his hotel after the game. He walked through the lobby and nobody spoke to him. Frisch was on fire. It was only a spring exhibition game, but that didn't matter to Frisch. Frisch hates to lose. He was burning up, all right. Even the baseball writers avoided him that day.

Bill Corum, the sports writer, has always been close to Frisch. He and I went up to Frank's room, and we found him pacing up and down. Still on fire. Still ready to bite the head off a nail.

"World's champion!" McGraw's boy stormed, and it might have been old "Jawn" himself. "World's champions and they put on an exhibition like that. They think they're good. They think these other teams are going to play dead. How can we ever win the pennant this year with that kind of stuff? Why, a high school team could have beaten us the way we played today. The boys were loafing on the bases. The pitchers didn't follow orders. Why, that Bartell loves to hit balls on the outside so he can slam them to right field. All they gave him were outside balls. Jackson is the best high-ball hitter in the league and you saw what my pitchers were giving him. Nothing but high ones."

Frisch's hands were clenched. He was on fire, I tell you. He threw himself on the bed.

"It was only an exhibition game, Frank," Corum soothed. "They'll be winning them in August and September."

"With what?" Frisch snarled. "With base-running like that? With pitching like that? Letting the Giants win today gives them confidence. They're a classy ball team. Every time we play them this season they'll remember today's game. They'll say, 'Those Cards were easy once—they're just as easy now.'

"Why," Frisch got up, "thousands of people pay big dough to come to Florida every year. These birds come for nothing and get paid for it—get paid well, too. And they won't even work. They look pained when I order them to the sliding pits in the morning. They should have worked for McGraw. Now there was a man. And hitting? That's all they think of. Players nowadays think that all they need is a big black bat. A big black bat," he snorted. "Anybody who can hit thinks he's a ball player. There's a lot more to playing ball than pitching and hitting."

He went on and his words sizzled in the hot hotel room. He went on and maybe if you had the faculty of hearing voices that mere mortals can never hear you might have heard an answering growl from beyond the vale—you might have heard John McGraw saying, "You're right, Frank. Drive them. Never let up on them. Don't let them get overconfident. Ball players have to be driven."

Never was Frank Frisch McGraw's boy more than he was that afternoon in Florida just before the regular season opened. His team was and is a McGraw team. It is a slashing, tough bunch of murderers. Frisch is as proud of that team as a girl is of her first evening dress. But, raised in the McGraw tradition, he'd never admit it.

In the Days of the Giants

Frisch is an echo of the fiery McGraw when he was in his prime playing third base for a team that was much like the Cardinals of today—the Baltimore Orioles. And his team is like the great Giant teams—those rip-roaring aggregations of the first and second decade of this century.

They were hell-raising teams that McGraw commanded. They were teams that carried chips on their shoulders. Frisch knows that he has that kind of team now but he keeps his players at a fighting pitch by utilizing the tricks, the system and the manner of McGraw. Remember Frank Bowerman and the fiery Buck Herzog and the incomparable Matty? How about Josh Devore and Iron Man McGinnity and Art Fletcher and . . . but why go on? I don't want to break the heart of any old Giant fan by recalling those immortals.

Remember when those Giant teams would go to Chicago to play the hated Cubs in the greatest rivalry baseball ever knew? The Giants would get off the train and hop into a bus on which was emblazoned a sign, "New York Giants, World's Champions." Not written on the banner, but there unmistakably was the implication, "And what are you guys going to do about it?"

Tough crews they were, and Skipper McGraw ruled them with an iron hand. When they won he was grim and unbending—they had only done what they should have done. When they lost he spared none of them. He'd lash them with the verbal whip of his tongue and he'd fine them and swear at them—and withal love them too. Just as Frisch loves his Cardinals of today and won't admit it.

Now on the day following that defeat by the Giants, the Cards played another exhibition game and this time Paul Dean

(Continued on page 42)

People Grow Older

By Stanley Paul

What happens when a girl outgrows her favorite young man? Pinky thought she knew the answer. She had plenty to learn

IT WAS a beautiful day but Pinky was in no mood for it. She sat on one end of the veranda and looked with indifferent eyes out over the incoming blue tide, boiling up in little glittery patches where it crossed the warm sand bars.

Pinky boiled, too; inwardly, at least. She'd been at a bit of a boil for three weeks; ever, in fact, since she'd come to the shore.

To begin with, there was her older sister, Sue. Sue, Pinky was certain, had trumped up that visit to the Berkshires just so she wouldn't have to be around during the annoying week of moving down to the Cape, opening and cleaning the house, and doing the hundred and one little nuisancy things necessary in getting ready for the summer.

Most important of all, though, was the fact that Pinky had planned to be languorous this summer. It all had started during Easter week when Pinky, between trains in New York, had managed to see her idol, Elsa Lombard, in her smash success, The Guarded Heart.

Through her tears during Act Three Pinky had resolved that henceforth she too would be a lady of shadowed glances, slow-moving, graceful hands, and sad sighs. To be sure, Pinky hadn't quite the height of Elsa Lombard, but she had the slimness and the requisite lashes.

Then Sue had arrived and almost at once Pinky's plans had gone awry; for on that first day a horrible suspicion had crossed Pinky's mind when she'd discovered Sue at twilight sitting alone in the library and gazing, with far-away eyes, into the embers of the fire.

"Sue," Pinky had asked, "has anything gone wrong between you and Russ Tolman?"

Sue had gestured, and her expression was infinitely sad.

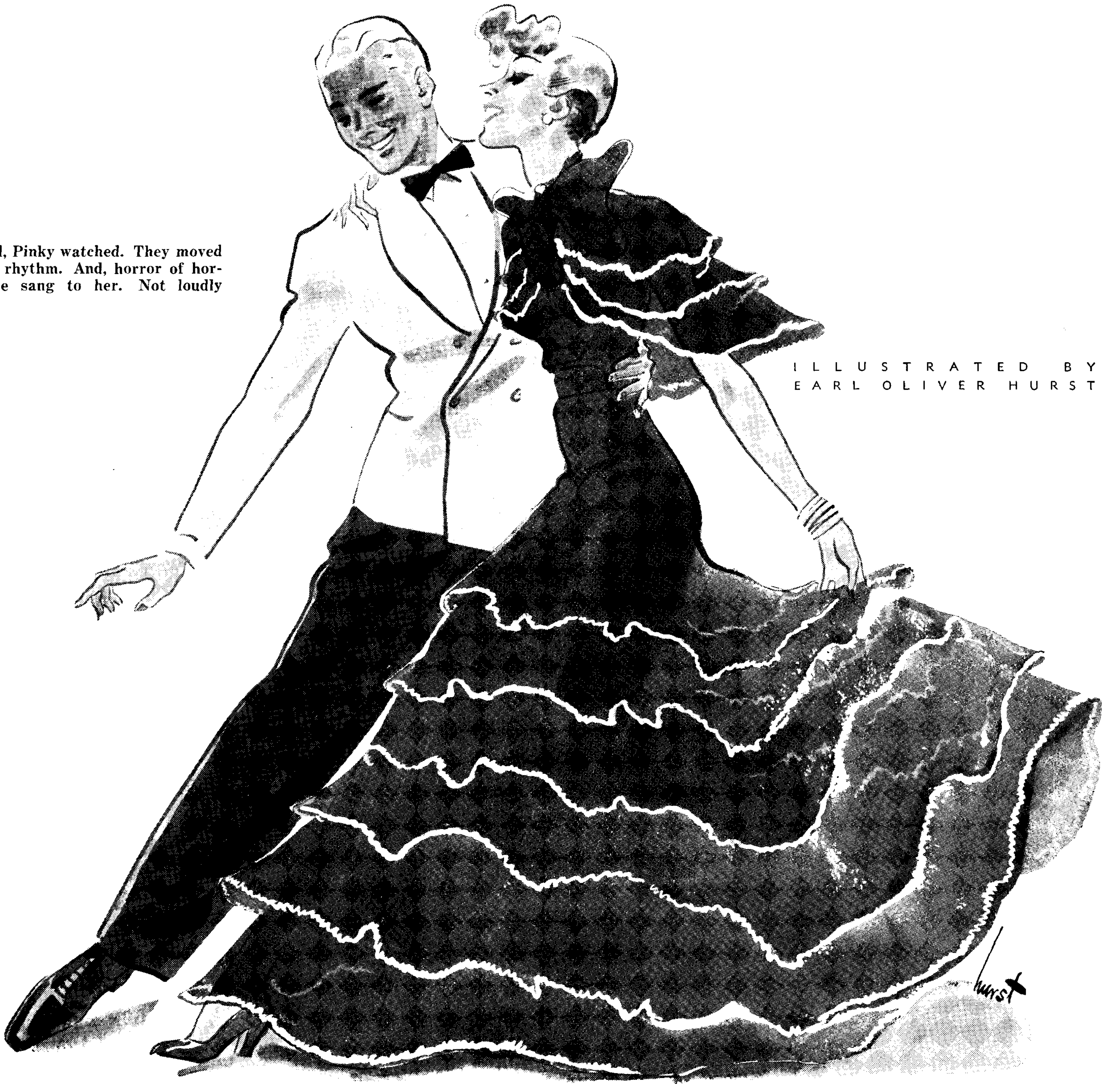
"Please, Pinky, don't let's talk of men."

"Oh, Lord!" thought Pinky. There you had it! Two girls emitting languor in the same family during the same summer would be deadly.

She looked resentfully across the veranda at Sue now, and under her breath said: "Damn!" Sue's languor was still sticking.

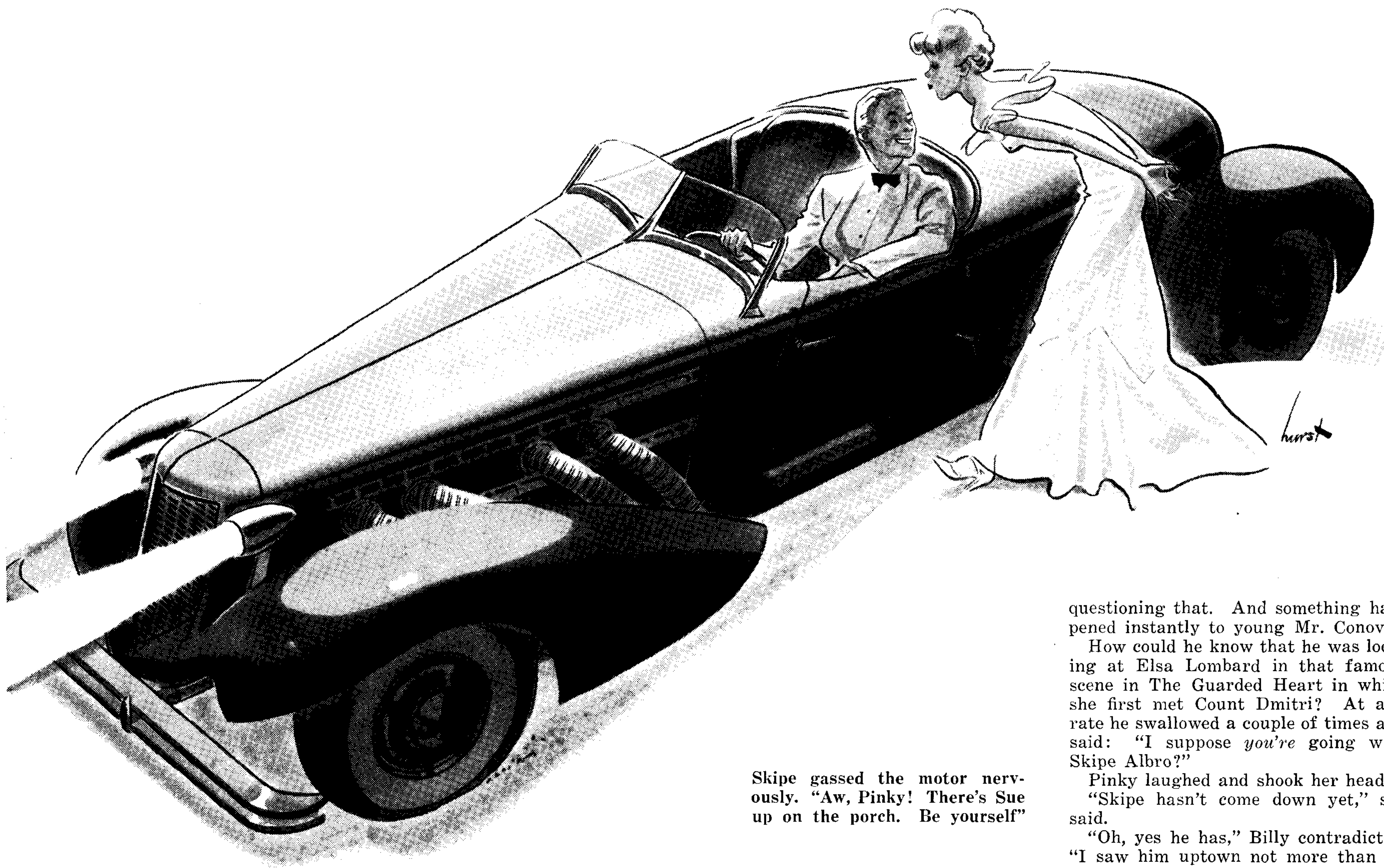
Then there was the matter of Skipe Albro, who, ever since Pinky could remember, had been her companion in summer adventure. Because of her newly acquired mood Pinky had decided to tell Skipe that their relationship, except as friends—she wouldn't use that horrible prewar "sister" stuff—must end.

Pinky had the whole scene planned out in her mind: Skipe would find her in the garden among the petunias—Pinky wished they grew camellias—upon



Spellbound, Pinky watched. They moved in smooth rhythm. And, horror of horrors, Skipe sang to her. Not loudly

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Skipe gassed the motor nervously. "Aw, Pinky! There's Sue up on the porch. Be yourself"

his arrival. There she would tell him, gently but firmly, that her heart could never belong to him, and pat his hand and send him away.

It was to be a beautiful scene; a poignant and lovely thing. But it hadn't come off yet because Skipe hadn't arrived. It was annoying. It was outrageous. Every other year he'd been down by at least the first of July and here it was after the fourth. But in view of what she intended to say to him, Pinky would die before she'd call on his mother and ask what was keeping Skipe away so long.

Pinky sighed.

"Sue," she said, "did you really mean what you said last night? That you were through with men this summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, then. . . ."

"Yes?"

Pinky leaped up, and walked with quick slim legs across the veranda.

"Well, then," she said, her voice a little more eager than she wished, "if you *really* are through with men, then I was thinking perhaps you'd let me wear your low-cut black net to the Tennis Club dance on Saturday. You can't have any possible use for it here this summer. Not if you're through with men, Sue. Will you, Sue?" Her voice ended in spite of herself on a note that was disgustingly pleading.

Sue sat up and looked at her younger sister. Fondness flickered in her pretty brown eyes for a moment; and then she laughed.

"Why, Pinky! You know very well you're much too young for that sort of thing."

Pinky drew herself up indignantly.

"I am *not!*" she stated firmly. "And I think you're horrid to say so. I think," she went on, with a hint of a break in her voice, "that you're the most selfish, misunderstanding sister a girl ever had. You know I'm dying for something I really *can* wear. You know I'm sick to death of organdy. You know—"

Sue interrupted.

"But, Pinky, Skipe would be embarrassed to death to have such a formal girl on his hands."

Pinky tossed her bright little head.

"Oh, *him!*" she said with scorn.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Pinky? Skipe takes you to all the dances; doesn't he?"

"He used to," Pinky admitted. "But not any more. I am finally and definitely through with Skipe Albro as far as anything romantic is concerned."

"Why, Pinky!" Sue's tone was one of horror.

"I most certainly am," Pinky reaffirmed. "Skipe is all right in his way but he's too hopelessly and ridiculously young."

Sue laughed.

"My dear, he's a year older than you."

A STRIDENT blast of a motor horn sounded from beyond the corner.

"Pinky!"

At the new note that sounded in Sue's voice—a note of alarm almost—Pinky forgot her indignation.

"Pinky"—Sue was on her feet—"I'm sure that's Billy Conover, and I'm sure he's coming to see me. You must, you simply must help me out. Tell him I'm ill, or away or something and I won't be back until Labor Day."

With this parting command Sue shot into the house leaving Pinky alone on the veranda. Pinky straightened her tumbled hair and powdered her nose. As she did so, a station wagon of battered appearance swept around the corner and stopped by the hedge.

Billy Conover, a bit on the chubby side, jumped out and came up the flagstones. Pinky watched his approach with quickening eyes. Billy was what she would have classified as an "older man," and for that reason alone he interested her, in spite of his somewhat soft good nature.

Then, too, he had achieved distinction of a sort the previous summer when, under the influence of elderberry wine, he had shinnied up the fishing-fleet monument at two in the morning and from its pinnacle bellowed: "Thar she blows!" The police had subsequently delivered him unharmed to his parents.

Pinky arose and advanced to meet him at the steps.

"William," she throbbed. "How nice of you to call!"

It may have been on young Mr. Conover's tongue to dismiss her with a casual: "Hi, Pink!" Such had been his wont in other years. Today, however, he seemed to think better of it. Her head was thrown back and her eyes regarded him with slumberous vividness. So impressed was he that he took her hand and murmured politely: "Why, how d'y'do, Pinky?" Then as an afterthought—oh, very much an afterthought as Pinky, to her intense delight, could see—he asked: "Is Sue at home?"

Pinky nodded and sighed.

"Yes. But she isn't seeing anyone. Not for weeks and weeks. Sue, I'm afraid, isn't herself this summer."

"Is that so?" said the genuinely surprised Billy. "Gee, that's too bad! I was going to ask her to go to the Tennis Club dance with me."

Pinky laughed lightly—but sadly.

"Oh, that's kind of you, William, but absurd. I mean, Sue just couldn't dance in her present state."

"Oh!"—Billy seemed to be at a loss. "Well," he said at last and turned to leave, "that's that, I guess."

He paused and looked back from the third step down. Pinky was draped against the rail; very gracefully so, with her body leaned back on slim supporting arms, and her head turned to regard him over one pretty shoulder. There was something about her—no questioning that. And something happened instantly to young Mr. Conover.

How could he know that he was looking at Elsa Lombard in that famous scene in The Guarded Heart in which she first met Count Dmitri? At any rate he swallowed a couple of times and said: "I suppose *you're* going with Skipe Albro?"

Pinky laughed and shook her head.

"Skipe hasn't come down yet," she said.

"Oh, yes he has," Billy contradicted. "I saw him uptown not more than an hour ago buying some tennis balls."

Something turned over in Pinky's young breast; but she took firm hold of it and turned it back where it belonged.

"Really?" she said casually—oh, very casually. "Well, it makes no difference. I'm not going with *him.*"

Billy came back up the steps.

"No kidding?"

Pinky shook her head again.

"Well, Pinky; how about going with me?"

She could tell by his inflection and the way in which he sought her eyes that her stuff was clicking. He was hers.

SHE gave the matter just the right amount of consideration; then dropping the William, she said: "All right, Billy; I'll go."

"Great! Swell! I'll see you before then."

He went down the steps two at a time. He was, Pinky noticed, quite heavy on his feet. At the bottom he paused, as if struck by a new thought; then raced back up.

"Say," he said, "how about swimming at four?"

"Drop by," said Pinky, smoothing her hair behind one close little ear. "I might." . . .

Mr. Conover departed whistling; a far happier young man than he had been on arrival.

Pinky went into the house. Her heart was dancing within her. She paused at the foot of the stairs and called up to Sue.

"Yes, dear?"

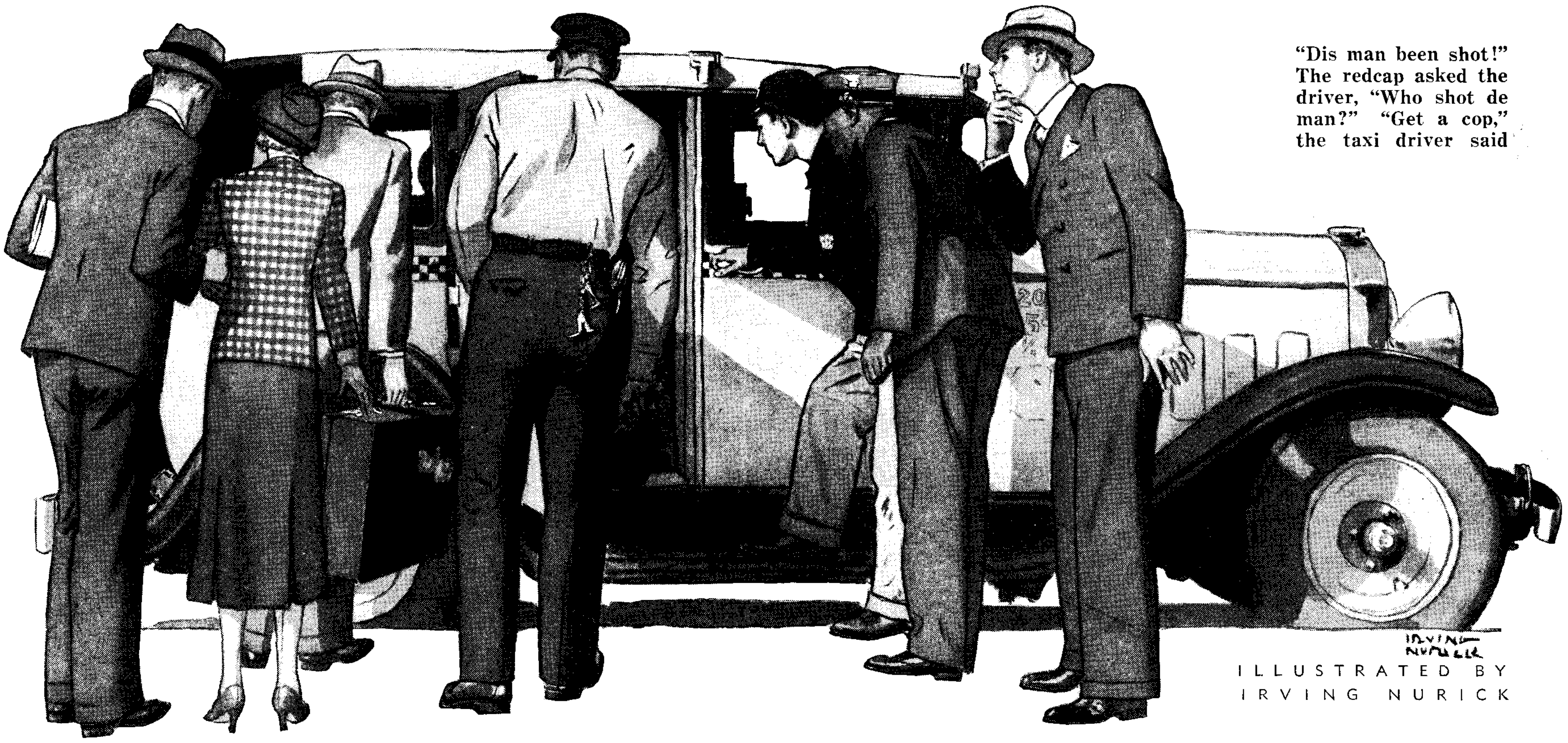
"You won't have to worry about Bill." Pinky informed her. "And I mean for the rest of the summer."

"Thanks. You're a lamb."

"Any old time," said Pinky magnanimously.

She strolled through the house humming a gay little tune, and went through the back door to the garden. There, choosing a comfortable spot under the silver maple, she sat down to live again

(Continued on page 44)



"Dis man been shot!" The redcap asked the driver, "Who shot de man?" "Get a cop," the taxi driver said

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

Too Much Ice

Another adventure of James Lee, who knew that diamonds don't have wings

By Hugh Wiley

IN THE evening between 7:30 and 7:40 nice old Karl Hoffman checked out of the Palace Hotel.

On the curb, at a nod from the boy who carried Mr. Hoffman's bags, old Hughie, the doorman, barked a command at the driver of the cab that stood at the head of the line. "Roll one!"

"I'm catching the Overland," Mr. Hoffman said to Hughie.

He got into the taxicab. The car swung around to the left and started for Market Street. The traffic was heavy and the lights held Mr. Hoffman's cab twice before the driver swung into the wide circle right and left to stop where the redcaps waited on the sidewalk with the luggage trucks for the Overland passengers. Three seconds after he stopped, the driver reached up with his right hand and pulled down the meter flag. He got out and pulled the fare slip out of the meter. He held the fare slip in his left hand and reached inside with his right to open the door of the cab. A redcap had beaten him to it.

"Overland man?" the redcap asked.

"That's what Hughie said at the Palace," the taxi driver answered.

"Yass, suh!" the redcap said, swinging the door wide open. "Can I look at yo' reservations, suh? You finds yo' baggage right on de train."

Nice old Mr. Hoffman made no reply. He was leaning back in the left-hand corner of the taxi. Two thin rivulets of bright blood flowed down from the corners of Mr. Hoffman's mouth. The left breast of his tightly-buttoned gray coat was punctured with three bullet holes.

"Dis man been shot!" The redcap pulled back out of the door of the taxi and asked the driver, "Who shot de man?"

"Get a cop!" the taxi driver said.

"I gits Mr. Sullivan."

The redcap got Officer Sullivan.

"Dey's a man been shot in a taxicab!"

"Shot. Where is he?"

Seven or eight people had heard the redcap's announcement. Out of this group when the policeman opened the door of the taxicab wherein lay Mr. Hoffman, one calm and self-possessed stranger offered aid. "I am a doctor," he said.

The stranger shoved his way into the taxicab beside Mr. Hoffman. "I'll have a look," he said. He hauled a stethoscope out of his pocket and opened Mr. Hoffman's coat and vest. He held the stethoscope against Mr. Hoffman's chest for a moment and then, stepping out of the cab, "Lift him out and lay him flat on the sidewalk," he said to the policeman. "His heart's barely beating. He can't last long. Telephone for an ambulance!" he added. "Quick!"

MORE than six months after Karl Hoffman's death, Newell Savage, Pacific Coast agent for the London Insurance Company, faced James Lee across the wide table in the library of James Lee's San Francisco apartment.

"Do you recall the Hoffman murder case, Mr. Lee?" the insurance man asked.

"I read the headlines. He was a paint salesman, wasn't he?"

"Printers' inks. He traveled for the Rainbow Ink Company of Chicago."

"I remember. Big life insurance?"

"That isn't the point. The ink business was camouflage. Mr. Hoffman's ink game was a mask. The real job was selling diamonds—big diamonds. He was a general agent for the Amsterdam Syndicate."

"I suppose he carried a lot of diamonds with him?"

"You're right. That's why I'm here. He left Chicago on his last trip with seventy diamonds in his case, exceptional stones—ten or fifteen carats apiece. A million dollars' worth of diamonds. He sold three stones in Los Angeles; four more here in San Francisco. He must have had sixty-three diamonds in his pocket when he was killed. The London Insurance Company is stuck for nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. The company has had a dozen men at work on the case."

"Any luck?"

"No luck; that's why I'm here."

"You check up on the diamond thieves?"

"Yes."

"Where was Edith Arnold?"

"She was in Berlin."

"Fat Sam Kent?"

"Sunning himself in Bermuda."

"You get a line on Roy Miner?"

"He was in Hollywood. You can find him easily any moment you want him. He's in San Quentin now."

"I remember. Murdered the woman he was living with."

Newell Savage nodded. "He sure done her wrong—Sugar Eva Brady."

"She was a fat slob. Why did Miner kill her?"

"Jealousy, I suppose. Found another lover in the house."

"Who was he?"

"Some crook by the name of Barber Joe Crane."

"Any other big shots on the west coast when it happened?"

"None that we know about. We're beginning to think that some new talent pulled the job. I wish you'd look over the case for us."

James Lee nodded. "I will," he promised. Then: "What kind of an alibi did Roy Miner have? Where was he the night Hoffman was murdered?"

"His alibi is perfect. He had dinner at the Ambassador in Los Angeles with Sugar Eva that night. Half a dozen witnesses established that."

"How do you know that Fat Sam Kent was in Bermuda?"

"Fifty witnesses. Checked on him day and night for a month before and after the murder."

"Any of the stones show up?"

"So far, none of them."

"Can you identify them?"

"The weight records are exact. They're worth from ten to thirty thousand dollars apiece. The diamond people aren't careless with those things."

"It won't be easy to sell them in America." James Lee lighted a cigarette. "Will you have a glass of sherry?"

"Thanks."

To his visitor, lifting his own glass, "Here's luck," James Lee said. "I wish you'd let me have a transcript of the testimony taken at the coroner's inquest on poor Hoffman."

"I'll get it for you," Newell Savage promised. "I'm awfully glad you're going to work on the case."

"Thank you." James Lee bowed.

HUGHIE, doorman at the Palace Hotel: "Yes, Misther Lee, I knew Misther Hoffman for sixteen years. He was a kind gentleman."

James Lee: "Who was the next man out in a taxi after Mr. Hoffman left?"

Hughie: "The next man that left here in a taxicab was two ladies. One of them was Mrs. Webster, that lives on Jackson Street. . . ."

FRANK DAWSON, taxi driver of the cab in which Karl Hoffman was killed: "Hughie said, 'Roll one!' I was first in line. Mr. Hoffman got in and I took him to the Ferry Building to catch the Overland. Somebody shot him three times."

James Lee: "Was there much traffic on Market Street?"

Frank Dawson: "Market Street was thick with traffic."

James Lee: "Mr. Hoffman was killed with three bullets that entered his left lung. Did you hear any shots?"

Frank Dawson: "With everything backfiring for eight or ten blocks there was times when it sounded like the hot spot in Château-Thierry. I was over there with the infantry, Mr. Lee. They might have used a silencer, whoever it was."

James Lee: "Did you follow the outer tracks or were you clear of the rails on the way down?"

Frank Dawson: "Not with tires costin' what they do. I stay in the clear of the steel."

James Lee: "But there was room for cars to pass you on the right?"

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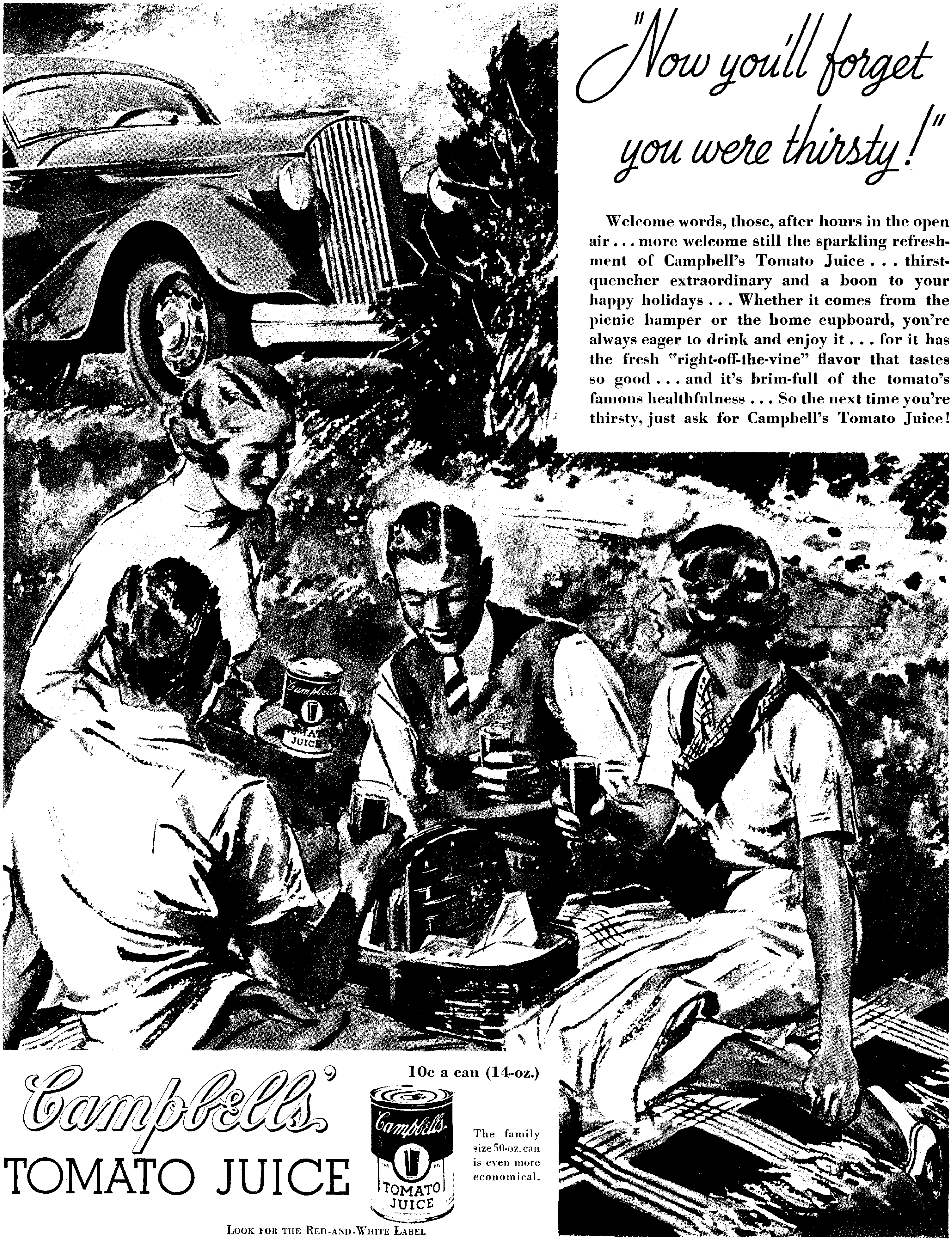

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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 15

last until doomsday. So I've got that extra team."

"Yes, I know," the girl said. They had begun to walk again. "I saw it over at Siwash Jim's."

"Siwashes may not be pretty or clean, but they know dogs."

"It's a good-looking team. Except for the leader."

"Had to take what I could get. Say," he asked quickly, "what do you know about dogs?"

"I come from dog country," the girl said simply.

"Where?"

She hesitated.

"Is that essential?"

"I'm sorry." More than once in this *conversation Hammond had caught a* hint of background, good use of English, modulation in tones as though she possessed a sense of values. Too, he had found a lack of brazenness, yet a quality of deep determination, almost of desperation. The causes he could only guess. At last he said: "Then you can drive dogs?"

"I used to drive them a lot—until a year or so ago."

THEY were nearing the more populous regions of the camp. Hammond turned to her.

"Let's be frank. You want me to get you past Sergeant Terry. Is that it?"

"That—was in my mind."

"In other words, take that extra dog team of mine and the supplies I had intended to leave behind and say they're your own?"

"It was just a desperate idea. To ask you to let me pretend to the sergeant that these things were mine, drive them through and then turn them back to you."

"After that?" asked Hammond.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I spent almost my whole life in the North—until a short time ago. If the world has to come to an end—" She halted as though she had said too much. Hammond was silent.

They reached a fork of the icy trail; one led to Hammond's tent. "Good night," she said.

A sudden wave of impulsiveness shot through Hammond. His mittened hand touched her shoulder.

"You've given me an idea," he announced. "Get up early tomorrow. I'll have the dogs and that sled full of stuff at the restaurant a little before daylight."

He hurried on with her gasp of gratitude faintly following him. The next morning, in the dull gray of a snow-whisked dawn, Hammond walked the all but dismantled camp with Sergeant Terry. Toboggans were packed; already team after team of dogs, squatted in their harness, were spotted about the lake, the upper reaches of which led to the valley of the Caribou. There were shouting and hurried preparations.

"I see that girl's supplies came in all right last night," the sergeant said.

"Oh, yes." Hammond's voice was casual.

"Nice hitch of dogs she's got." The sergeant grinned broadly. "Well, I guess if I owned a river bed full of gold I'd be doing the same fool things myself." Dismissing the subject, he shouted: "Hey, Annie, all set?"

"All set?" queried Around-the-World Annie. A bit tipsy by way of celebration, she slithered down the little hill toward the lake. "Say, gimme time to call the roll and the North's busted wide open!" She proceeded to her duty: 'Florine—Babe! Mimi—Lucille. Ettabelle—now where the hell is Ettabelle— Say," she asked suddenly, "ain't there going to be any ceremony about this? Somebody make a speech or get drunk or something?"

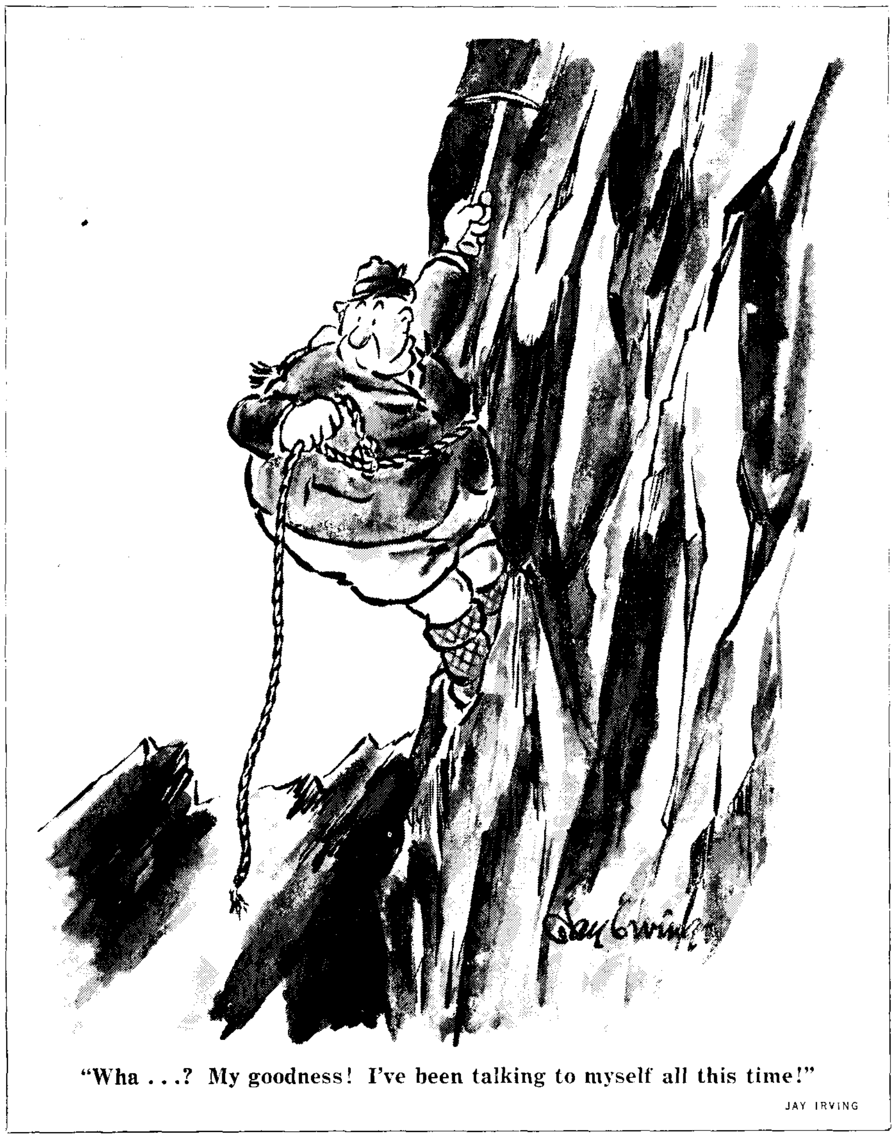
"I'll fire my gun," answered Terry. "That'll be speech enough."

More and more men—and women—with packsacks, more dog teams, more sleds and toboggans assembled on the lake, until the foreground was black with humans. Hammond involuntarily looked about for Jeanne Towers. She was there, and the man saw from the way she handled her dogs that she had told him no falsehood.

At last the sergeant raised his gun. *The barking reverberation of the long-*barreled revolver broke crisply against the sharp morning, and Hammond's voice sounded crisply:

"All right, string out! Slip into the trail and start mushing. Don't try to rush—you'll be a long time getting there."

A driver yelled to his dogs. One by one, others followed.



"Wha . . .? My goodness! I've been talking to myself all this time!"

JAY IRVING

TWO weeks later, they were still at it, moving more slowly now along an agonizing journey, broken often by slides of loosened snow in the narrow valleys, where hills rose precipitately, or where the salix willows, thick and tangled, blocked progress until a trail could be cut through. Everyone was tired—especially Hammond. Twice a day he must make the line of march from one end to the other. It was hard going today; a chinook had been blowing.

"Here, take this stick," he called as he passed Jeanne Towers. "Use it to keep your snowshoes clear."

"Thanks, I've got one—on the toboggan. I've just been watching for a stopping place, to change moccasins and have a general clean-up."

Hammond fell in beside her.

"Tired?" he asked. He meant it to be impersonal, adding: "This chinook makes the going pretty heavy."

"I've just been wondering," she asked, "does a wet snow sometimes follow a chinook in this country?"

He looked at her.

"Now and then. Why?"

"It used to do that at home too," she answered.

He wanted to ask her where "back *home" was. He refrained.*

"Like the North?" he asked instead.

Something like a tomboy's happiness blazed in her brown eyes.

"Oh, I do. It's so clean."

Jack went, wondering about the remark. After a long time, he began thinking of some of the city rooming-houses in which he had spent out-of-luck days; grimy windows, carpets gritty with dirt, soot on one's face, a black taste to the air.

"Better not wait too long to make camp," he shouted to one of the old-timers. "We'll get out early tomorrow on the crust."

But late that night, when the rest of the camp was snoring, Hammond saw that there was to be no crust on the morning's snow. The chinook had continued, veering slightly toward morning. Dawn was gray, lowering, cheerless. Then the wind shifted. A bite came into the air.

"Yah, we'll have snow." It was Olson, the man with the hewed-out face whom Hammond had met in Prince Rupert. He paused a moment as the long line began to move. "Yah, we'll have plenty of snow."

Hammond nodded and went onward. The sky grew heavier, more ominous.

"No loafing!" he shouted as the trek started anew following the noon-time halt. "And no hanging back."

A stoop-shouldered man turned his head.

"How'll we ever keep in line and change wet moccasins?" he queried. "Keep 'em on, I suppose, and get frost-bite?"

"We'll make stops for that." The first slash of snow had begun to drive down out of the high reaches of the mountains. "Keep moving—and stay together."

The flakes had become thicker now; like a sticky white shield. All in an instant, the mountains began to fade.

"Stay together!" he shouted as he worked back along the line.

They had come out of a valley to a wide lake and were now well upon it. On his lumpy snowshoes, Jack made the end of the line, shouting his caution, and hearing it echoed by the more experienced men of this long serpentine of gold-seekers. The sound of clubbing, as sticks rapped against snow-gummed webs, was general now. The world had become a fog of white. Once again Hammond started forward, hurrying at the blurred sight of a laggard beside the trail. With some surprise, he saw it was Jeanne Towers.

"What's wrong?" he queried brusquely.

"My lead dog broke his trace. I think I've got it fixed."

Hammond examined the harness.

"Looks all right," he decided. "We're going to camp as soon as we strike the end of this lake."

"And then how far?" asked Jeanne. Hammond had heard that query a hundred times in the last few days.

"Oh, we're well over the worst of it. We'll have a tough time for a while after we get out of this lake country—have to hit for the plateaus—the winds are pretty bad there. Then we'll drop down to the Liiken River—going should be fairly easy after that."

"How far?" the girl asked again.

"Sixty miles. A man could make it in two days with a fresh team."

BUT a rumble of voices from ahead, mingled with high-pitched cursing, told him that there were no fresh teams. Hammond broke the line long enough to make a place for the girl and hurried forward to where a gold-seeker had pulled out of line. A dog was down in its harness; one of those poor misfits from Prince Rupert, struggling bravely until its strength was gone. Knocking the snow off his webs, Hammond attempted to run. He was too late. A shot sounded.

"Why didn't you put that dog on your sled and carry him?" he asked angrily.

The driver looked at him dully.

"And make it all the heavier? What do I care about dogs—I've got to get to the Big Moose."

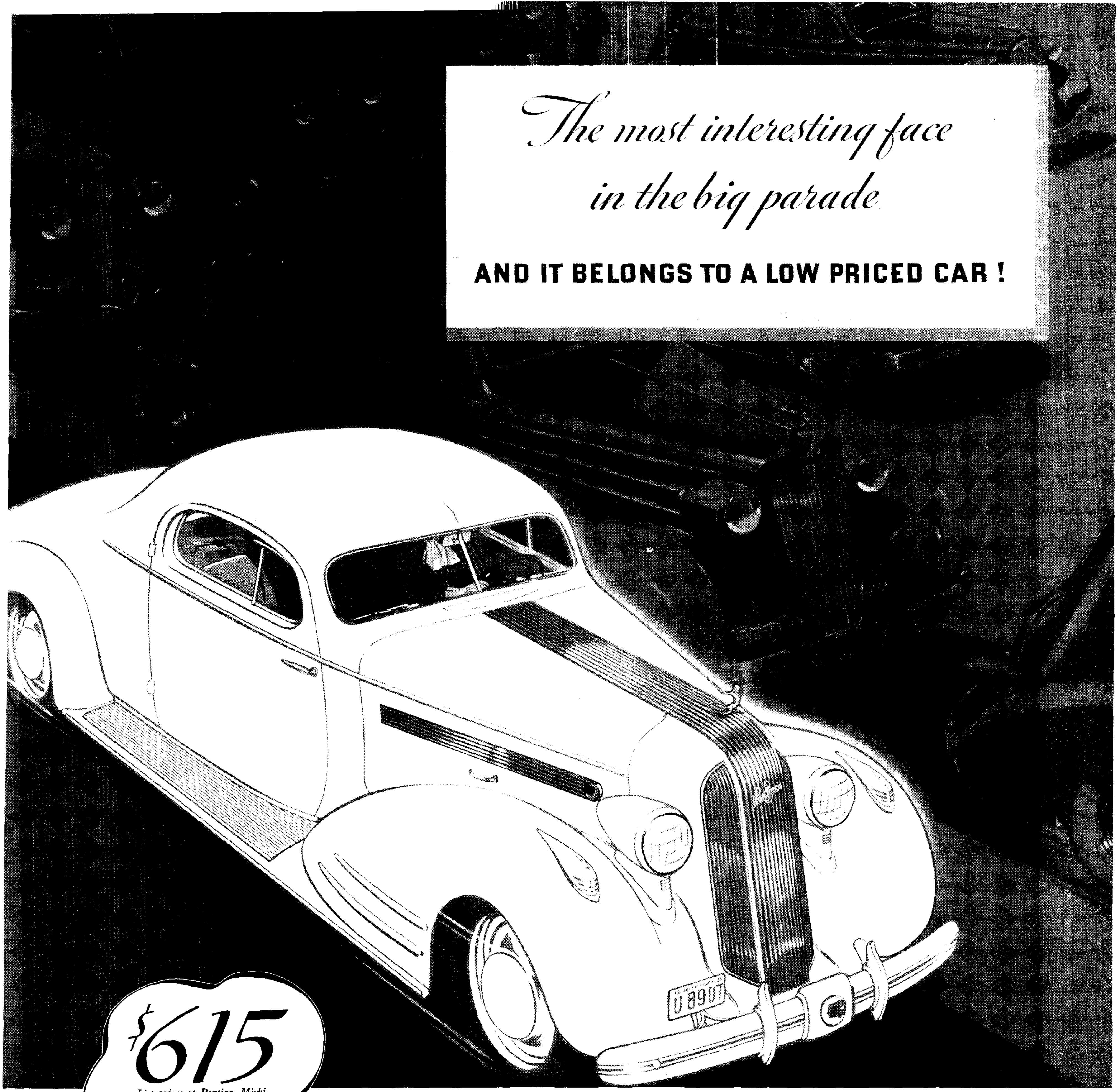
Hammond went on—silent. This was gold, and another dog had given its life for something which, to it, was worthless. Passing argonauts did not even glance at the dead beast's body. Only the snow was gentle, already the sprawled gaunt form was being molded into a mound of soft white. The snowstorm had taken the world unto itself now. It caked the forms of this writhing line of humanity, whitened the toboggans, even turned to gray the coats of the multicolored huskies.

"When the hell do we get to the end of this lake?" shouted the lead musher. A note of panic was in his voice. Hammond turned swiftly, glancing down the line.

"Olson!" he shouted. "Take the lead here and hold it! When you hit the shore line, go into camp!"

"Ay!" came the answer. Olson, with

(*Continued on page* 26)


The most interesting face in the big parade
AND IT BELONGS TO A LOW PRICED CAR !
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$615

List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G. M. A. C. Time Payments.

A General Motors Value

IT'S THE "Silver Streak" that makes the low-priced Pontiac stand out in the big traffic parade. And that same Silver Streak is the best reason in the world for choosing a Pontiac. It won Pontiac the title of the most beautiful thing on wheels against a field of the finest automobiles ever produced. And it supplies the clue to the whole character of America's lowest-priced fine car. For Pontiac took equal care to make *everything else* just as far removed from the ordinary and just as far in advance of the rest of the big parade. Brakes, bodies, chassis and bearings have no superiors. The brakes are big, triple-sealed hydraulics. The bodies are solid steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher. The chassis is completely sealed. And the bearings are silver-alloy —twice as durable as the ordinary type. Pontiac performance asks no odds of any car. It is smooth, it is quiet, it is lively, in a way that gives fresh meaning to these words. And in size, too, Pontiac is something new to the low-price field—a big, full-weight car that is at the same time a marvel for economy. You can't do better than a Pontiac for the simple reason that *every Pontiac feature is the finest money can buy*. A look, a ride, and you'll decide it's true.

SILVER STREAK

PONTIAC

SIXES AND EIGHTS

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Poor Man's Gold

Continued from page 24

his elongated webs, strode out of line, rounded those in front of him, then began to plod again. Hammond once more moved swiftly toward the rear, only to return more quickly. At last he reached the side of the leader and strode beside him, staring back into the snow.

"Somebody's missing," he told Olson. "I'll try to find 'em. If I'm not back by morning, hold camp and start out a gang to look for me."

Then down the line he went again, finally to drop behind. No one noticed him; all eyes were straining straight ahead. Hammond moved swiftly on the back trail.

He was crouched, his eyes shielded from the drive of snow, his every attention on the marks beside the trail. A mile passed. The gold-seekers long had faded in the white distance. He worked more carefully now, in spite of his eagerness; the afternoon was sliding by; darkness would come early.

IT WAS deep dusk before he picked up a clear trail. He shouted, and went on. Again, after a period of search, he called and for a third and fourth time. He thought he heard a faint answer.

He began to run, as swiftly as his sticky snowshoes would permit. In the distance, a faint, gray smudge appeared. He shouted anew and went forward. At last they faced each other. Jeanne Towers tried to cover her weariness with a smile, meanwhile wiping the welcome, cold moisture of a fur-gloved hand across her forehead.

"Am I lost?" she asked with an attempt at cheeriness.

"You were." Relief at finding her had brought a certain reflex. "Why did you drop out?"

"That trace broke again. I suppose I worked on it longer than I thought."

"Too tired to go on?"

"Can we reach camp?"

"We'll have to make our own camp. And damned quick!" He looked about him in the lowering dusk. One chance was as good as another—memory told him that they had been working for some time to the left. Certainly shore could not be so far away. "We haven't much to kick about. Everything in the world to eat on that toboggan and there's a sleeping-bag for you."

"But you?"

He grinned.

"It won't be the first time I've piled in with the dogs."

There was a different spirit now; concern for her safety had placed them on a new basis. Silently they worked forward, bent against the drive of snow. Going was increasingly difficult; the white, sticky fall had covered the harder pack for a full six inches; their snowshoes sank deep, and came up heavy, leaden. A half hour of terrific exertion followed. The world was black now, but Hammond urged her forward.

"I think I see the shore line ahead." He commanded, "Keep going if you can."

"I'll keep going," was her sturdy answer. The search ended within a hundred yards, in low-boughed spruce, a rocky shore line, and tumbled deadwood.

Again Jack saw that she had told the truth when she had denoted herself as being of the North. She asked no questions. She did not even query their camping place, driving the dogs to the first level spot where twisted treegrowth formed a shelter from the wind. Then, as the huskies sank to rest in the snow, she turned deliberately to her next self-appointed task, the digging under old drifts or to windward for dry bits of pitch wood, for unmoistened cones and a handful of brittle spruce needles, meanwhile sweeping near-by surroundings with appraising glances. In that she told Jack Hammond much of woodsmanship; he knew that she was searching for a birch tree and its inflammable bark, but there was none.

The spruce needles crackled into a feeble blaze as he fed them with a second match. Jeanne handed him a crushed bunch of fine dead twigs. Then he took the larger fuel from her, stick by stick, until the blaze leaped high. At last he straightened and looked down at her.

"You're pretty game, aren't you?" he asked.

It seemed to electrify her. An almost tomboyish expression came into her eyes. She laughed, her white, even teeth gleaming in the firelight.

"Honestly, am I?" she queried. There was a wish in her voice—for him to tell her again. But she added quickly: "I hope I can cook something that's fit to eat."

It was. With the dogs snarling over their fish and mush, the man and woman sat beside the campfire, long after the meal was finished. The trees here furnished a windbreak; then, too, the snowfall had ceased entirely, for the moment. Now they were talking about the new camp, the strange mixture of humans who had made up this cavalcade, the futures that had been molded on this trip, good, bad, mediocre. She said nothing about herself.

At last, Jack unrolled her sleeping-bag, and bedded it down with a canvas windbreak. They said good night. Hammond went back to the fire.

HE SAT there a long time. Finally he rose and, moving toward her faintly outlined form, knelt there.

"Jeanne," he said quietly, "are you asleep?"

The voice fought dull fatigue.

"No, Mr. Hammond."

"My name's Jack."

"Oh," came with an air of surprise.

"Listen," he cut in. "I've just thought of something funny. You're none of my business—"

"I—"

"What I mean," he added hastily, "is that I'm not trying to butt in, or ask questions. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes— I've known that."

"Just the same," the man went on, "I've thought of something funny. Suppose, for instance, I lent you a little money—you know, to build a shack with. And then—" he added, stilling her exclamation—"suppose I did what I could to get things going for you. I've just been thinking that it really would be a whale of a joke on somebody, if you'd take this bunch of supplies you've been dragging through for me, and really start that grocery store."

Five minutes later, Jack Hammond turned away, with a hand at his throat.

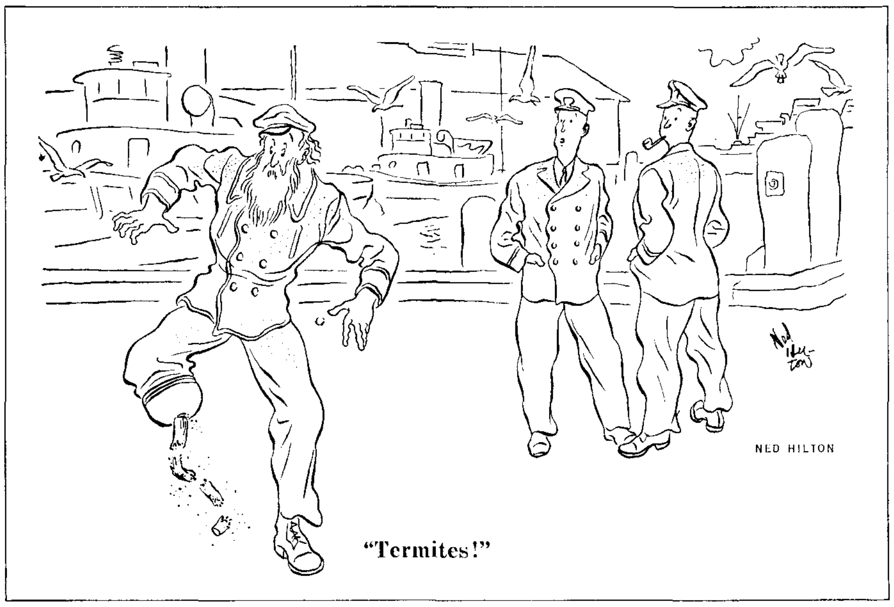
"I didn't think she'd cry about it," he mumbled and turned in with the dogs.

SIX days later, a struggling mass of humans slipped and slid across the hummocked ice of the Liiken River. Around-the-World Annie and her hard-boiled crew had stopped to change socks and moccasins. Hammond came along, passed Jeanne Towers, asked a cheery question, and went onward.

"Say," announced Florine, "have you noticed how that dame looks whenever Hammond comes her way?"

Annie, with a great wrench, pulled at a resistant sock.

"Sure," she said casually. "She's nuts about him. And he's nuts about that little broad down in Seattle, who's probably nuts about somebody else. Put that all together and it spells—damn it!" she yelled at her recalcitrant sock, "do you go on my foot or don't you?"



"Termites!"

HIS thick clothing smeared by frost and soil, Jack Hammond worked with pick and shovel at the bottom of a deep pit. He filled a moosehide bucket with boulders and stony soil, and signaled to Mackenzie Joe to raise and dump it. Joe obeyed, turning the rough handle of an equally crude windlass. He was a beaverlike man of huge shoulders and stocky frame; with a great effort he carried the bucket away and emptied it. Returning, he called down:

"Hey, Jack. Ride the bucket up."

"Knocking off work early, aren't we?" Hammond queried when he poked his head out of the crude shaft.

"Look," answered Mackenzie Joe. With a movement of his eyes he indicated the faraway camp.

It was a new trek from Fourcross. Men were shouting and hurrying about, mushing their dogs to the first open space unoccupied by the tents of other gold-seekers, and tearing at their toboggan loads as though they had only a matter of minutes in which to begin life in a new land. At this distance they looked like so many black, two-legged ants, outlined against the white of the snow-covered Sapphire Lake. Mackenzie Joe took off his thick cap and rubbed heavy fingers through matted gray hair.

"There ain't nothin' crazier'n a bunch of bushed placer miners," he said at last. "Let's clean out that pit and knock off work for the day."

"Sure," said Hammond. "Then go down to town and find out how to make a million."

They returned to work then to clean out the pit. It was a test job—the first of dozens, maybe a hundred, which they knew they must sink in their search for an age-old river bed, long covered by the overburden of erosion. At last, with the moosehide bucket raised, they started back toward "town."

The days were growing longer. Spring already had arrived in districts farther south; summer was on the way. But up here, everything remained under a burden of white. Hammond glanced far to the right.

"One less moose," he said. "There's Olson with a supply of meat! The pack that man can carry!"

They watched him angle across the drifts toward the main trail, his rifle dragging, the hindquarters of an Alaskan moose on his back.

"Think I'll go beg some of that," Mackenzie Joe said. "The way those wild men are coming into this country, there won't be a lot of game left."

"Get an extra piece, will you?"

"Sure. For that girl?" Mackenzie Joe started away. "Guess you're right—guess she's just like the rest of us—tired of our own grub and fed up with the stuff they hand out at the Slumgullion."

THEY met again at the cabin door. Jack Hammond stood there, watching the scene before him—the hurry and confusion of that day's arrivals, like an army halting after an advance. Men dragged spruce boughs from the near-by forest to pack beneath their sleeping-bags, or poles with which to stake out their tents. New fires were going; every stretch of wind-swept land, or smooth-blown rock was an objective for camping purposes. Mackenzie Joe, two great hunks of moose meat freezing in his grasp, came up and halted beside his partner.

"Well, here's the meat and there's the last of the snow-burners," he said. "Sergeant Terry came along with 'em. Break-up's hit below. Wet snow most of the way until the last forty or fifty miles."

Hammond took the unwrapped meat and started away. His course led through a maze of tents, dog hutches, dirty snowpiles, hastily shoveled away to reveal the foundation for a moss-chinked cabin or shacks and uprights of new buildings, the latter an output from a portable sawmill, brought in over the snow. At last, he sighted a tiny log cabin; he and Joe had built it for Jeanne Towers. Then he saw the girl.

She broke from the door at his approach, running, almost sprawling over the crusted snow. She cried out; Hammond saw that she waved something in one hand. In the doorway behind her was framed the bulky figure of a man. On came the girl; she stumbled, straightened, and continued to run.

"I've got two hundred dollars!" she cried out. "I've got two hundred dollars!"

She was transformed; almost childish in her excitement. There were tears on her cheeks.

"I've got two hundred dollars!" came again, as she reached him. "I can begin to pay you back." Hammond stared down at the money in her hand. "Oh, it isn't counterfeit. It's all good money—see—it's real—"

He caught her by the arm, laughing.

"Of course, Jeanne. But where did you get it?"

"I've sold my claim. You told me it wasn't any good. But I got two hundred dollars for it—see it—" she waved the money again. Then turning as the stranger came to them from the doorway: "Here's the man—"

(To be continued next week)

HOW "FINGERPRINT FAUROT" SLEUTHED THE TRAIL OF A TIRE FROM COAST TO COAST

AND THE AMAZING EVIDENCE HIS SEARCH UNCOVERED ABOUT G3

The eye-witness story of the strangest assignment a famous detective ever covered—why the man who brought fingerprinting and the Bertillon system to America combed the haunts of motorists for mileage clues—as told by an ace reporter who shadowed him

Over and over Faurot's reports

PROVED

"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!

—because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread

—because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs

—because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire

AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*

(NOTE: *What you read here is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense. For it does not present a manufacturer's enthusiasm for his own product. It deals with unbiased evidence, gathered by a great detective—and set down by a man trained to get and report the news. Like the introduction of the famous "G-3" All-Weather—which dealt with the records of this tire on the Goodyear test fleets—this advertisement seeks to present plain unvarnished facts showing how this "G-3" All-Weather is standing up at the hands of the public, and lets you judge the significance of these facts for yourself.*)

---

by JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

Just as a piece of sheer, dogged detective work, it's a magnificent story.

Piles of first-hand evidence gathered from more than half the states in the Union.

Life histories of hundreds of tires, amassed by patient days and nights of digging — a fragment here, a fragment there. Sometimes quizzing a gas station attendant—or listening in on conversations at a Bar-B-Que stand. Peering at speedometers — running down license numbers — questioning car owners and their friends — finding out how people drive, where they drive, how much gasoline they use in a week, what kind of roads they cover, how fast they wear out brakes.

You would think, to watch Inspector Joseph A. Faurot building up this pyramid of evidence, that life or death depended on his efforts.

And in a sense, that's true. For he was sent out to investigate the safety record of tire treads — Goodyears and others. But that's getting somewhat ahead of the story.

Flash-back to 12 months ago

Let's start at the beginning.

Do you remember the first time you heard of the now famous Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather tread?

It was in the late spring of 1934 — and what a sensational story broke at that time.

The problem on all tires then — even on Goodyears —was fast tread wear, due to the higher speeds and quicker starts and stops of the nimbler, more powerful new cars.

People wanted longer wearing tires—and more non-skid safety too — and Goodyear undertook to find the answer.

Joseph A. Faurot, veteran man-hunter, now Chief of Department of Identification, Commercial Crime Commission, inspected "G-3" inside and out

...a fragment here, a fragment there. Inspector Faurot and reporter Cannon check a lineup of "suspects" along the curb in Santa Fe

...quizzing car owners and their friends

Engineers in the laboratories ground down tread after tread with granite grindstones — till they found one that could "take it" as no tread ever took it before. That tread bore the laboratory symbol "G-3."

Then they put that tread on a tire — scores of tires in fact — and put them out on the test fleet for the toughest kind of third degree. Straight around the clock they gave them the works. Speed up to 50. Wham! Bring them to a dead stop. Up to 50 again — and another screech of brakes! Drivers worked in shifts, but there was no rest for those tires.

You know the results. That "G-3" All-Weather stood up and kept on standing up. Under that grueling punishment it delivered 43% longer non-skid mileage than its famous predecessor — and kept its grip twice as long as tires tested against it.

But Goodyear wanted to know exactly how well this "G-3" All-Weather was living up to its sensational test-fleet record under the varying usage it gets in the hands of different drivers — and took the bold step of hiring Joseph A. Faurot to find out.

How evidence piled up

It would take hours to give you all the evidence. Few front page mobster cases ever went to trial with a more voluminous record. It was gathered all the way from Gotham to the Golden Gate — from taxi drivers, truck farmers, doctors, salesmen, housewives — in a snow storm in Chicago and a dust storm in the southwest.

So let's open Faurot's fat notebook, put our finger on a typical record, and see what it says:

"Tire No. 01836447K — *Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather on left front wheel, Detroit taxicab. Three other makes of tires on this vehicle.*

"Daily mileage — *this cab is in service 24 hours a day—on city streets—also on occasional trips into Canada—frequently covers 200 miles per day—frequent use of brakes.*

"Condition of "G-3"— *little evidence of wear, in obvious contrast to other tires. Grooves between non-skid blocks were deep and sharply defined.*

"Mileage— *"G-3" All-Weather had traveled 16,844 miles in 3 months, average daily mileage 187.*

"Summary — *from comparison with other tires and observation of treads, "G-3" All-Weather will deliver 100% longer non-skid mileage. Driver in charge of cab concurs in this estimate."*

Want more? Look at these

Let's look for a few from other sections of the country —hitting the high spots for the sake of brevity. These are typical:

"MOUNT HOLLY, N. C.— *Driver of this car travels constantly between six textile mills, has charge of electrical maintenance. Mileage 47,666. Tread pattern entirely gone — but "G-3" kept its grip approximately 50% longer than former tires on same wheel."*

"ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.— *mileage 27,000 in year. Tractor and road machinery salesman, travels Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico. Tread shows signs of wear, but former tire wore out in 12,000 miles."*

"TOPEKA, KANSAS — *"G-3" mileage 21,112, district manager, life insurance company. Drives 2,000 miles per month, mostly gravel roads. Tread shows evidence of wear, but former tires never totaled over 15,000 miles."*

"OAKLAND, CALIF.— *Set of "G-3" All-Weathers, mileage 14,131. Right rear worn by poor brake adjustment — other three have half of non-skid tread remaining. Last set of tires — another make — wore out at 3,000."*

• • •

There, in thumbnail, you have a few from the hundreds of typical cases, painstakingly investigated by a great detective — whose relentless search is told in the vivid words of a reporter who went along.

One important fact more you ought to know. The underlying reason this tire has been so successful is the foundation of super-resilient, super-durable cords on which it is built. You've heard the name of those cords — *Supertwist* — the surest safeguard against blowouts which can be built into every ply.

No wonder this tire is outselling any other tire in the world!

It is ready for you now — *at no increase in price* — no farther away than the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

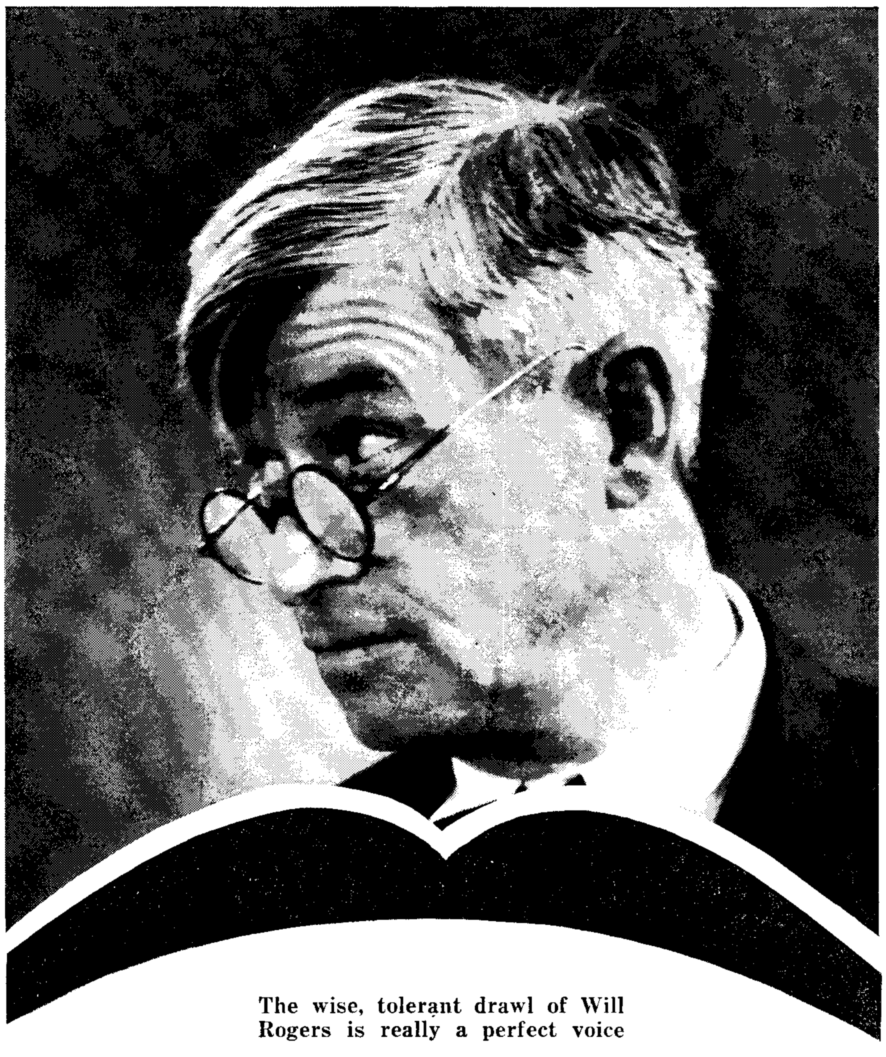
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

What a Voice!

By Ruth Chandler Moore

Everybody has a good voice. But it sometimes gets lost in transit. So if yours isn't coming clear and resonant from the bottom of your lungs to the top of your head, the natural sounding board where fine tone is made, try these simple, effective ways of clearing the track for it



The wise, tolerant drawl of Will Rogers is really a perfect voice

Katharine Cornell owes much of her dramatic success to a fine, flexible voice

EVERYBODY wants a good voice. New job, new client or new beau; radio, theater or dinner table, a likable voice opens the door and a crude one closes it.

And everybody has a good voice. Maybe not a grand-opera voice. Maybe not even a stage voice—though plenty of top-notch actors and orators have started from scratch in that respect. But if you were born with the usual talking arrangements, you were born with a voice, a real one, with life and range and music in it. And if you don't still have it, it's because something—probably only a few bad habits you don't even know you have—have got in its way.

For it's only mental and physical tensions—and easily cured ones at that—that blur and bumble our speech. The shy and the lazy garble their words and strangle their voice tones because self-consciousness and indolence hamper their breathing and speech muscles, while the unmistakable thing we call the ring of happiness in a voice owes its chime to the speaker's sense of mental and physical well-being—the opposite of which is the dreary monotone of fatigue or boredom.

Think of the radio voices you like and remember. Invariably there's a strong personality coming through the tones—a personality so strong that you recognize it the minute you tune in: the wise, tolerant drawl of Will Rogers; the pursed-lip literary exactness of Alexander Woollcott; the picture-evoking enthusiasm of Graham McNamee.

But of course a personality—yours or theirs, private or professional—can't get across to the listener unless the voice wires are clear. And that's where your nervous and physical tensions come in. Get your talking machine, which includes a lot of other things besides your vocal cords, back in order, clear up your mental and nervous static, and nature will do the rest. Your beliefs, convictions and feelings will automatically play the right tunes if your voice instrument is running well.

Get Rid of Those Strains

Everybody knows how the voice reacts to the more obvious strains. You gasp when you tell the story of the motor accident you have just witnessed, because your breathing apparatus is still in a state of shock. Your voice goes up an octave when you catch little Johnny hammering a nail in the dining-room table, because rage has tightened your vocal cords; and if a lion or a gunman crosses your path sudden terror may paralyze your throat and speech muscles.

But everybody has strains of this sort. They don't do any harm because they are over in a minute. It's the habitual tensions that leave their mark. If you always breathe shallowly and irregularly, you acquire a weak, irregular voice. If minor annoyances habitually get the better of you, your discordant shrillness tells the world so. And if social fear and uneasiness are forever throwing gravel in your speech engine, it will skip when you climb a social hill and stutter when you most need it to drive home a business point. Learn to keep nerves and shyness out of your voice and you may lose them altogether in the process.

Simple Rules for Clear Speech

Here are some simple voice suggestions from the broadcasting studios where experts spend their lives coaching for clear speech tones, practical tests and cures for whatever may be pulling your voice—and incidentally your body—awry:

Since breath is the stuff voice is made of, the first strain to look for is cramped breathing, so test yourself for your breathing habits with this trick with which Caruso used to prove his breath control. Light a match and hold it an inch or two in front of your lips while you sing or say a good round "Ah." The flame will show you quickly enough whether your breath is inside your head making a clear fine sound or escaping in a stream that would mangle any sound—let alone sentence—that tried to get out of your lips with it. Caruso could make the walls of a room ring, but the match flame never even flickered—and that was the secret of much of his tone magic.

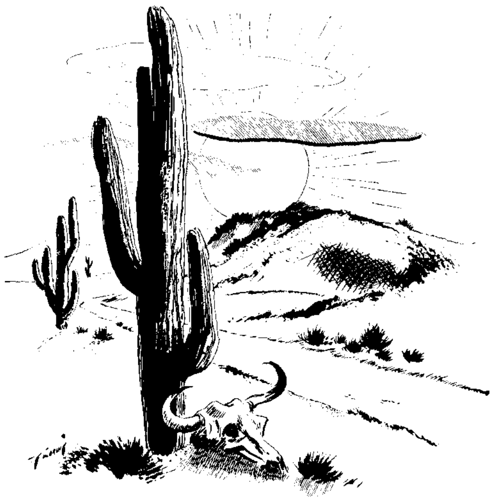
A breathing shut off anywhere along the line will give you a breathy, puffing voice guaranteed to put out the match about every third word, and a voice that is characterless and uninteresting as well, for a breath has to travel its complete circuit in order to pick up life and tone. It's a long journey. Air comes in to your body as breath, goes down through your lungs to get volume and momentum, goes up through the vocal cords which turn it into sound, is drawn from there up into the head where your skull acts as a natural sounding board to give it tone and resonance, and is finally shaped into words by your lips, tongue and teeth. That makes the real thing, a voice with enough range and vitality to put what you are saying across. But when you take a stingy breath and slap it immediately into speech before either the bottom of your lungs or the top of your head gets a chance at it, you get a flat, indistinct monotone.

There's a lot of talk about deep breathing. Everybody knows it's good for your health, endurance and looks as well as for your voice, but most people don't know how to do it. Tell a person to breathe deeply, and ten to one he'll swell himself proudly out in front and then pull his chest up. Actually this accomplishes nothing except a noble noise in the nostrils. It's the shallowest kind of shallow breathing, for when you puff out your abdomen in front you automatically pull in your ribs behind, thus crushing the lower lungs and forcing the breath to come in short puffs from the upper lungs. A truly deep breath is a complete one and it should be automatic, not a conscious effort. Your diaphragm is a natural piston for pumping air and, like any other piston, if it doesn't travel all the way down the pump-barrel, as well as all the way up, it's because it hasn't room enough.

Right there you've hit the source of any number of other tensions that get hold of a voice—your general posture.

(Continued on page 43)

Fires of Heaven*



by Philip Kerby

Stretching many, many long miles into the setting sun, the Great West Road spans the continually shifting sands of the wide American desert—a gray scar rippling across the white face of nature. On either side of the road sightless skeletons of cattle leer upward at the pitiless sun . . . mesquite is burned to a crisp . . . cactus shrivelled . . . and man alone plods onward beneath the scorching fires of heaven.

In this land where sun temperatures rose to fantastic heights—Frigidaire, with its great contribution to modern refrigeration, the Super Freezer, provided an abundance of ice cubes day and night, swiftly froze desserts and kept foods wholesome and pure.

In hundreds of homes in the desert country the Super Freezer successfully met the severest test that sweltering, unremitting heat could impose upon any refrigerator.

"With our Frigidaire," said one of these enthusiastic owners, "never once did we have to worry over sweet milk souring or any foods spoiling. There was always plenty of ice for all our needs, and it was amazing to discover that we could fill all the space in our Frigidaire without decreasing its fast freezing and refrigeration ability, even on the hottest days and nights!"

News of the Frigidaire Super Freezer spread, as friend told friend how it froze great quantities of ice cubes—how all worry about food preservation was removed—and how new usefulness had been added to the important service of electric refrigeration.

This story was obtained in one of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.

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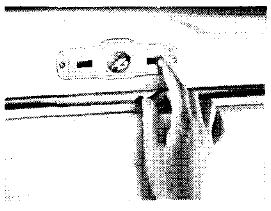
Last summer's scorching heat provided the supreme test for all electric refrigerators. If you wish to have your foods kept pure and wholesome . . . if you want more ice cubes frozen faster—no matter how high the temperature may rise—*buy a Frigidaire* '35, for only Frigidaire has the Super Freezer.

The Super Freezer makes more pounds of ice . . . it provides more cold than you will ever need—even in the hottest weather. But more than that, the Super Freezer provides the right kinds of cold for every purpose. There's fast freezing for making ice cubes and desserts; frozen storage for meats and ice cream; extra cold storage for keeping a reserve supply of ice cubes; moist storage for vegetables and fruits; and normal storage under 50° for foods requiring dry, frosty cold. Here's complete refrigeration service in every cabinet!

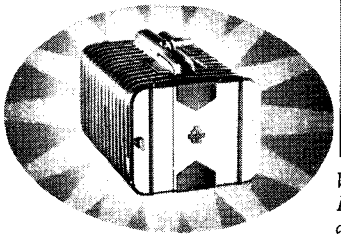
Because the Super Freezer is located in the center of the cabinet, there's more room for chilling tall bottles on either side. Ice trays glide into your hands at a finger touch. The motor starts automatically when defrosting has been completed. And every model has a Lifetime Porcelain interior.

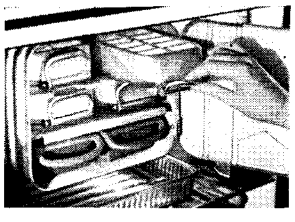
Before you buy a refrigerator, you owe it to yourself to learn the tremendous difference between the Frigidaire '35 and other refrigerators—not only in the service it renders, but also in its low cost of operation. And with all its advantages, you will be amazed to find that Frigidaire, with the famous Super Freezer, does not cost any more. Go to the nearest Frigidaire showroom and get all the facts for yourself.



Automatic Reset Defrosting—turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed

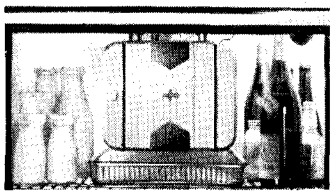
The Super Freezer provides more cold, more ice and faster freezing





With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out at the touch of a finger

An interior light flashes on as the door is opened—and there's space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer



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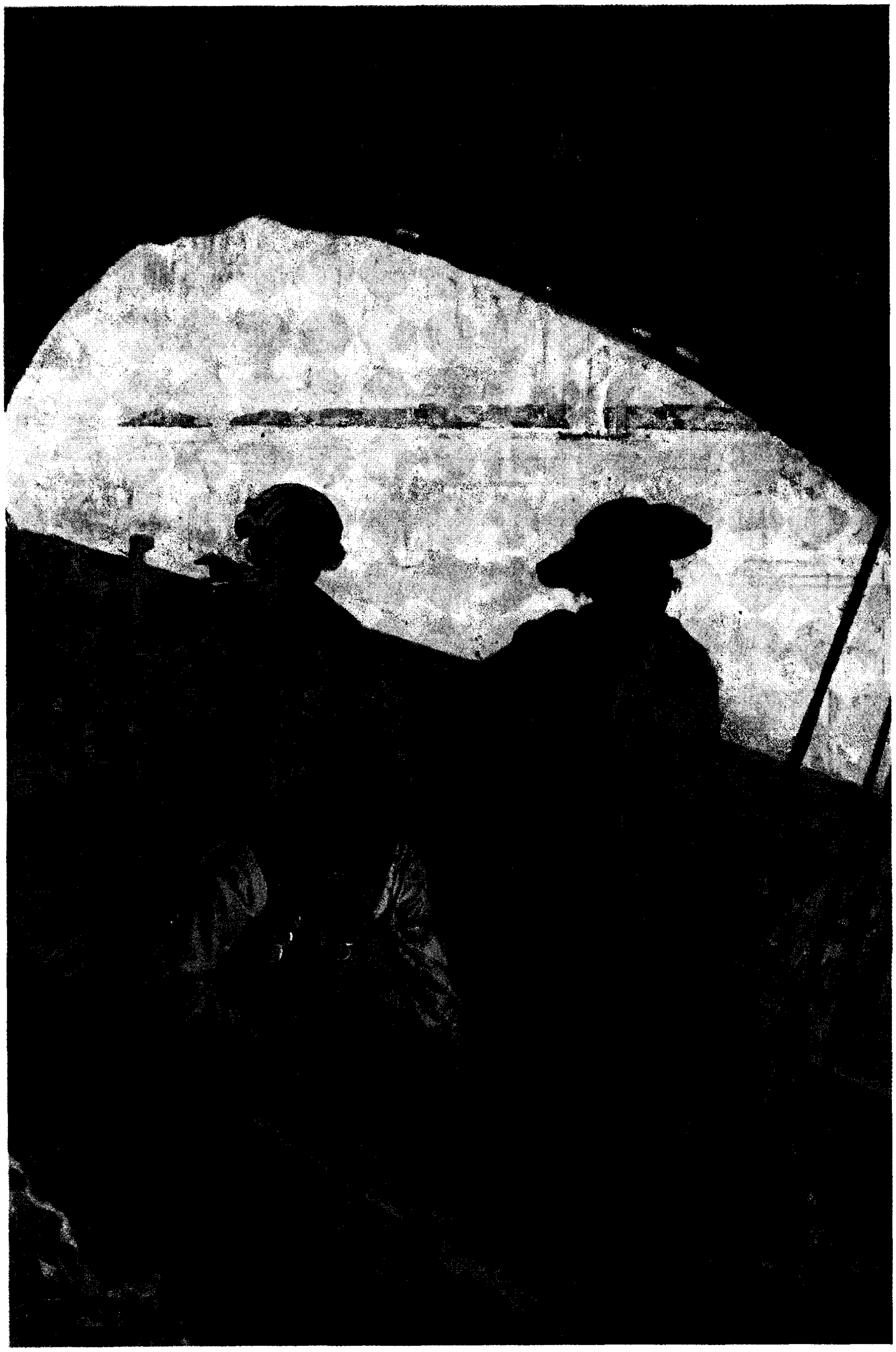
Collier's for June 29, 1935

The Lion and the Rose

Of Hugh Darcy and the girl he met in Marseilles —a story of turbulent days and wild adventure

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

By Jacland Marmur



"If the wind had only held," he growled. "With a quartering breeze, no Spanish sloop could catch my Trilby"

THE wind poured in upon Marseilles from the darkness of the Gulf of the Lion. Along the light-jeweled Cannebière, it sported gayly with the skirts of the promenading girls; for it was a carnival wind, moist and friendly. But in the crooked alleys of the *Vieux Port*, it flickered the gas lights gustily, and hurried along.

Hugh Darcy felt it ruffling his hair, and was thankful. It cleared his head, which still throbbed like a vibrating gong.

Gingerly he felt the base of his skull and winced. It had been a tough bit of ash to lay him senseless for so long. He found his stiff, tarred sailor's hat in the gutter and again leaned against the lanthorn post, nursing his knuckles. How could he sit for officer's papers at home this voyage with desertion marked against him?

His shadow spun out and dwindled as he moved away from the light. The wind whimpered under the balconies. Overhead, a sign creaked its hinge beside a smoky lamp: The Little Window. He paused, staring. Then, impulsively, remembering something he had overheard, Hugh Darcy stepped under the swinging sign and tried the scarred, teakwood door. He stepped down three flags into a low-vaulted room.

"*Bon soir*," a merry voice lilted at him. "Come in, outlander, if you can understand a civilized tongue."

"I understand well enough."

Hugh looked at her. The girl stood with elbows propped on the low counter running one length of the little room, her saucy chin cupped in the palms of her hands. She surveyed him just as frankly, a roguish imp of a young woman in tight-fitting dark blue. A lamp in a wall bracket behind her made pools of bronze in her high-coiled hair, and spots of shadow on the fichu about her shoulders. The place was friendly, and smelled a little of soup and smoke and tar. Hugh saw that a shaggy-maned man sat before a small table, eating. But he found it difficult to take his stare from the girl's bubbling eyes. And he wanted to hear her voice again.

"I am looking for a man," he said.

"If he is a sailor, sooner or later he will be here."

"Well, then!" the man growled from the table, without lifting his head. "Come away from the draft and sit down."

THE girl glided away at this. Hugh dropped into a chair opposite him. He was eating bouillabaisse out of a steaming dish, passing chunks of crusty brown bread to his mouth with serene dignity. Brass links circled his hairy wrist, champing as his arm moved. His broad face was craggy-browed. Heavy mustaches swept down the sides of his mouth. But for all this, he was not sullen. There was humor in his wide-set eyes, and he ate on calmly, measuring the stranger. When he spoke, his voice rumbled deep in his chest:

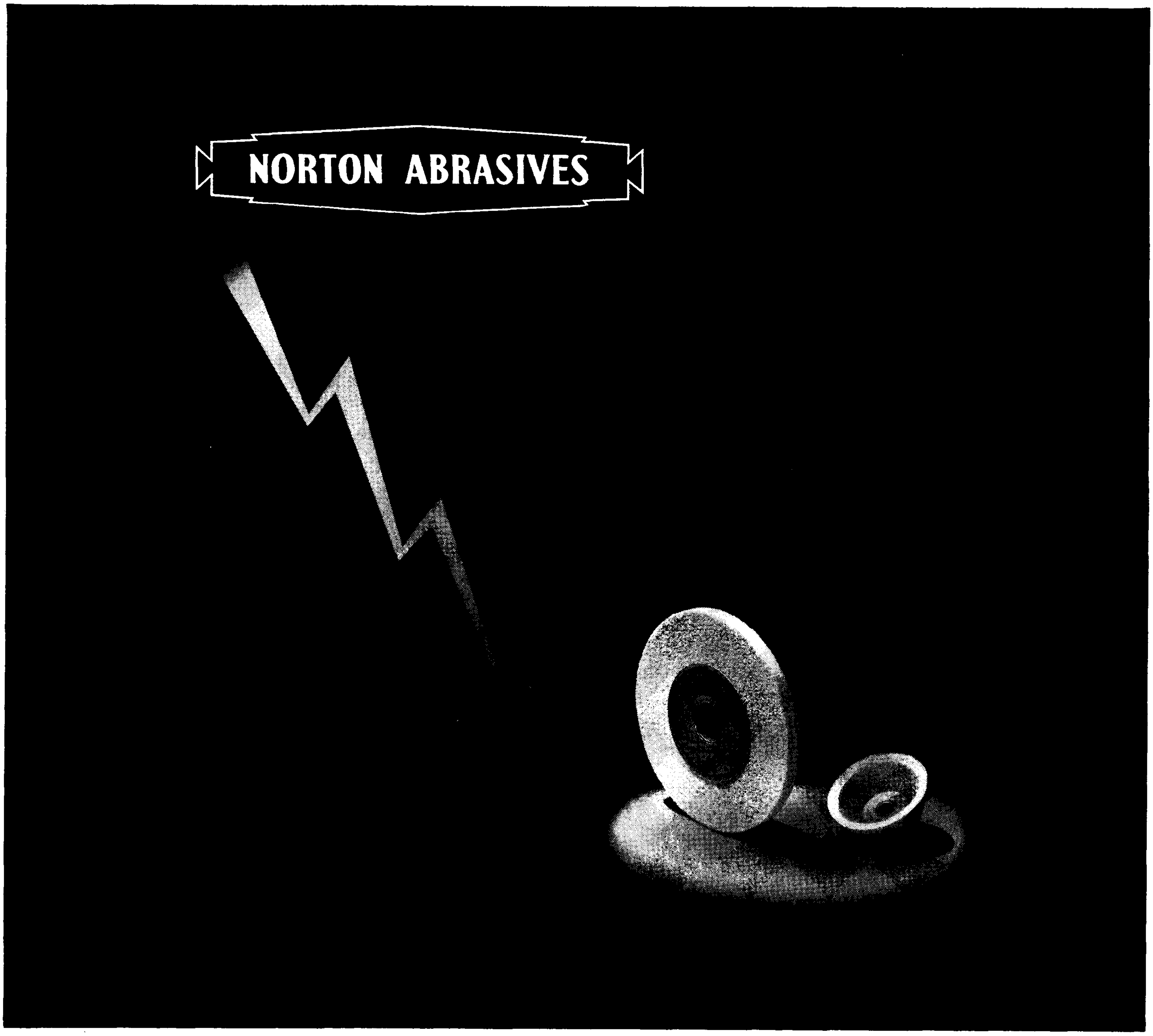
"You have been robbed?"

"Of every sou."

"And your ship?"

"Sailed for Barcelona. I would rejoin her there—if I can."

The man snorted. "It is a long way to swim." He raised his head for the



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* Federal Specification VV-M-571 for emergency vehicles

first time and called loudly: "Nina! Food and—"

"I did not come here to beg!"

"There is no need," snapped the other throatily, "at the sign of the little window."

"I am Hugh Darcy, and I am looking for a man."

"Ay? And who is it?"

"The one called the Bourbon Pirate."

The man across the table leaned back and stared hard at him. "So?" he said, and fell silent.

Nina came in, humming, and set soup and bread and wine before him. Then she vanished behind him and he felt her, quite as a matter of course, washing the wound on his head. He growled objection. She slapped his cheek and laughed all at once.

"Be quiet! Yours is not the first cracked head I have bound up in this place. Eh, my father?"

Her father blinked his eyes once at Hugh and pulled at the leather of his cheek.

"I am Sebastian. Eat," he said simply. "And why do you seek him?"

"I would tell him he has an enemy."

Sebastian's mouth opened. It was a loud and stormy laughter that rollicked from the beams of the little room.

"At Sebastian's age, Hugh Darcy, I would consider my life ill spent if I had not gathered more than one enemy. Eat, Hugh, and presently we will find a bed for you."

"The enemy's name, Sebastian, is Petain."

SEBASTIAN roared an oath and smashed his fist on the heavy table. Then: "I knew it. I should have slit his throat!"

"You should have done nothing of the sort!" Nina was beside him. Her eyes flamed. Her hand was at her bodice; Hugh saw the ivory tip of a poniard hilt. "Since when," she demanded hotly, "since when, *mon père Sebastian*, do you have to defend me? Hey? I can toddle by myself. Now he . . ."

She stopped talking abruptly, shrugged her shoulders, and ended in a tinkling laugh. Hugh watched her, fascinated, as she calmly took up her place behind the counter again, chin on hand. Her eyes smoldered, but she looked once more the gay and lovely imp.

Sebastian sat glowering hard at Darcy.

"You are no spy," he decided gruffly at length. "This Petain, I should have broken him in two . . . He offended my Nina."

Hugh Darcy pushed aside the empty bowl and drained the last of his wine.

"I am grateful," he said simply. "I was hungry, and the old port is a poor place for a hungry sailor without either ship or money." Then, after a moment's hesitation: "I have heard, Sebastian, very much of the man called the Bourbon Pirate. By chance, I overheard a threat at him, and a betrayal. So when I came to my senses out yonder, I sought you out to make a trade. My information for a quick passage to Barcelona to rejoin my ship. You feed me and offer me a bed. Well, then, Sebastian, with such a man I can not bargain. I will tell you what I know and get along."

He stood up. From behind the counter, Nina's eyes were fast on him, full of something agitating, troubling.

"SIT down, thou impetuous man," Sebastian growled. "It is true. I am friend to that wanderer west of the gulf, Don Carlos de Bourbon, heir unrecognized to the Spanish throne."

Hugh Darcy nodded, then shrugged. "Listen, Sebastian! This I overheard from Petain's lips behind a shabby curtain—'I know the time of his passage, that cutthroat at the sign of the little window,' he said. 'He will not fail to make it on time. I will be there before him, waiting with the balancelle inside the spit. If you chase him along outside, between the Lion and the Rose, we will clip the eagle's wings.'—These were the exact words, Sebastian. . . . That is all, old sailor."

Sebastian's broad, heavy face remained impassive. Only his eyes glowed with hot fixity. For some moments he remained silent and motionless, alert. Then his thick lips twitched once, and again.

"The noose is spread for Sebastian's throat," he said with slow clarity; and he showed his gleaming teeth.

Hugh stood up again. "Just so you understand."

He took a pace toward the door. Nina's eyes were on him still. The old seadog sprang violently to his feet and seized his arm.

"My passage, Hugh Darcy," he spat out thickly, "will take me to the Gulf of Roses on the Spanish coast. From there it is not far to Barcelona. It may be the noose will not snare a throat this time. If not, when the business is done, I will put you ashore where you wish. What do you say, my friend Hugh? Have you the stomach for a little adventure with Sebastian, the old eagle whose wings are about to be clipped?"

Darcy grinned a broad, quick grin.

"Try me!" Hugh said.

"Good! You are a man after my heart! It is very simple for them, *hein?* The guardacosta will chase us in; Petain will chase us out. And between the two they will have good sport of the kill."

"Well?"

"We sail at once!" Sebastian started off, stopped short, and spun around. "Do you understand that my tartane carries contraband arms for the Carlist rebels in Spain?"

"I did not think it was potatoes."

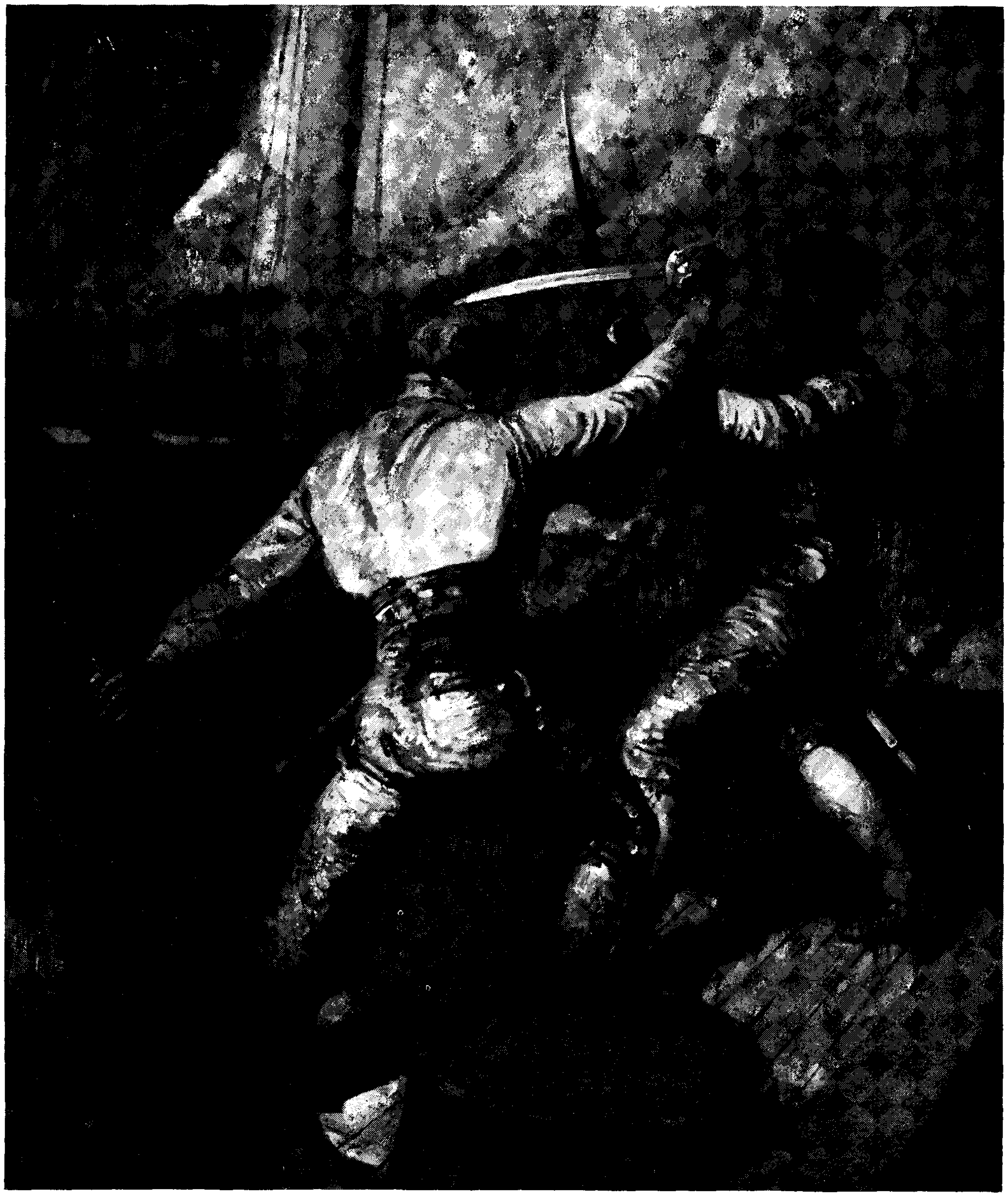
SEBASTIAN showed his glistening teeth in appreciation. "*Allons!*" he said shortly.

Darcy's eyes went in search of the girl, Nina. She had vanished. "Plague take it!" he thought, "I shall see her no more." It worried him. But Sebastian had already picked up his cape, the flowing cape of the Mediterranean sailor, its deep hood enveloping his shaggy head. He had an iron-barred lanthorn in his hand, and he led the way in silence through a narrow tunnel beneath whose wooden planks Hugh Darcy heard the suck and slap of water.

It led to the uneven cobbles of the quays where the shadows danced. At a narrow plank leading to the deck of a tartane moored below, the old seadog turned on Hugh and held aloft his lanthorn so that its barred light fell for a moment on both their faces.

"This is my ship, Hugh," he said. "Her name is Trilby." And he added with simple pride: "She sails well."

Darcy dropped to her waist. Sebastian followed, casting off the lines. Then he tailed his great weight on the fore halyard, swinging high the long, curved yard and the lateen sail. Hugh, swinging on the rope, was conscious of a third figure beside him, head buried in the hood of a cloak. The sails were sheeted home. Sebastian took the tiller in his hands. The tartane took to swinging lightly from side to side with that easy, gentle lurch of a speedy thing seeking its stride. Presently the spray of the Latin Lake came lifting aboard, and the tartane sang through the water on



Hugh danced backward and dropped point. Petain followed, seeking always to beat up the attack

the silvered path of the riding moon.

Hugh heard someone panting slightly beside him. The tartane swung down to her rail, and the wan light shone into the hood, draping the girl's head before she flung it back. Hugh started.

"You . . . !" he gasped.

She sent him her bubbling laughter. "And who else, did you think?"

"But, Nina, this is not a place for—"

"No?" Her eyes went hard and bright as steel in that swift, startling change of mood she was capable of. "You think Nina will sit by the hearth over a pot of fish until some clod comes along, sniveling he wants her for a serving maid? Hola!" She tossed her head. "I have another notion of what love is!"

He grinned at her. The anger went out of her eyes, and her face lit up in merriment again. Silence fell upon the flying tartane, except for the whimper of the wind and the blubber of the sea. Hugh propped himself by the bulwark. The girl curled up beside him, her white cheek to the sky. In an instant she was sound asleep. Hugh stared aft, strangely content.

The seas lipped up in the tartane's sparkling wake. And the last thing Hugh Darcy remembered before he too slept was the dark shape that was Sebastian, upright, with the tiller between his knees, swaying solidly against the moon-bright sky.

Before dusk of the following evening, the Trilby, before a dying breeze, was closing the coast of Spain. Sebastian, searching the cloudy seaward horizon, flung up his arm suddenly and pointed.

"The guardacosta!" he said. "Coming to station. We are ahead of time. So we have ten leagues the best of her." He put a telescope to his eye. His brows knit anxiously. "If the wind had only held!" he growled. "With a quartering breeze, no Spanish sloop could catch my Trilby. Close hauled, she will walk us down! Presently the wind will chop south for us too. She has it already in her sails!"

"But your plan was—"

"To fly into the Gulf of Roses hours before our time while the guardacosta was still hull down under the horizon: to take care of Petain and his balancelle in there, and to be out at sea again, empty and peacefully on our way to Barcelona with you when the Spanish sloop overhauled. The wind has failed us. The hare," Sebastian muttered dully, "the hare is in the jaws of the trap."

HUGH watched the topsails of the sloop loom larger beneath a massing cloud bank. The squall swept landward, beating rain on the tartane's deck. Out of it the south wind chopped, and the Trilby shuddered as she leaped the seas against it, her speed cut in half.

"It will be dark soon," Darcy muttered. "We must light the masthead lamp, Sebastian." He grinned. "Else that fellow there may get lost in the night."

"Are you mad?"

"We must give him something to chase—to make sure he chases in the proper direction. There will be no moon for some time. Step the mast to your longboat and set the sail. Put a lanthorn to the truck of it and lash the tiller. Weight the bottom boards so she will sail. Then, old sailor, we will put out the Trilby's lamp and let the guardacosta chase your longboat's light till the moon shows him his valuable prize!"

Nina, standing close, sent a clear peal of laughter across the darkling sea.

"Bravo! Such a trick was well worth a bowl of bouillabaisse and a bottle of wine!"

She sprang for the rigging.

Darkness fell complete upon the hissing sea. Nothing was visible now of the pursuing sloop but the red and green eyes of her running lights swinging in the distance as she flew down her prey. Aloft, Nina gyrated darkly across the stars, taking care that her body did not shield the masthead lamp. For perhaps half an hour longer they let the tartane lean angularly against the southern wind, until Sebastian judged her abeam of the mouth of the Gulf of Roses. Then Hugh raised his head.

"Now, Nina!"

The tartane's light was shuttered immediately. Sebastian and Darcy launched the ballasted longboat. Nina was on deck beside them almost at once, watching the small craft in a tensity of suspense. It wallowed for a moment uncertainly. The canvas fluttered, then went full. She heeled over in a desperate lunge, then found her rudder and came up, snoring. Sebastian turned his head to Hugh at the tartane's tiller bar.

"Rudder over," he called severely, and went forward himself to trim the Trilby's sails.

THE tartane swung on her heel at right angles to the bouncing longboat's course. With the south wind on his neck now, Hugh Darcy felt her lift and leap toward the Spanish coast. Over his shoulder he watched the red and green light of the sloop that would tell success or failure.

"Ha-ah!"

The breath left Sebastian's lungs in a booming sigh. For the red eye swung slowly from sight. The green light alone glowed balefully. The guardacosta had changed course in pursuit of the sailing lanthorn. Presently they heard the single roar of the sloop's forward gun, and the stab of red flame in the darkness as she called to the empty longboat to heave to for search.

Laughter bubbled to Nina's lips. Hugh grinned back at her. Old Sebastian showed his teeth.

"That will warn Petain that the hare is flushed," he said.

"How many are with him?" Hugh Darcy asked.

"Two, perhaps three at most. He expects no one but old Sebastian and his girl to chase out again into the maw of the Spanish sloop."

"But the Carlist rebels on shore?"

"They will not come out to unload until the proper signal is given. No one knows it but their leader—and I myself. Not even Petain."

"Now *I* will teach you a trick!" Nina faced them, her slim body balanced to the swing and lift of the running tartane. "I have been here before, *Sebastian mon père*," she said. "The moment we clear the eastern headland, the wind falls away. It is a trick of the wind of the gulf. Beyond, where Petain waits in his balancelle, the breeze pours gently from the east. That will be fair for him; he will use it to come down on us. Splendid! We will let him come."

"Are you, too, mad?" Sebastian asked in his throat.

"More than a little," the girl agreed gayly. "Because I shall let him come alongside and grapple the hulls together. He shall have an easy victory. But—"

"Nina!"

"—but I shall be alone," she went on serenely. "You and Hugh will have left me before we round the point. You will be in the dory, and you will board him from the other rail. It will be a splendid surprise. *Voilà!*" she ended firmly. "Give me the tiller, Hugh."

He released it to her hand at once. Sebastian uttered a muffled oath of appreciation. And he set his puckering eyes on the shadowy line of the land toward which the tartane flew, while far astern the Spanish sloop swept in pursuit of the light, sailing steadily westward, with the boom of her forward ordnance sounding once again like the deep bay of a coursing hound.

As Nina predicted, once in the shadow of the promontory of the gulf, the wind fell away to idle puffs. She steered carefully, slim and upright. Sebastian hauled the dory close under the stern, and dropped into it. Hugh followed, picking up the muffled oars. He pulled with steady, silent strokes close along the shore.

Ahead of them the Trilby ghosted clear of the headland. Darcy turned his head on his shoulder. A dark hull and set canvas loomed on the tartane's beam. Petain's balancelle, slipping before the puffs of wind from the east. They had sighted the Trilby.

Nina uttered a clear, low call of simulated surprise for their benefit and put the tiller over. A hoarse cry answered her from the balancelle, and the deep laughter of triumph. The two vessels scraped together. Darcy leaned his weight on the dory's oars and swung swiftly in under the free rail of the balancelle.

Heavy sabots thumped the planks overhead as Darcy swung himself aboard. Sebastian came after him.

"Traitor!" he cried in one angry roar as he hurled himself across the deck with his dagger tight at his hip.

Two men, black on the grappled bulwarks, spun about and leaped down, uttering startled cries. The third, Petain himself, had already boarded the tartane, racing aft toward Nina. He, too, whirled and flung up his saber, his mouth agape at the unexpected attack from behind. Sebastian lunged ahead like a charging bear. With one wide sweep of his arm he laid bare the cheek of the first man in his path. Darcy leaped aside lightly as the other, bewildered, slashed his blade at empty air. Then he stepped in swiftly and struck out. There was the solid impact of hard fists, and the thud of a falling body.

Hugh plucked up the weapon as it clattered to the deck. The old sea dog himself plunged to the deck of his own tartane, armed against Petain's long steel with nothing but the short blade of his dagger. There was death for Sebastian in the saber the traitor held, and by the flame of hate on his thin face Hugh knew he would not hesitate to deal it. He leaped to the rail and sprang to the Trilby's deck.

Petain's blade was high for a shoulder slash at Sebastian that would have finished him off. Hugh's saber swept up. The two steels crashed together in mid-air. With his free hand Hugh Darcy shoved the old sailor aside.

"The man is mine!" he cried.

NINA no longer held her poniard. Instead, she stood to one side with her little fists clenched and her eyes burning. Hugh danced backward and dropped point. Petain followed, seeking always to beat up the attack, to keep the fight at distance where his advantage was greatest. Darcy held steel strongly, pressing in, allowing no recovery. Suddenly he feinted in high tierce. Petain flung up for the parry. Hugh leaped in and caught the blade full on the forte, pressing until they were almost chest to chest. Then swiftly he slipped the steels, and all in an instant disengaged surprisingly and crashed the tang of his saber hard upon the other's finger joints.

Petain let out a howl of pain. His blade clattered from his hand. Hugh brought his left fist up with all his weight behind it. Petain flung backward to the deck, senseless. Darcy stepped away at once, panting a little.

"Foolish man!" Sebastian growled. "He might have run you through!"

"Well, but he did not!" Hugh snapped. "Truss up these men. Quickly, old sailor!"

The two ships had drifted toward the shore of the cove. Hugh went forward for the anchor, by a sailor's instinct. When he came back, Sebastian had taken care of the men on the balancelle. He was standing over Petain, flourishing his dagger angrily.

"You have too much scruple for the life of a traitorous dog!" he growled.

"Put up your blade! Petain is still of use to us."

"Of more use to hungry fish!"

"You have forgotten the sloop outside," Hugh answered quietly. "Look!" A band of pearl-gray light was spreading across the eastern sky. "The moon rises. The guardacosta will know by now he chases an empty boat. He will be bawling back presently, with a rage in his ears. It would be better to be outside and explain the thing to him than to have him slinking in here while—"

"Explain . . . ?"

"Ay. Give your signal to your compatriots on shore, Sebastian. Tell them to hurry! We will leave them here in charge of your tartane and her cargo. Then you and I and Nina will take our friend Petain and his balancelle and wait for the Spanish sloop. You will keep below decks. When she speaks us, Petain will explain to them the truth of the thing, because I shall be behind him with a dagger in his ribs. They know him; he is their spy. They do not know me. I am simply one of his crew. He will say the tartane came and, seeing his balancelle, turned tail and fled back for the Gulf of the Lion. And he will point the first sail he sees on the sea as ours. Your men can work here in peace. Quickly, then! The signal!"

NINA'S eyes glowed. Sebastian stared at him. Then, without a word, he went forward to light three flares in a line. Hugh turned slowly toward the girl.

"Nina . . ." he said.

"You are a man after old Sebastian's heart," she murmured.

"And yours, Nina?"

She shrugged, parting her lips in a swift smile. "You are worth another bowl of bouillabaisse, perhaps," she conceded gravely. "Meantime, I will make coffee."

He watched her drop before the sand box and put wood slivers upon it. In the bows, Sebastian stood up, the three smoking red flares silhouetting his solid body like a black giant.

"By my soul!" he growled aloud. "By my soul, you have earned your passage to Barcelona!"

Hugh looked at him, and then back at the girl. There was a singular light in his eyes. He seemed to be drinking deeply the heady perfume of that adventurous night. She was definitely a part of it, the burnished bronze of her hair in the growing firelight, the wild and untamed spirit of her.

"Old sailor," he said firmly, "I am no longer in such a great hurry to become a merchant admiral." The girl's head lifted quickly at this, as if she had been waiting with bated breath for what he might say, knowing how important it was for her. "I should like," he went on, speaking to her directly now, "I should like to stop a while at the sign of the little window. It seems I have found something tonight between the Gulfs of the Lion and the Rose."

Nina shrugged her shoulders again.

"As you wish," she said. "Sebastian will be glad . . . It is all one to me."

The Bourbon Pirate showed his teeth at this in a silent smile. Even Hugh Darcy knew she lied. For she did not drop her eyes from his, but looked at him steadily with her saucy head tilted on one side, her lips pursed happily, for all the world like a merry little imp once more.

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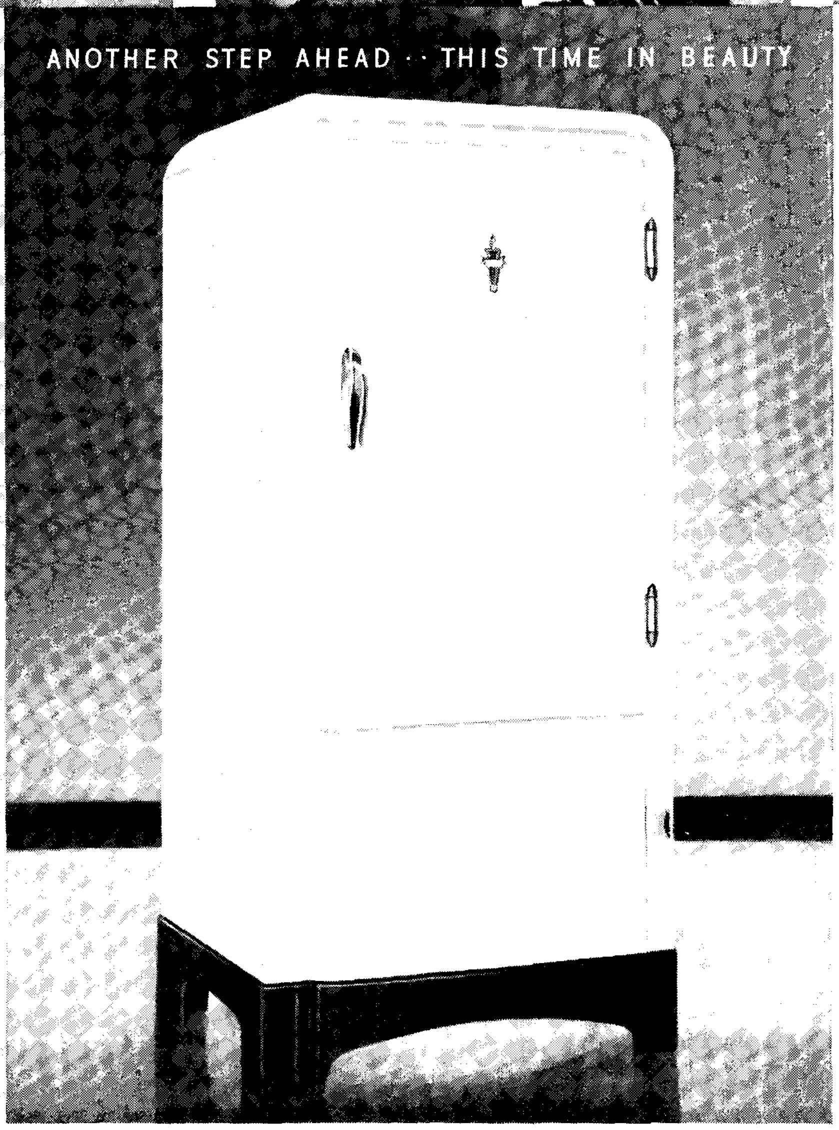

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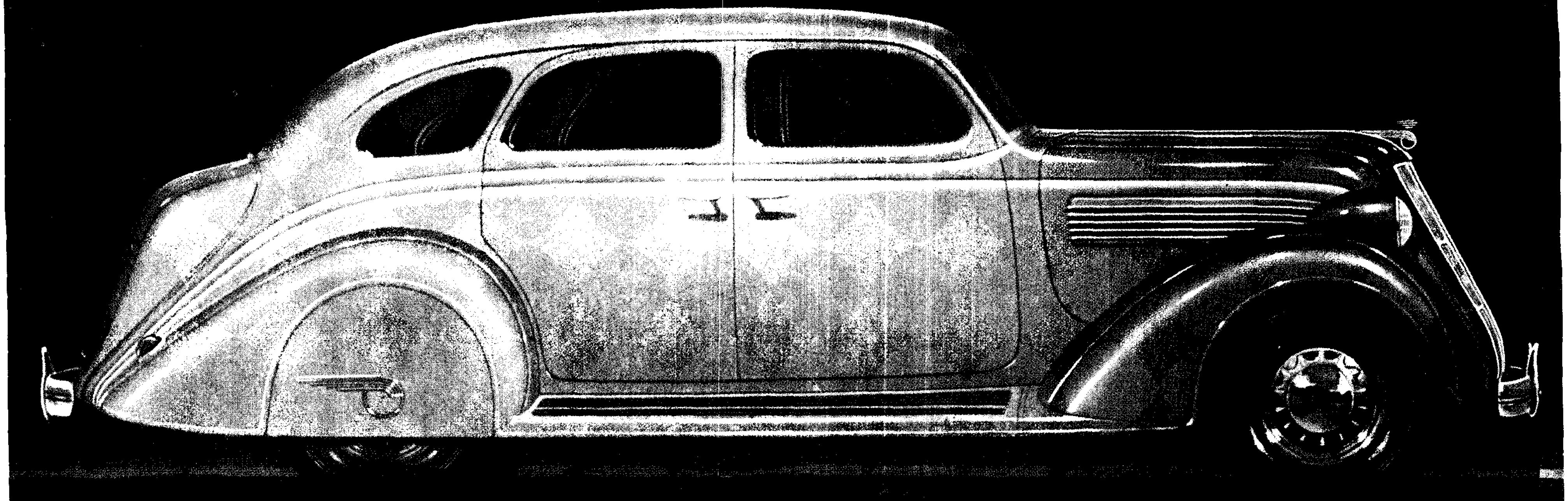

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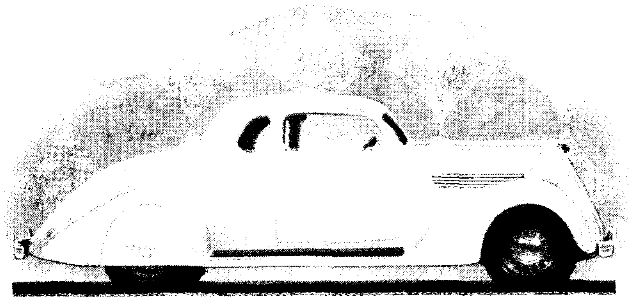

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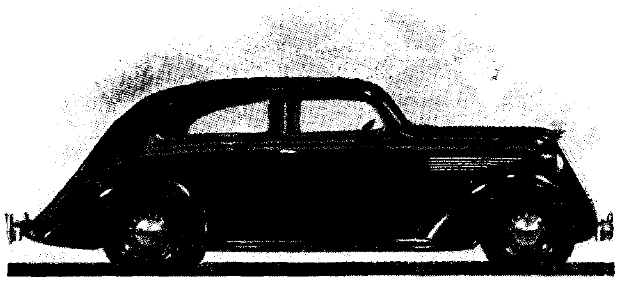

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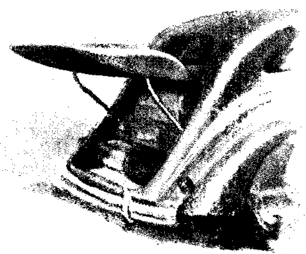
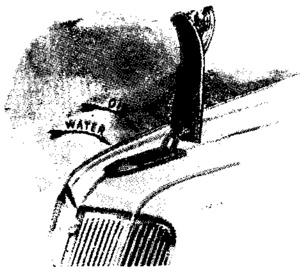


This shows the luggage compartment of the "400" Touring Sedan illustrated at the top of the page. A car to carry six and their luggage, all day, in comfort.



How "400" Rapid Service Hood eliminates hood lifting. Radiator ornament is hinged. Oil and water caps are underneath. Oil supply gauge on dash.

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Second Money

Continued from page 11

guests get to looking bored, but maybe you realize how much it means."

Who would realize it more fully than George?

THE child was a boy. But he was born in November, in a Los Angeles hospital.

He weighed two pounds and three ounces and looked out at his anxious father through the glass front of an incubator.

You will have to imagine what Mickey went through for a while. It stunned him. He had weighed more than that, himself, when he was born, and an uncle, the smallest of all the Deneens, had weighed four pounds. At first, he couldn't bring himself to look at his diminutive son. He'd sit beside Florie in the hospital, hours at a time, staring out of the window.

"Nobody has to tell me what it means to be a shrimp," he'd say. "They push you around at school and they push you around afterward. You got two strikes on you to start with and the only consolation is they probably won't let you play, anyhow."

At the age of three months and the weight of four pounds the baby was brought home to the cottage Mickey had leased in Sierra Madre. The nursery, which he had hoped to make over into a gymnasium, was a sick room for weeks. One day the doctor said: "He's going to make it. This boy's weathered a cold that would kill an eight-pounder."

Mickey was more hopeful than he had been at any time. "Maybe he's gonna be little—but tough." He brightened after that and said to Florie: "A featherweight champion is better than no champion at all."

As the boy grew stronger Mickey brought home toys of a very advanced kind—boxing gloves, exercisers, all sizes and colors of rubber balls.

"Here you are, Champ," Mickey would say.

"Don't be in such a hurry," Florie begged. "He'll like those things later."

Then Mickey brought a tin horse. The boy liked the horse. Liked to chew on it; hold it in his hands. He slept better with the horse in his crib. And, finally, the first word he said was "Horse."

So they christened him and sent out announcements to their friends: "Tod Sloan Deneen."

And George, who understood what this meant, sent a check. "Buy him a pony when he's old enough to sit up," he wrote.

In his answer, Mickey Deneen said: "This guy is going to be the greatest jockey in the world."

TOD SLOAN DENEEN grew into a spindly-legged, narrow-chested, sandy-haired youngster. Mickey's attitude toward him, from the first, was that of a handler toward a champion. A crown prince is no more carefully trained for the duties of a throne than Tod Sloan Deneen was for racing.

"Champions always start out with the idea of winning," Mickey would say. "They don't think it's good enough to come in second, see?"

Sometimes, as a special reward, Tod was allowed to read Florie's clipping book. In this book the nickname, Second-Money Deneen, never appeared. The stories they had saved began: "*Mickey Deneen booted home another winner today when Brandywine won in the fifth—*"

"You won right along—" young Tod would say.

"Not always. You can't win always. I only saved the clippings of the times I won, because that's all that matters."

This was deceit, and Mickey didn't approve of it, because a handler has to be square with his champion, but he excused it to Florie in this way:

"You got to look up to your old man, Florie. You got to think your family's all right, so you can be all right, see? Of course, I never lied to the kid about anything else—"

A neighbor, in Sierra Madre, owned a horse which he entered in the races at the state fair; when Tod was thirteen Mickey arranged for him to ride Sunny Boy at Sacramento. A first-rate horse, Sunny Boy, and Mickey felt that Tod should develop confidence. Tod put up a great ride—but he was fourth. After the race Sunny Boy was found to have a fever. Three days later he died.

"It wasn't your fault, see," Mickey explained, anxiously.

"I know it wasn't," Tod answered. "What difference does it make? Don't worry about it. Wait till I'm through school and we get to a good track somewhere."

During these years George Hewlett heard from the Deneens only at Christmas—Mickey was too busy to write letters. He supported the family selling a kind of soap for mechanics' hands, a free-lance job which allowed him to work homeward in the afternoon in time for the gymnasium sessions which were building up young Tod's forearms. A jockey must have strong forearms because sometimes he almost lifts a horse to get him home ahead. . . .

THEN Fate stepped in. The Santa Anita racing plant was built on the old Lucky Baldwin ranch in the valley below Mickey Deneen's cottage. From the patio, they watched the construction of the barns, the grandstand, crawled under the fence to inspect the surfacing of the track, talked of nothing else.

In November, on Tod's fourteenth birthday, Mickey went to the Pomona sales and paid fifteen hundred dollars for a gray mare.

He named her "Florie DeVore."

"Honey, I don't think you'd better name that horse for me," Florie said doubtfully.

"I picked a winner," was all Mickey said, and went off to register his one-horse stable.

Owners: Mickey and Florie Deneen. Trainer: Mickey Deneen. Horses (one horse): Florie DeVore. Stable Jockey: Tod Sloan Deneen.

"I got a great outfit," Mickey told the clerk. "I got a stand-out jockey, too."

You can imagine the thrill of pride at the first early-morning workout. The track was thronged with famous horses—exercising, clocking, cantering back and forth; a brilliant scene. And there came young Tod Sloan Deneen astride the gray mare named Florie DeVore.

"Lookit him—lookit that boy!" Mickey said.

Florie DeVore Deneen, her plump little body bundled in heavy sweaters, watched the mare with anxious eyes. After the third or fourth morning Mickey, too, was anxious.

The fifteen-hundred-dollar mare from Pomona didn't look very good.

It wasn't Tod's fault; he knew his business. At a glance you saw his courage and self-confidence. And it wasn't Mickey's fault; he was an excellent trainer. But 1:57 for a mile and a sixteenth is a Sunday afternoon canter in a city park.

"She's gotta do better than that," Mickey mourned. "Don't let Tod see we're worried."

And then George came along.

George hadn't intended to enter his stable at Santa Anita; the trip would be tedious and costly. Not even his recently developed Black Prince—a dark horse, he was sure, in anybody's race—would have tempted him west, just then.

But one day, tucked away in a list of entries, he saw a name that brought him upright in his chair. He hadn't really thought of Mickey for a decade.

Sentimental fellow, George. He saw the ingredients of a race-track saga. He put it all together, as he sat in his office with the sports page before him, and wondered about Tod Sloan Deneen, wondered if the three-year-old mare named for Florie would be good enough. To George it seemed important that she should be. And he doubted it.

He found himself saying casually to his wife, one morning:

"Nasty weather. What do you say we run out to California for a few weeks?"

And Alice, smiling, answered:

"Um-hum. And, by the way, George, if we're going it won't be much trouble to take a trainload of horses, don't you think? You'd rather like to see what Black Prince would do out there—"

"Yeah," said George. "I would, in a way."

He didn't feel he could tell her his other reasons for wanting to go. He's sensitive about being so sentimental.

He met the Deneens at the track, at six o'clock, the morning after he arrived. He found Mickey a very short, gray-haired little man, just as intense as ever, just as hopeful. And Florie, a plump, anxious-eyed woman, whom nobody would suspect of having been Florie DeVore, second-row chorus, number two company of Midnight Girl. They couldn't talk of anything but their son.

Mickey said:

"I've got a chance now, Mr. Hewlett. Wait until you meet Tod Sloan Deneen."

George took them to lunch—the three Deneens. He couldn't keep his eyes off the boy. Seeing him was like going back almost forty years; Tod was a duplicate of what Mickey had been, but with a difference. When George heard the full story of the years of training, saw the glance of friendly admiration the boy cast up at Mickey, he understood.

They told him they were doubtful about their horse.

"Perhaps I can suggest something," George said. He had planned to sign Tod Sloan Deneen to ride Black Prince; but something happened at the association gate when they returned to the track which prompted him to do a most extravagant thing.

GEORGE, Mickey and Florie were strolling toward the gate, with young Tod scuffling his riding boots in the gravel just behind them, when the gatekeeper shouted:

"Why, you old son-of-a-gun! If it isn't Second-Money Deneen."

He wrung Mickey's hand.

"You don't remember me, but I used to watch you at New Orleans in the old days—the hard-luck kid!" When he saw Tod Sloan Deneen his mouth dropped open. "The living image," he said.

Mickey's face could not have been more sharply drawn with pain if he'd

(Continued on page 40)

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Remington Noiseless

(*Continued from page* 39)

been stabbed. He put his chin up.

"Nice to see you," he said. "Nice to see you; so long—"

Casually, Tod asked, as they walked along:

"What'd he call you, Dad?"

Mickey faced his son.

Florie whispered to George:

"Stop him."

With Florie fiercely gripping his arm, George said:

"Come on, I'm in a hurry."

But Mickey was talking in his high, thin voice:

"That's something that's always bothered me, kid," he said. "I never lied to you about anything, because you don't lie to a champion, see? Only I didn't tell you I had a—I didn't do so well for a long time. They used to call me Second-Money Deneen—"

Florie couldn't listen. She dragged George out of earshot. They stood some distance off. Florie explained that Mickey had been haunted by that nickname; that he had guiltily kept the story from his son. He was like a man confessing a crime, late in his life. He must have poured it all out, because after a while they heard his thin, nervous voice:

"But I know what it takes to make a leading rider, just the same, see? And you'll do it, see?"

Tod was embarrassed. He stood looking at the ground, snapped his whip against his boots, shuffled his feet.

"I don't see what difference it makes," the boy kept saying, "I don't see that it makes any difference at all."

He left them, running on ahead.

IT WAS a few minutes later that George decided to trade Black Prince for the mare Florie DeVore, keeping only a small interest for himself. He said he knew that owning a good horse was the only thing in the world that would lift Mickey's shoulders again and put his chin high. Nice fellow, George, but very sentimental.

In a secret workout, a few days before his first race, Black Prince ran a mile and one sixteenth in one minute and forty-two and one-fifth seconds, which equals the world's record.

"I got it licked now," Mickey exulted. "With a horse like that and the best jockey in the country. Just to prove it I'm gonna bet my shirt the first time out—*to win!*"

He told Florie to make Tod's colors out of an old green ballet skirt, from Midnight Girl. She was reluctant, but finally agreed.

"I'm the last of the Second-Money Deneens," he said, "and nobody has to tell me you're responsible."

That was why George Hewlett gave us that information on Black Prince in the sixth. He was too nervous to go into detail.

"Bet him to win," George said. "It's a hunch."

"By the way, Dad," grinned Big George, Jr., "you've said that about five races now."

"Not more than two dollars of my money," Alice Hewlett smiled.

George was rolling his program into a tube. Sweat poured down his cheeks. It was then that he muttered incoherent phrases—Black Prince had been a cute colt—Mickey Deneen in the old days—a fervent prayer that Black Prince would win!

HE WAS a long shot if I ever saw one. The totalizator board in the field had flashed up only fifty dollars on Black Prince when I came back from the window. George slipped away. I suppose he placed a hundred dollars because it jumped that amount. No one else had ever heard of the horse, the owner, the trainer, or the jockey. Then it jumped seven hundred dollars all at once, and George groaned—he knew, you see—whose money that was. But the odds remained high—the crowd was pinning its faith on Jocko Blue, Adventurer, Delightful and Dancing Miss.

My own interest in the race at that moment was a two-dollar interest. Up to then I'd only lost ten. George, muttering through his hand, cautioned me to watch the jockey—one Tod Sloan Deneen—when the riders came out for the parade. Watch him I did, with all the intent interest of a man who hasn't won a single race all day. But you can't tell much about a jockey before a race: Black Prince looked good. He pranced along in number four position, lifting his feet high, tossing his head.

Over the loud-speaker came those always thrilling words:

"The horses are nearing the starting post."

The usual hush fell over the grandstand. The corridors cleared. People found their seats. A mile and a sixteenth for three-year-olds.

In that hushed stillness the crowd watched trouble at the chute. Dancing Miss threw her jockey, excited the other horses. The wait was endless—

But unexpectedly they were off. I didn't catch what happened at the start—you don't see those things unless you're trained to it—but our Black Prince must have been late getting away—late enough, at least, so that he passed the stand well in the middle of a closely bunched group of horses, with Jocko Blue boring to the rail a few inches ahead of him. Badly pocketed—even I could see that. At the first turn a little mare moved up rapidly on the outside—coming out of nowhere—and a few long-shot betters began to scream.

I tried to keep my eyes on the green riding colors of our jockey but I lost him in the bunching of the field. George was moaning, in acute agony, beside me. Alice Hewlett had already relaxed—I think she was looking at the scenery. Big George, Jr., grinned, in a knowing way, at his dad.

At the halfway mark I caught the green shirt again. It wasn't difficult; our horse was absolutely, positively and beyond all question—last. But then he started to come up on the outside, running wide of all the horses, moving steadily up the field, until at the turn into the home stretch the announcer mentioned his name for the first time:

Jocko Blue—Delightful—Adventurer—and Black Prince.

Though I'm a novice, I knew we were seeing some first-rate riding. The boy did everything but lift the horse. He came up so fast we thought he was going to win. In fact, there was a moment of very real doubt—but Jocko Blue's eyelashes were longer.

The board flashed the winners—6—4—5—7. Black Prince was number 4—and he placed for second money.

WE CAREFULLY tore our tickets into neat squares and sifted them to the floor. We looked at the scenery. I've already told you how Mickey Deneen came up, and what he said: He still had a chance.

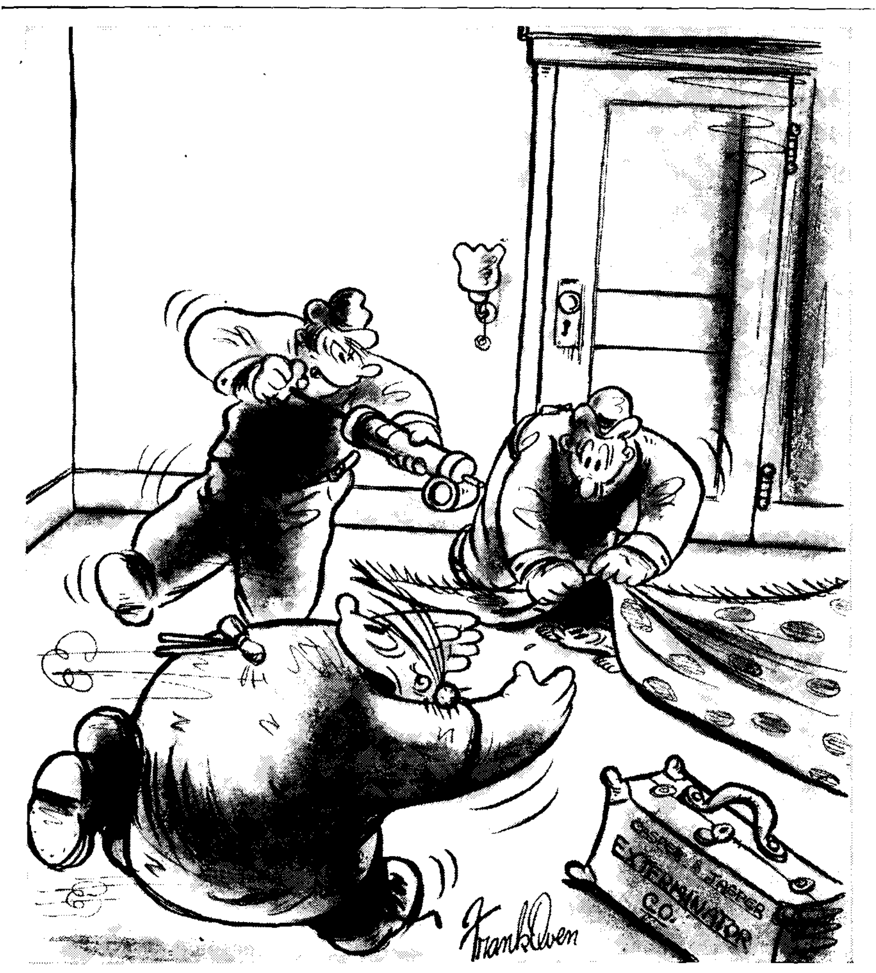
It was after Mickey had been lost in the crowd that the numbers on the board flashed again, a woman screamed, a man shouted and a murmur went over the crowd. In the confusion I didn't hear the announcer's explanation because George, with Mickey's tickets in his hand, was scrambling over my feet, yelling his head off.

"This is official," the announcer had called; "Jocko Blue disqualified for rough riding. Winner: Black Prince—Delightful, place—Adventurer, show!"

Black Prince paid $48.40 to two.

I was still down on my knees trying to find the neat squares of our tickets on Black Prince when George came back and began the story I've just told you.

Philbert By FRANK OWEN
R g. U. S. Pat. Off.



"What do you mean! You've got a big one cornered!"

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Pity the executive under this withering fire. More to be pitied is the girl who sits at a noisy heavy machine all day! No wonder she costs the firm money in "time out", errors and lost energy. Even though you may *think* typewriter noise isn't distracting, *make this free test.*

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The Remington Noiseless operates on an entirely different principle. Its patented pressure-printing, with extra short type-bar movement, is barely audible at twenty feet, while even the most improved so-called "quiet" machine is distracting at that distance. There are twenty-three other exclusive mechanical and design features.

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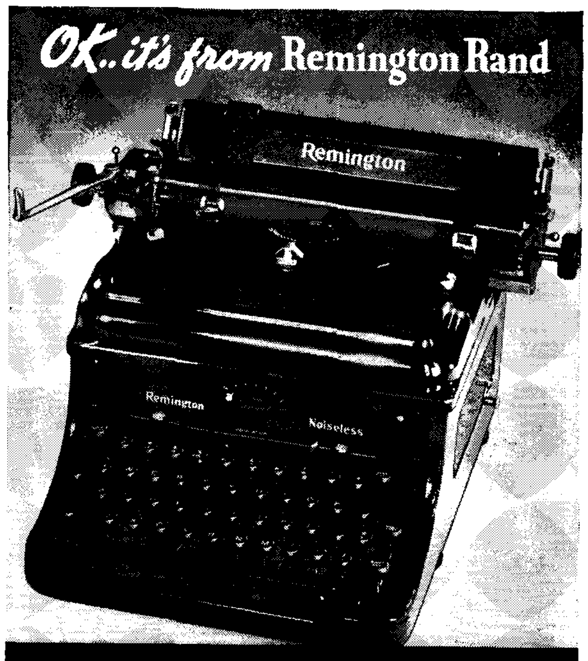

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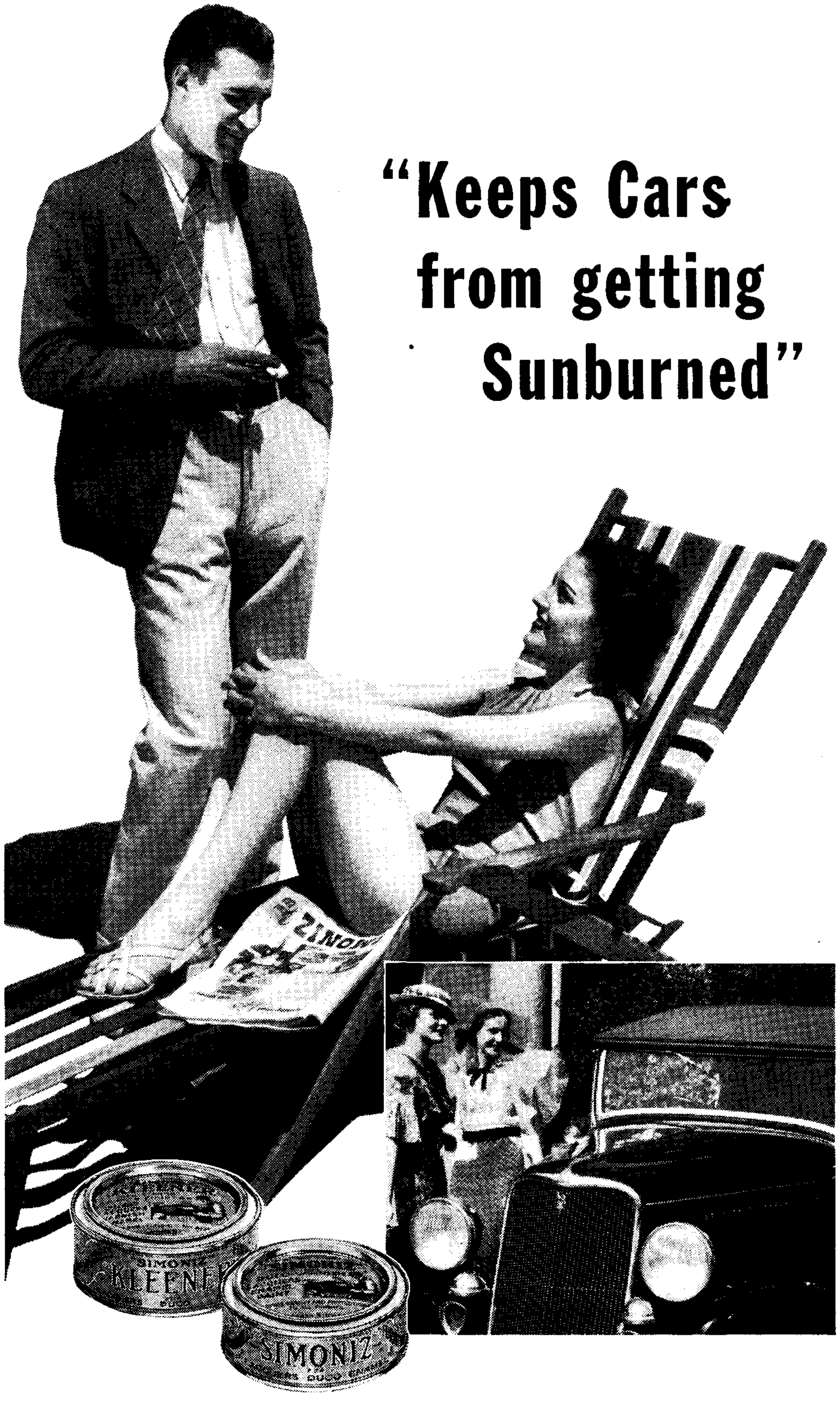

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ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

McGraw's Boy

Continued from page 19

turned in one of those nice Dean exhibitions and Jackson wasn't hitting those fences and Bartell couldn't even hit to left field and Terry and Ott and the others were only stooges too—for the afternoon. And this time the Cards ran bases with verve and dash and they weren't missing signals. In a late inning Dizzy Dean went in to pinch-hit and he kissed a fast one and hurried Leo Durocher home with the run that put the game on ice and that night Frisch was a different man.

Now he was calm and, though he tried, he couldn't help but talk of his team with pride. "The Dean boys are all right," he admitted cautiously. "You should see them in morning workouts. They shag flies by the hour and hit fungos and work in the sliding pits."

Frisch was no longer the disgusted leader of the day before who would have traded his team for a bag of peanuts. He talked quietly of his players and of their strength and of their weakness as McGraw used to talk—when his team was going good.

From Raw Material

As Frisch talked on you couldn't help but think of him as he was back in 1919, a raw, awkward rookie, fresh from the diamond of Fordham University. You thought of McGraw and of how McGraw made him and of how McGraw fought him and finally . . .

There never was a player who was so much the product of a baseball manager's mind as Frisch. He had been a sensational college player at Fordham but his baseball ability had always been overshadowed by his football ability. Frank was a great halfback. He would have been All America on a winning club but Fordham wasn't going anywhere in those years.

He hopped from that college diamond right to the Polo Grounds, which is as big a hop as Wiley Post ever took. He reported as a cross-handed hitting shortstop. McGraw watched him play the short field, shook his head and said, "He won't do at short. He ought to make a good second baseman." McGraw watched him hit and shuddered. Frisch is the only man ever to come up to the big show with a cross-handed style of hitting. When he batted right-handed he would grasp the bat with his left hand above his right on the bat handle. Try that sometime. It's a very awkward position and it might have been invented by Rube Goldberg. McGraw soon changed that. He had Frisch batting normally and then he went a step further and made him into a turn-around hitter—today Frank bats on either side of the plate.

Frisch was with the club only a few days when the Cincinnati Reds came to town for one of those crucial series. Larry Doyle, the Giant second baseman, was hurt and McGraw stuck young Frisch right in there at second. He was terrific from the start. He'd boot easy grounders but he was so fast that he'd recover the ball and whip it to first in time to get his man. They couldn't get him out at the plate—and he was fresh too. That's what McGraw liked.

Now Frisch was strictly raw material in those days. It was up to McGraw to mold this raw material into a masterpiece. He did. Just, for instance, as Frisch today is doing with a youngster named Terry Moore, of whom much will be heard during the coming years.

Frisch was a hard worker. He mastered second base and then the next year when McGraw needed a third baseman Frisch learned the intricacies of the hot corner and he learned how to throw from there, which is not easy. And the boy grew older. He grew older and better and now it was 1921 and he was McGraw's boy and McGraw was proud of him, for, after all, Frisch was his creation. He had patterned Frisch after himself—and that led to a baseball tragedy.

It was in 1926 and the Giants were going bad. Nothing they did was right. The climax came in St. Louis. Until then Frisch had stood up all right. But now he too seemed to become affected. He missed a signal. He missed another. McGraw was furious. When Frank came to the bench after missing the last one he walked down to the far end of the bench away from McGraw. He knew he'd missed that signal and he felt bad about it. He was kicking himself and he walked down to the water cooler.

"I looked bad on that one," he growled, half to himself.

"You did," McGraw snarled. "And furthermore . . ."

The vitriol of McGraw's abuse ignited resentment in the breast of Frisch. He was McGraw's boy. He reacted as McGraw would have done in his younger days. He'd been in there trying. Sure, he'd booted a couple, but who doesn't? McGraw said things. Frisch said things back. Frisch stormed back to the Hotel Chase, packed his bag and took the next train to New York. He said he was quitting baseball and going into the linen business with his father. I'll bet McGraw admired Frank for that—but if he did he never told anyone. Discipline was discipline with McGraw—as it is with Frisch today. He plastered a fine on Frank—suspended him—but finally Charley Stoneham and John Heydler, then president of the league, got the two together. Some sort of peace was arrived at and when the Giants came back from their road trip Frisch was back at second base. But it was only a temporary truce. The words that had been spoken rested uneasily in the consciousness of both.

He's a Money Player

Only a few months before, McGraw had publicly said that Frisch was the best infielder in the league. He had told friends that he was getting tired of long road trips and Pullman jumps. He wanted to retire soon and he had picked Frisch to be his successor. He'd told people that—but now everything was changed. McGraw couldn't stand for insubordination from his players.

During the winter of 1926 he traded Frisch to St. Louis for Rogers Hornsby. With Frisch he tossed in a pitcher, Jimmy Ring. The implication was clear. It was McGraw's way of saying, "Frisch, I'm trading you for a good second baseman. To get him I had to give not only you but also a pitcher."

Frisch, a native New Yorker, must have been heartbroken then, but if he was he never mentioned it. He was made of the same stern fiber that held John McGraw together. He went on to new heights and succeeded Gabby Street as manager of the Cards. He became one of baseball's immortals—incurring even the admiration of the ball players themselves. "He's a money player," the ball players say.

A money player is a man who can play his hand well when all of the chips are up. He isn't worried by high stakes. He just won't be bluffed. He's a great guy in the clutch. He's a McGraw player—what more can you say?

What a Voice!

Continued from page 28

Laura Elliot, who trained Katharine Cornell's fine, flexible voice, emphasizes posture first of all in her teaching, since a hanging head shuts off your sounding board and gives you the same tin-pan effect you'd expect of a piano under the same conditions, and a hollow chest or sway-back damages your tone in exactly the same way and for exactly the same reasons that a body dent damages a violin. A straining neck hinders the flow of air through your windpipe and a spine dragged out of plumb by rear-bumper hips or round shoulders will pull on your diaphragm and thus shorten your breathing. Even your feet count. If they're shaky, you develop a squeak or a groan as inevitably as a harp or cello played on a wobbly base. Listen to the voices of the passers-by sometime when you are on a crowded street. You can actually hear the gasp in the sentence as a teetering heel or ton-of-lead tread hits the pavement, whereas smooth, easy tones ride a smooth, easy gait every time.

The Tin-Cup Trick

A singer practices his perpetual ah-ah-ah-ah's up and down the scale because while he sings he is holding the air inside his head—or should be, if the exercise is to improve his tone and range. So if you suspect yourself of a nasal whine or breathy monotone from lack of this knowledge, it might be a good idea to try this same exercise night and morning for a while until your nose learns how to draw air up from your lungs again. Or, if your self-consciousness or family ties won't stand for doing daily scales, just say a sentence or so with the lighted match before your lips to be sure you are learning—literally—to use your head when you talk!

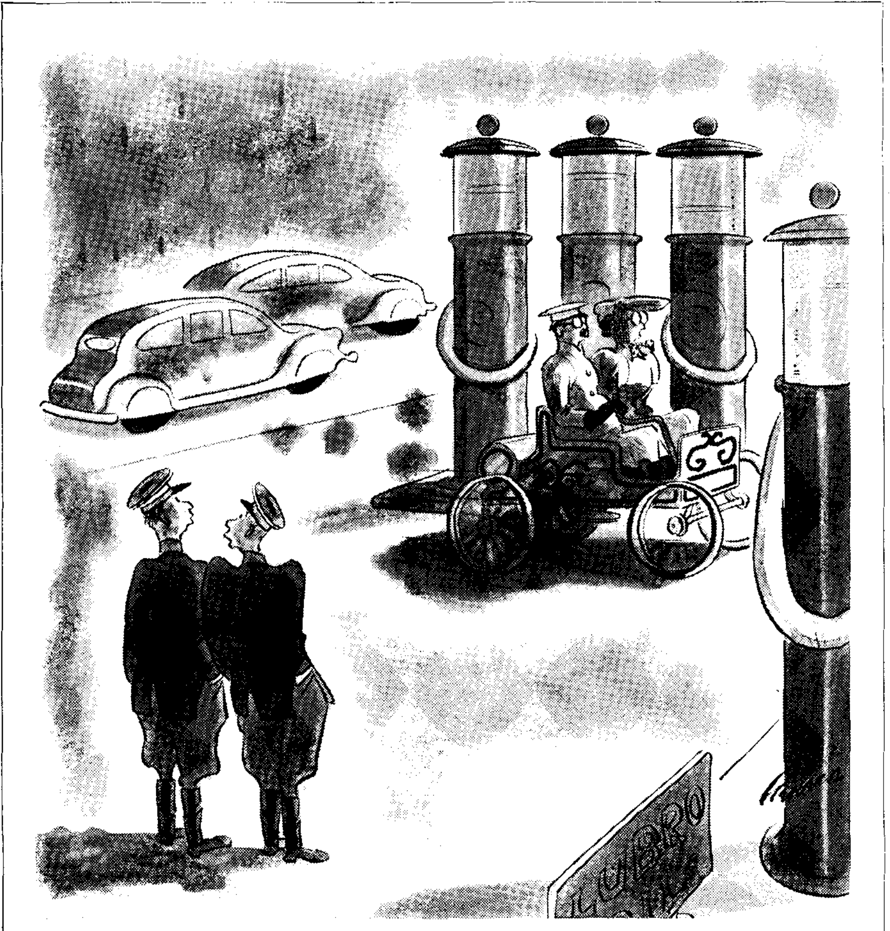
Another good test of how thoroughly you are turning your breath into voice tone is this one that Vida Sutton of the National Broadcasting Company gives her radio pupils. Hold an ordinary tin cup as if it were a telephone transmitter an inch or so away from your mouth and level with it. If you are blowing out breath with your words, the vibration in the cup will blur them almost beyond recognition—which accounts for the way the microphone shows up speech defects.

The tin-cup trick is a good one, too, to check up on enunciation, for the sentence will also blur if you aren't using your tongue and lips accurately to form the syllables. Loosen up these members. Remember they're the gadgets that mold sound into words. A stiff tongue thickens the speech and stiff lips run the words together unintelligibly.

If you suspect yourself of either kind of stiffness, watch in a mirror and notice how you form your words. Do you actually flatten your lips to say "man," or does the word just fall out when you open your lips? And do you really purse your lips to say "threw," or does the sound come out slackly? Of course, this doesn't mean to contort your face as you talk. The most inaudible mumble is preferable. But just be sure you take the time and trouble to form each syllable accurately.

These are the most common faults that get in the way of our modern voices and you see how logically they hitch up with modern tensions and ailments. So listen consciously to your own voice, and if you hear lung or tongue failures, nose or throat defects, or evidences of careless diction, taut nerves or jolting feet, it's time you did something about it. They're easier to cure than dozens of less conspicuous social and business handicaps we spend time and money on.

Clear your speech wires. They're your best contact with the world.



"I've been having dizzy spells lately, Fred; maybe you'd better go see what they want"

DAVE C. GERARD

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is cool—*so* cool! No more burni
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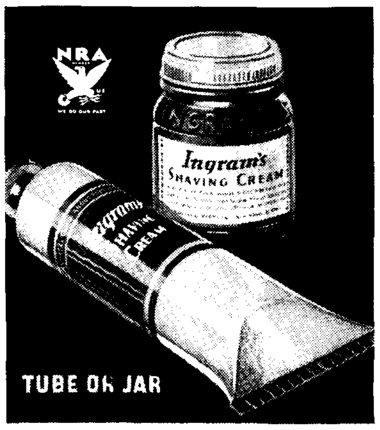

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People Grow Older

Continued from page 21

the triumph of the last few minutes.

It was sweet indeed. Most girls in the summer colony would be glad of Billy Conover's attentions. And Pinky could see they were hers to command. She sighed happily.

"Hi, kiddo," said a too-familiar voice.

Pinky looked up. A young man—slim, tall and broad of shoulder, his bleached hair cut crew-style and surmounting a wide-open grin—stood before her. The boy friend of other years: Skipe Albro himself!

Pinky scrambled to her feet.

"Ran—dolph!" she said lingeringly, extending her slim little hand. "When did *you* arrive?"

"This morning," Skipe answered, failing completely to appreciate the Elsa Lombardish air of abstract interest with which this question was asked. "And, look, Pinky: I want you to come over to the Tennis Club. I need practice on my backhand. Feed 'em to me for an hour; will you?"

"No, Skipe. I'm sorry."

"Oh, come on. There isn't a girl in town who can smack 'em across the net like you."

THIS whole-hearted compliment left Pinky cold.

"No—I can't play tennis with you," she said slowly. "And I don't want to go out to the Coast Guard station to ride in the breeches-buoy at drill this summer. Neither will I walk over the dunes to picnic at Peaked Hill Bars, nor across the breakwater. You'll have to find another sailing partner for the Sunday afternoon races, too. In short: I'm through with all that."

A concerned pucker appeared on Skipe's face as he heard all this. He peered at her closely.

"My gosh, Pinky! You sick?"

Pinky was exasperated.

"No," she said angrily, dropping her hand. "I'm quite well, thank you. For goodness' sake, Skipe Albro, can't you ever understand anything? Ever?"

"Sure," said Skipe, beginning to toss the balls in his hand a bit uncomfortably. "I'll try. What is it I'm supposed to understand?"

Pinky considered him with vast and growing pity.

"Skipe," she said, in a more composed voice, "you and I have had many happy summers together, and I suppose we both thought that they would go on and on forever. But oh, my dear,"—as she said this Pinky dropped a light little hand on his arm, and really did it very well—"people grow older, don't you see? *I* have grown older. Life's different. *Do* you see, my dear?"

Skipe regarded her for a moment.

"You look the same to me," he said at last. "Except the way you've got your mouth put on. Here"—taking out his handkerchief—"let me fix it for you where it's smooched."

Pinky retreated indignantly around the tree.

"Oh, you perfectly impossible idiot!" she stormed, wondering frantically just what her mouth did look like. "Get this through that thing you call your head, Skipe Albro: I don't want to see you this summer at all. I want a man around me; not a boy. A mere boy who thinks of nothing but tennis and fishing and sailing and . . . and . . . digging clams!"

Skipe whistled.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and grinned maddeningly. "So that's it! Now I'm catching on. Who's the guy, Pinky?"

Pinky relaxed and looked far, far away. She said nothing. After all, she couldn't say Billy Conover because Skipe knew Bill too well and would only laugh. Besides, it wasn't Billy anyway. Pinky really didn't know who it was . . . yet.

She sighed and decided to let the sigh speak for itself.

"Well . . . so long," said Skipe after a moment. He sauntered slowly across the lawn toward the street and Pinky noticed for the first time a waiting vehicle. It was long; it was low; it was black. It was touched here and there with bright chromium, most noticeably so where four thick, gleaming exhaust pipes leaped from the side of the bonnet and went tucking themselves away under the chassis somewhere. It was made for youth, and for roaring along moonlit country roads. It was almost insulting in its suggestion of arrogance and power. Nothing, Pinky realized, had ever been seen in town quite like it.

Skipe threw himself over the side and fiddled at something under the dash. In a moment came unmistakable strains of hot rhythm. Louder and louder it grew until it beat sonorously upon the still summer air. Skipe joined in; his clear young tenor floating up to her:

"Blooooo-moooon . . . you saw me standing a—lone. . . ."

He kicked the starter. One hundred and fifty horses snorted and reared impatiently. There was a roar of surging power and the phaeton disappeared up the street.

Pinky watched it out of sight with eyes that refused to believe what they saw; then she dashed to her mother's room.

"Mother!"

Mrs. Batchelder dropped a stitch, and her spectacles as well.

"Goodness, Pinky! Please don't startle me so! What is it now?"

"Mother, *where* did Skipe Albro get that car?"

"What car?"

"The car he just drove away in?"

"I didn't see Skipe, Pinky, nor did I see any car, so how can I answer your question?"

"Mother, I want you to get your things on immediately and go over to see Mrs. Albro and ask her where Skipe got that car. It's . . . it's positively *immoral* for a sophomore, a mere sophomore, to own a car like that one!"

Mrs. Batchelder looked slightly shocked, in addition to her obvious confusion.

"Why, Pinky! What a thing for you to say! Skipe is a very nice boy. And I'm certain it's none of my business *what* he has. If you're so curious about it, why didn't you ask him yourself?"

"Oh, Lord!" wailed Pinky, running her fingers through her tumbled blond hair. "Ask him myself! Will *no* one, not even my own *mother*, ever understand me?"

With this, she fled.

BY DANCE-TIME, Saturday night, Pinky had managed to strike a somewhat tenuous equilibrium. Frequent glimpses in the intervening days of Skipe and his phaeton had inured her to the profound disturbances these same glimpses seemed to cause.

No one had been able to enlighten her on the mystery of how Skipe had acquired such magnificence. Billy Conover had attempted to dismiss the subject with: "Listen, they run those cars off the line like so many flivvers. It's a cheap imitation of the real thing. Now I know a guy who owns a Glorioso and. . . ."

Pinky, being an honest person herself, saw the reasons that motivated these remarks and took small comfort from them. But any lingering thoughts of Skipe were dispelled by the exciting news she ran into while visiting the dressing-room.

"Have you heard?" asked Margie Prentiss breathlessly.

"What?" asked Pinky, rouging a smooth, curved cheek.

"Elsa Lombard is over at Dennis. She's going to try out her next play at the Dennis Play House!"

"No!"—incredulously.

"Yes!"

"Elsa Lombard," announced Pinky, rushing back to Billy's table, "is staying in Dennis!"

"Who cares?" asked Billy. "I'm only interested in you. Let's dance again."

PINKY, oblivious, surrendered herself to his heavy embrace. Her mind raced frantically to her savings. Had she enough to buy tickets for each and every performance? She hoped so. If not, perhaps she could borrow from Sue.

The thump of percussion and the melody of strings and brass sang a song in her ear of Elsa Lombard. Pinky would besiege her dressing-room; get her autograph; perhaps even persuade her to come to tea. In Pinky Miss Lombard would see herself as she was in her own girlhood; say, perhaps, an encouraging word or two for Pinky's own vague artistic yearnings.

The music stopped. In a trance she returned to the table. What did anything matter now? Dresses, cars, dates, Billy, or even Skipe. Skipe mattered a little just then; for he came through the doorway.

Now Pinky had been seeing Skipe come in through doors for nearly ten years and there was nothing about such an event that should cause her any excitement. This, however, was much different. Pinky had never seen Skipe make an entrance so astonishing.

He was clad in a white dinner jacket and dress trousers, and looked taller, in spite of his youth, than any man present. His manner was gay and assured. He was obviously having fun. And there on his arm, looking up at him with the frankest of smiles in the most friendly fashion, was the heroine of Pinky's young life, Elsa Lombard of The Guarded Heart!

Skipe swept her smoothly into the dance. If he knew that people were staring at her, as people will, he grew no less natural in manner. Spellbound, Pinky watched. They laughed together. They moved in smooth rhythm. And, horror of horrors, Skipe sang to her. Not loudly. But Pinky distinctly heard his tenor as they passed. And, what was more, Miss Lombard was liking it. Pinky could tell from the expression on her face.

Skipe did a few half-steps in a corner, turned, and came out floating. His eye caught Pinky's.

"Hi, Pinky!" he called.

"Billy," said Pinky desperately, her heart in her slender throat, "let's leave; shall we?"

Billy looked at her. Possibly he mistook the distraught expression in her eyes. He preened himself a little.

"Sure," he agreed fatuously. "A little ride out to the point with your Uncle William?"

"Anything," said Pinky, rising. "Anything at all."

It was eleven-thirty at Race Point. A hundred yards to the left gleamed the lights of the Coast Guard station.

For the sixth time Pinky slid dexterously out of Billy's embrace and wondered if the whole town would know it if she asked the surfman on watch in the tower to come down and take a poke at Billy.

She *couldn't* go home before twelve. Mother and Sue would both want to know if anything had gone wrong. Why had she come home early? Hadn't it been a pleasant evening?

Billy regarded her balefully through the gloom.

"Say, what's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You ask me to leave a perfectly good dance and drive you out here, and what do I get? Crabs and icewater; that's what. Fine way to treat a guy!"

Pinky shivered a little in the darkness. Billy was reaching for his flask again. She heard a gurgling sound. Then—

"Well, by gorry! You're going to give me *one* kiss anyway, whether you want to or not. Nobody's going to get me way out here and just laugh at me. No, sir!"

Pinky concentrated again on avoiding his mouth.

"I'm not laughing," she said a little desperately.

She matched her young strength against his ponderous insistence. If she could only stick it out a half hour more! This time it looked like a losing battle. Oh, dear! Bill's face came quite close; the kiss was imminent. She saw a triumphant gleam come into his eyes and then, suddenly, his face was bathed in a luminous glow.

The hum of a motor sounded. It broke into a roar and a car swept up the slope behind them. It was long; it was low; and it sent ahead of it the unmistakable rhythm of an expensive radio.

Billy let go. Pinky leaned against an upright and suppressed a sob in her throat; a thankful little sob. The phaeton stopped and Skipe got out. He was alone, and he walked to the side of the station wagon.

"What goes on?" he asked.

Billy laughed nervously.

"Hi, Skipe," he said with false cordiality. "Pinky and I were just waiting for the moon to come up."

"Not when I arrived, you weren't. Is this that thing called love, Pinky?"

Pinky looked miserably at Skipe.

"Oh, Skipe," she said, in a small, shaky voice.

"Like it?" he asked blandly.

"Oh, Skipe," she said again.

"Well, Silly Bill," said Skipe, "it looks as if I'd have to take my annual poke at you right now. I usually don't get around to it until August. Step out here."

Billy stepped out. But nowhere near Skipe. He hit the paving somewhere near the rear fender and beat a hasty retreat down over the bank toward the shore. Even in her misery Pinky wished he had made *some* show of resistance.

"Walk back to town will do him good," said Skipe, taking the key of the station wagon. "Take some of that old fudge off his tummy. Come on, Pinky. I'll drive you home."

TEN minutes later Pinky was standing in front of her house. She clung to the side of the phaeton unwilling to let Skipe go.

"Just tell me once more," she implored, "so I'll have it straight."

"For the last time, then," said Skipe wearily, "and please *get* it straight. Sid Lombard, the singles champion, saw me play in the intercollegiates. He needed a partner for the Brightwood Bowl Tournament in Boston next week. He likes to take on youngsters. All right. Now he couldn't leave New York until midnight Sunday. Here was his sister Elsa coming to Dennis to try out a play and there was I coming home for the week-end. What's more natural than that he should ask me to drive her up, settle her in and meet him in Boston Monday morning with his car? Got it?"

Pinky had it. All but one thing. One very important thing. She swallowed her pride completely.

"Skipe, are you terribly fond of her?"

"She's a swell gal," said Skipe; then he looked quickly and suspiciously at Pinky. His eyes narrowed in a grin, the grin became a whole-hearted laugh.

"Oh!" he roared. "So that's what you're thinking! My gosh, Pinky, you'd read romance in a mail-order catalog. Listen, Elsa is twenty-seven years old and happily married to her producer."

Pinky let him laugh at her. It was, she discovered, worth it. Where did she ever get the absurd idea that Skipe was a boy? Why, think of it! He was going to play big-time tennis with Sid Lombard!

"When'll you be back, Skipe?"

"Next week-end. Sid will be with me."

That was the week-end of the Beach Club carnival.

"Skipe, do you think Sid Lombard might like Sue?"

"Like Sue? Sure! Who wouldn't?"

"Well, Skipe . . . do you suppose you and I and Sue and Sid Lombard might go to the carnival ball together next Saturday night?"

"Say," cried Skipe with ingenuous enthusiasm, "that's a great idea. He'll go for it, I know. Now listen, kiddo, I've got to get to bed. I'm supposed to be in training."

HE KICKED the starter. There he was, her Skipe, going forth to the wars; the tennis wars at least. And no token from her!

"Skipe."

"Yeah?"

"Ever hear of kissing the one you love for luck?"

Skipe gassed the motor nervously.

"Aw, Pinky! There's Sue up on the porch. Be yourself."

The kiss, Pinky knew, as she watched his taillight dance down the road, really wasn't necessary. The look in Skipe's eyes had been enough. She turned and walked toward the veranda.

"Nice time?"—this from Sue swinging lazily in the moonlight.

"Lovely." Pinky paused by the door. "Sue?"

"Yes?"

"Like a date next Saturday night?"

Sue laughed.

"No, thanks. The last one I did for you was an Exeter junior."

Pinky raised one arm, placed her hand on the jamb of the door, and leaned. It was really quite nice. Much like Elsa Lombard; not of the Tennis Club dance, but of the Guarded Heart.

"This one," she said slowly and with meaning, "would be with Sid Lombard, the singles champion."

Sue sat up abruptly. Gone was all suggestion of languor.

"Not that perfectly swell-looking man whose picture was in the Times last Sunday?"

"Yes."

"You're fooling."

"Take it or leave it," said Pinky carelessly.

"Take it," snapped Sue.

"But there's a price," warned Pinky.

"What is it?" asked Sue.

"Mother and Dad will be away next week-end."

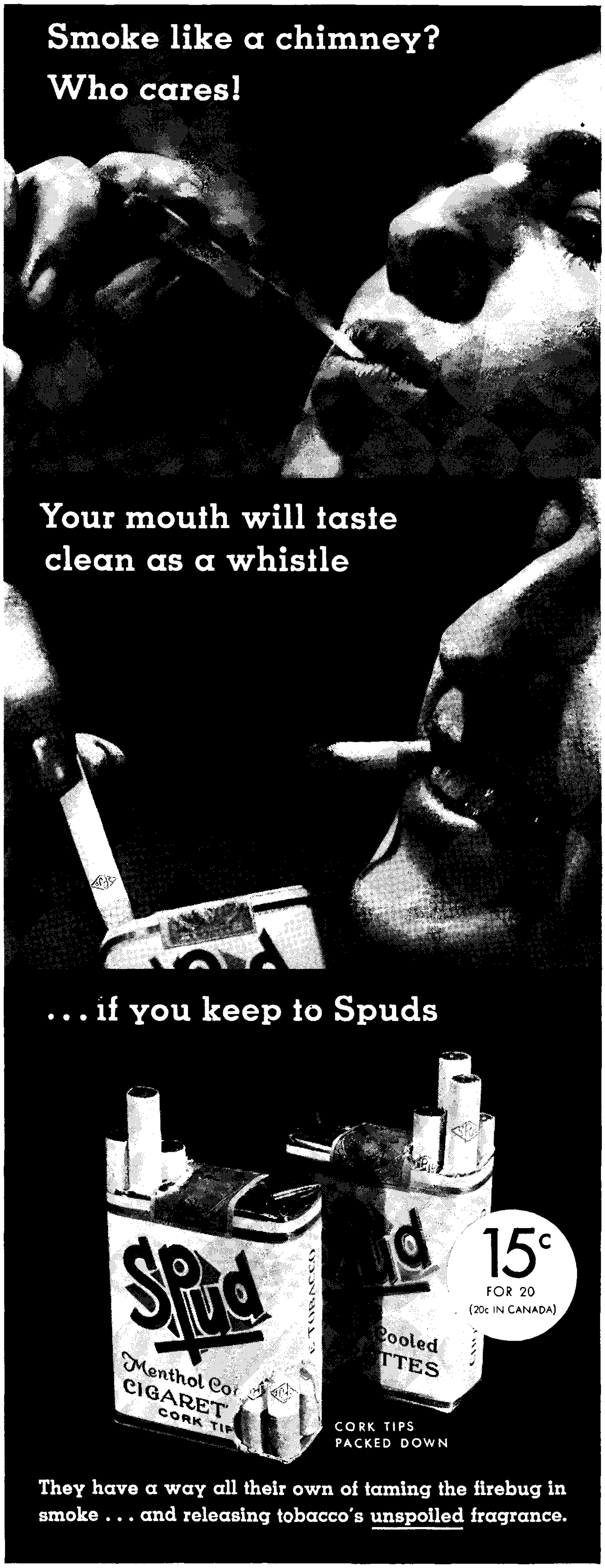
"Well?"

"The black net. And no tales out of school."

There was a moment of silence.

"It's yours," said Sue at last.

"Thanks." Pinky turned to go in. She yawned, patting her rather lovely mouth with slim little fingers. "It should," she said before leaving, "be a nice little party. I'm going with a doubles champion myself."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Rain and Resurrection

Continued from page 17

of thousands of Northwest farmers. He was guiding his old-model tractor ahead of a twenty-five-foot harrow, a broad smile on his face. He looked like Perhansa, the South Dakota pioneer who was Rolvaag's leading character in Giants of the Earth.

Descombaz has been farming on the 320 acres of this farm for fifteen years, for ten of which he got along fine. Then came distress and, finally, the drought last year.

He borrowed on his land until finally the state rural credits department owned his farm and he was again a tenant, right back where he started.

It was dusk and he walked back to the house and introduced his wife, his four sons, his two daughters. Together they sat down and talked about the rain. None of them could resist a grateful glance at the overcast skies from time to time as we talked.

"We've lost this farm," he said simply. "It has always been our home. Three years ago we had twelve horses. Now we have four. We had twenty cows, now we have six. We had twenty-five beef cattle, now we have five. We had two hundred and fifty chickens, now we have sixty-eight. We had forty-one hogs, now we have two.

"But this rain means that we will soon be back on our feet. It means the big crop, I know. You can fool me about lots of things but not the weather. Moisture on my farm goes down seven feet, farther than a post auger will go. If we never get another drop, we will make a crop.

"Then we will buy another farm in a county where taxes are lower. I am a good farmer and I will come back. I will pay my debts and my children will go back to school."

His family sat listening, nodding their heads in agreement. School, new clothes perhaps, a new farm of their own—a few inches of rain.

Paul Meyers, secretary of the Huron Chamber of Commerce, told of a campaign he is putting on that is being copied widely in the drought territory. It is aimed at a livestock comeback. Citizens are asked to buy "baby chick bonds." Each bond is for eight dollars or a multiple of that sum. A bond will finance a farm boy or girl in 4-H Club work to purchase one hundred baby chicks. The bonds will be retired when the chickens are sold in the fall. In the same way communities are forming hog and calf clubs to get livestock back on the farms. For livestock shortage is one of the most serious problems of the Northwest farmer. In North Dakota more than half of the 1,888,401 cattle on the farms before the drought were sold to the government, and in South Dakota the percentage was even greater.

It rained or snowed almost every day, but the exultation of the people was infectious. No one complained. Elevator men everywhere were in a back-slapping, gallus-snapping frame of mind. Many of them were busy installing new scales or directing carpenters making needed repairs.

Everywhere farmers were hauling home new machinery. Old rigs have been patched with baling wire for five years.

"Where is the money coming from?" Henry Frick, Gettysburg banker, was asked.

"From corn-hog allotments, wheat contracts, and bank loans," he said. "We bankers have still got faith in the land, you know."

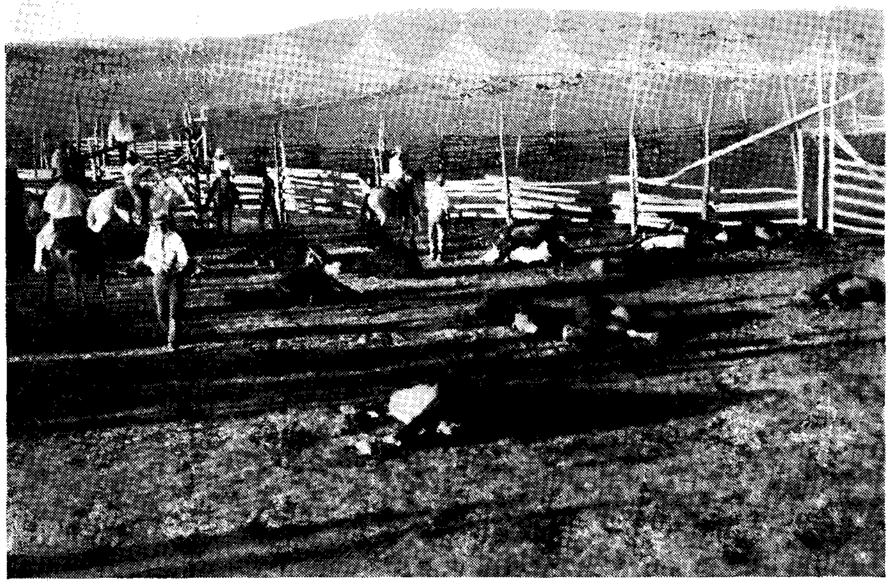
But this does not explain the great revival of business of all kinds throughout the Northwest. On the heels of the rain, and before anything has started to come in, retail trade has boomed tremendously. There was not a parking space in Aberdeen, South Dakota, or Minot, North Dakota. Restaurants were jammed. Railroad men were doing more business than had been done in years. Movies were packed.

"I guess we have all had a mental bath," said a business man at Helena, Montana.

Faith That Can't Be Shaken

A fat, red-cheeked farm wife near Beach, North Dakota, on the Montana line, added further light. It was May Day and six inches of wet, rapidly melting snow had fallen. A line of cars were in a jam as one of them slipped off the road. Standing in the middle of the road, snow over her shoetops, she explained why she had just bought a new stove.

"I've lived out here for fifty years," she said. "I know when we get moisture like this we are in for a real crop. So I took my last thirty dollars out of



In 1934, government men killed thousands of beef cattle that could not survive on the drought-exhausted grasslands the teapot and went to town. I'll need that new stove for the threshers next fall."

The same faith prevails throughout Montana.

"Our prospects are so much better than last year that if this weather continues crops will be normal or better," said Jay Diamond, Department of Agriculture, in his Helena office. The western two thirds of the state shows much better than the eastern third, although conditions are immeasurably better there. It has been cold and seeding is delayed, but we are not worried about that. The moisture is the thing. With the prevailing prices for farm products much higher than any time in the last four years plus the AAA benefit payments, it looks as though our purchasing power in Montana may be back to the 1929 level."

Ed Beilke, outside of Fargo in North Dakota, told how last year it required forty acres of corn to fill a single silo.

"With the rain we have had, ten acres of corn will fill a silo this year," he said. "That means we will be just four times as well off."

This farmer told of his cropping plan —190 acres of wheat, 150 acres of barley, 145 acres of oats, 50 acres of flax, 75 acres of corn, 50 acres of alfalfa and sweet clover, and 60 acres of permanent pasture.

"I think my banker is going to smile when he sees me this fall," he said.

Wherever one goes in the Northwest, it is the same story.

A few inches of rain—and a billion-dollar outlook.

In recounting the blessings of the rain, farmers chuckle as they tell of what it did to the grasshoppers. The grasshopper plague of 1933 and 1934 was second in devastating effect only to the blistering heat. Clouds of the voracious insects descended on communities and ate every vestige of vegetation. They ate cornfields to the ground. They ate bark from the trees. They clogged automobile radiators, and were so thick on windshields that motorists traveled with difficulty through infested areas. Conditions of infestation for 1935 were declared dangerous by entomologists in many districts.

But a few inches of rain has eliminated much of this menace. In 1934 thousands of tons of poisoned bait were spread around the farms in an effort to control the situation. Entomologists stand ready to resume the poison-bait warfare if it should be necessary this summer, but they do not expect it. A cold, wet spring is Nature's method of getting rid of grasshoppers. In eastern North Dakota, where, says B. E. Groom (secretary of the Greater North Dakota Association), "one third of the state produces two thirds of the crops," the grasshopper-egg surveys made by Fred D. Butcher, extension entomologist at Fargo, show inconsequential infestation over the greater part of the area, a marked contrast with last year.

Despite all the enthusiasm throughout the Northwest, some serious lessons were learned from the drought and distress years, and from that angle it is not correct to say the drought has been forgotten.

A Lesson Well Learned

One lesson that was hammered into every farmer was the value of emergency feed crops in case of drought. The lack of feed was responsible for cutting the beef-cattle herds in half. And so this year there will be no appreciable increase in wheat acreage. In the first place, thousands of farmers have contracts with the AAA to limit acreage, and the same applies to corn. Even so, there will be a big increase in acreage given over to alfalfa, sweet clover, sudan grass, and soy beans. The farmers do not intend to be caught without feed again.

Another thing that must be done is to get the sub-marginal land used for wheat in the war campaign of 1918 and which has been idle since, and which is now without vegetation, back into grass. It is this sub-marginal land that is responsible for dust storms. It was once in buffalo grass and should never have been turned. Now it is a constant menace, for winds whip up the surface soil and the terrific dust storms that have covered the entire Central West are the result.

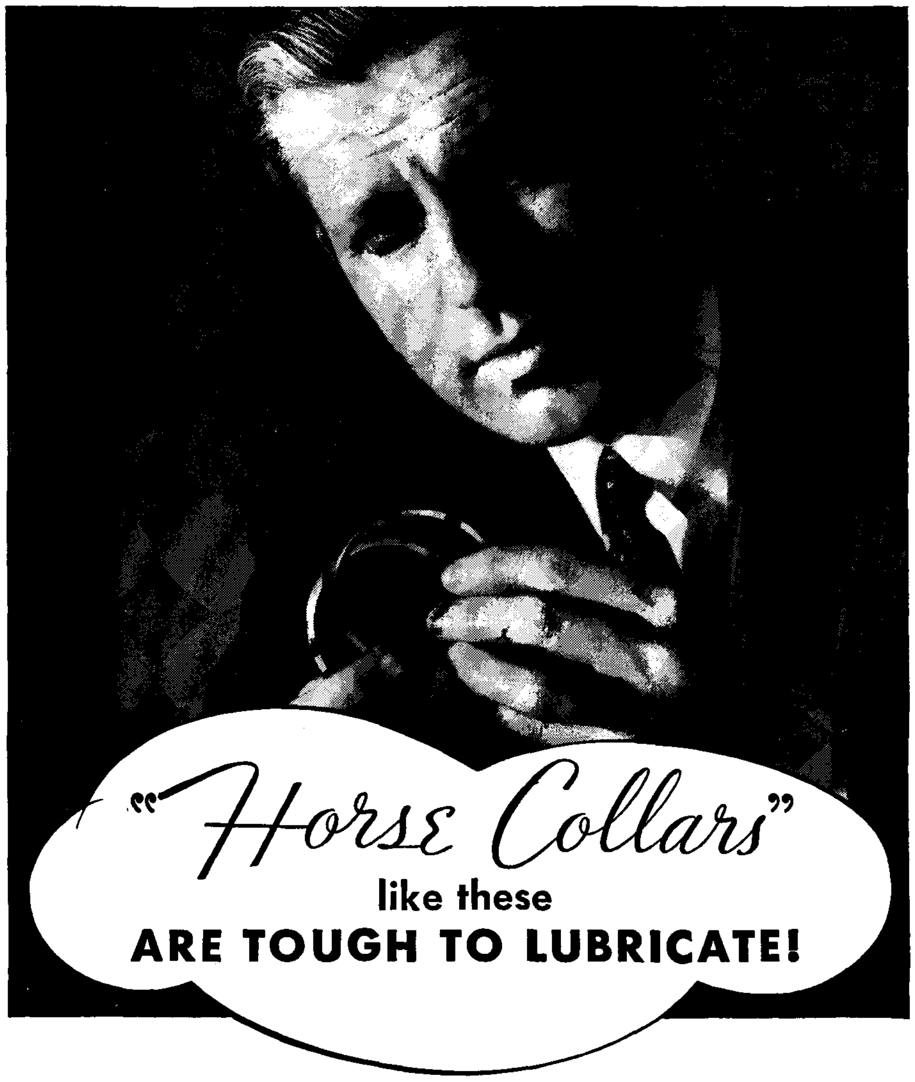
This land must be put back in grass, agricultural leaders say, adding that tree belts will never do the job of stopping these dust storms.

"I am firmly convinced that the quality of all our farming will be improved as a result of the drought and the AAA control of production methods," said George A. Pond, expert in farm economics at the University of Minnesota farm school.

It was a 2,500 mile trek in the rain and mud, but the most inspiring experience of years—the spectacle of American farmers happy, working like beavers and figuring, not how they are going to get something from the government, but from their own land.

A few inches of rain.

In 1935, in the face of a stock shortage, the survivors fatten in pastures growing daily more lush with heavy rains



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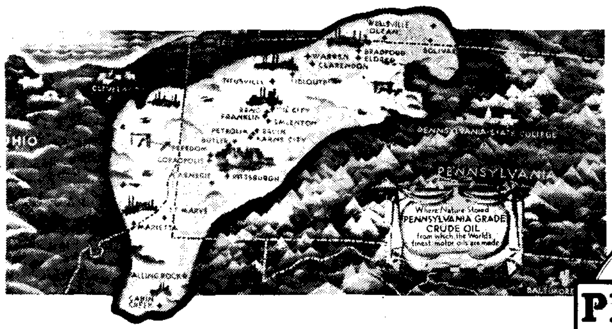

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RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER
(*Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters*)

To End War

Continued from page 12

we talk and argue; they were borne along as we are borne along. They and all they stood for perished as may yet be our own fate.

Nevertheless, I shall continue to proclaim that it is still in our power to ward off war, to curb barbarism, to preserve liberty and to avert our doom. For what else indeed is free choice given to Man, and wherefore was this unique biped endowed with his glorious comprehension and mystic power?

*The political conditions both of Eu*rope and Asia, both in the West and in the East, are degenerating fast. Two valiant, mighty races are advancing upon the modern world in the full buccaneering spirit of the Dark Ages. Germany, vitriolic in defeat, seeks to recast the map of Europe and to reverse the results of Armageddon. Japan, already mistress of the Far East, seeks to found a yellow empire of six hundred million souls armed with all the latest instrumentalities.

Chips on Shoulders

These are the heaving, thrusting, pulsating organisms which think and act with purpose. Before them expostulates a war-weary, peace-interested, territorially-satisfied throng of countries great and small. Russia, frost-bitten in its horrible experiment; France, old, tired, cuddling her undreamed-of, dear-bought victory which writhes and twists and seems about to escape her grasp; Italy, struggling to line up to the standards of her superman, but showing many signs of strain; Great Britain, anxious, puzzled, apologetic, no longer safe in her island home, only very slowly coming round after her exhaustion in the Great War. The United States, happily protected by distance, absorbed in her internal economic and social crises, able only to spare some few, usually inopportune platitudes for the common cause. Around the skirts of these cluster a score of minor nations wondering what their fate will be and which side they ought to back.

Coming to more precise terms, the dominant fact today is Nazi Germany. Here are more than sixty millions of the most formidably scientific people in the world, who only twenty years ago challenged the world and might well have beaten it, who are now rising in wrath after their collapse and surrender, inspired by an intense, almost inconceivably ferocious, hate-propaganda. This important branch of the human family has cast away all tradition, custom, constitution, law and personal liberty. It has yielded itself up with all its strength and virtue to the absolute despotism of as strange, as ruthless and as sinister a group of men as have ever appeared at the head of a modern state.

Germany is arming. In breach of all her solemn treaties Germany is building up a new and unmeasured power by land and in the air. She has impounded all the money lent her by the misguided people in the United States and England since the war. She has escaped from any reparation on the balance to the countries her armies invaded and devastated. She repudiates commercial debts. She does not even attempt to pay the merchants' bills for goods received from month to month. All her foreign exchange is devoted to the purchase of war materials.

Although Japan is the other great preoccupation of the nations who hate war, it would be very wrong to think of Japan in the terms which truth and justice demand should be applied to the Hitler government of Germany. Japan is a much older nation than Germany and with a tradition and history running back unbroken to remote antiquity. The Japanese people, in a high state of national ebullience and appetite, are confronted at close quarters at once with the Bolshevism of Russia and the decay and anarchy of China. Uncomfortable as is the plight of many of the peace-interested powers, none of them *has such ugly customers upon his doorstep.*

Moreover, the Japanese government throughout a long period of years, indeed throughout living memory, has always hitherto pursued a sagacious, cool, particularly considered course of policy. The bravery and self-immolation with which the Samurai tradition has inspired modernly equipped Japan have animated her fleets and armies, but have not hitherto overturned the poise of her national judgment. Europe and the United States should never despair of making good and honorable arrangements with Japan.

Still one cannot be blind to the fact that the warlike ambitions and propensities of Germany and Japan and their common resolve to alter the existing territorial situation around them afford a tie between these distant countries which might one day harden into a bond. Both Germany and Japan have quitted the League of Nations in wrath. Both regard themselves as under the ban and censure of the peace-seeking international institution. I read in the newspapers of the crowds of German officers attending the schools where the Japanese language is taught. Such a combination, if through ignorance, carelessness or feeble thought it were enabled to come into being, might cost the world dear.

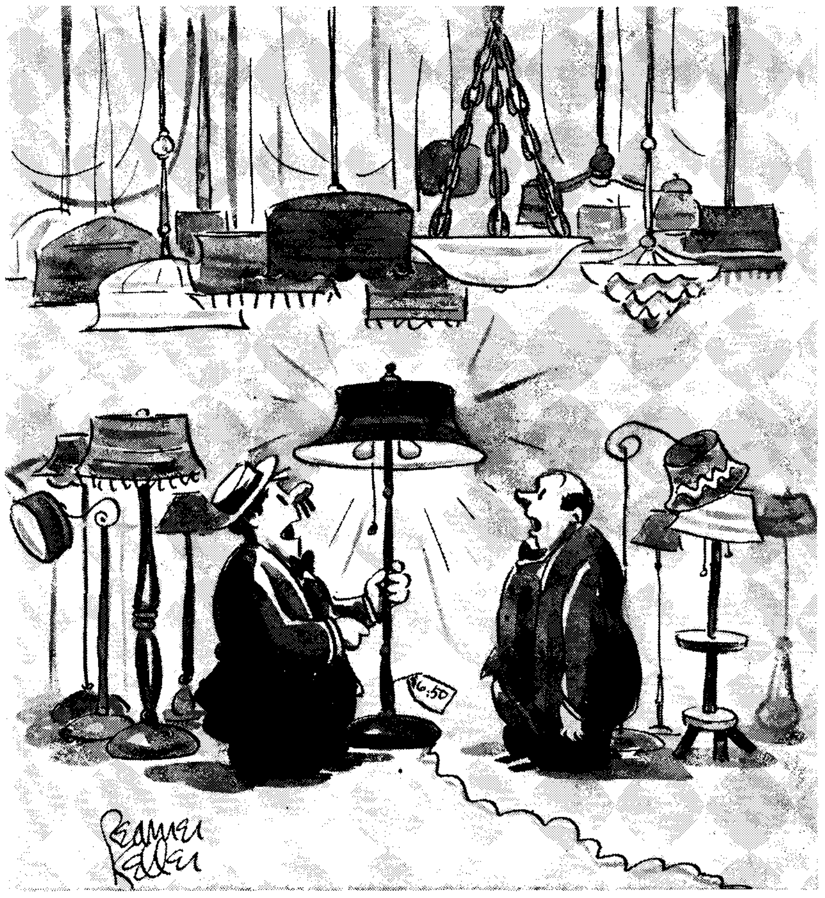
But the profound antagonisms of these great powers do not comprise the whole danger. Immense forces exist to restrain even the fiercest of the leading nations from actually giving the signal for a world war. But side by side with them and their clamant grievances and fears there exist a number of minor states equally embroiled with one another, and even more inflammable.

Blaming the Other Fellow

None of the nations concerned in the *disarmament conferences except Great* Britain—and she mistakenly—has been prepared willingly to alter to its own disadvantage its ratio of armed strength. Any diminutions of armament that there have been have largely been produced, as they always will be produced, by the pressure of economic and financial facts in peacetime; but none of the nations gathered round the table at Geneva has been willing to do anything which would alter the status quo, and still less to impair its own factor of safety.

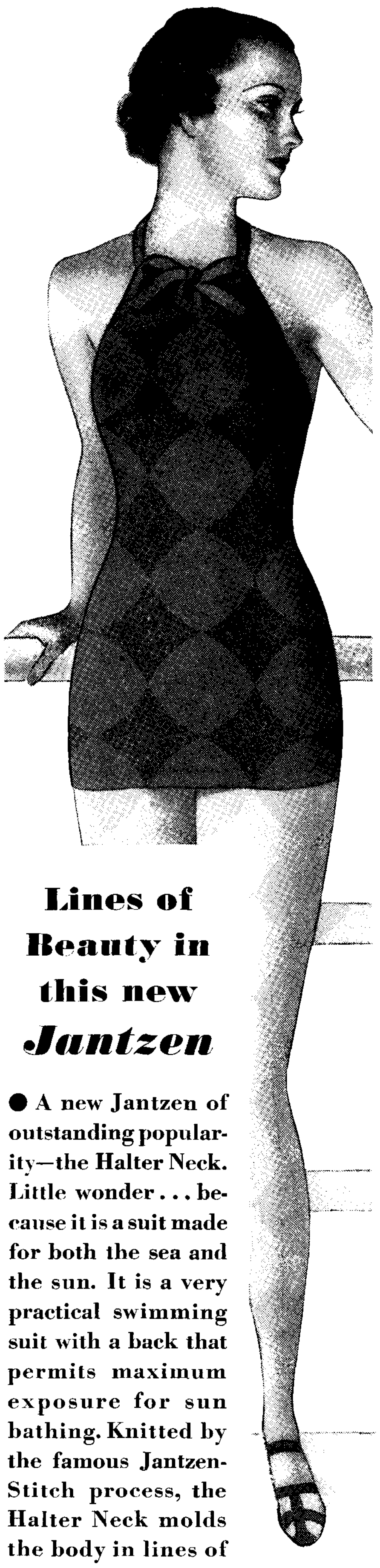
Therefore, the first phase of the disarmament conference, when its course began four or five years ago, consisted in every nation trying to disarm some other nation. A whole array of ingenious technical schemes were put forward by military experts, each of which was perfectly fair and reasonable until it was examined by the other side. Only in one case has an alteration of the ratio been accepted. The United States wished to secure complete naval equality with Great Britain and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald induced Parliament to comply with its request.

But for some years the second phase has ruled at Geneva. The expectation of general disarmament upon a great scale has failed and the hope of one set of nations to disarm its rivals has been frustrated by the stubborn resistance which these rivals have made. Thereupon we entered a period when the



"I'll take this one; but leave it lighted—I live up a dark street"

REAMER KELLER



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object of every country was to throw the blame for an impending failure upon some other country, while hoping to win the Nobel peace prize for itself. Again we saw an elaborate series of technical maneuvers by the military experts and by the governments and their advisers. All sorts of schemes for disarmament have been put forward with the sole object of putting others in the wrong.

All these years all the countries have been measuring swords round the table at Geneva. The result has been that the suspicions and anxieties of the nations have been intensified and the chance of war has been brought far nearer than it was before these injudicious and disingenuous performances began. In the upshot disarmament conferences have resulted in nothing but a general increasing of armaments in every country except Great Britain, and especially in the United States (whose representatives made the most beautiful speeches of all) and in the furious assertion by Germany of her right to rearm in spite of her treaties.

It is indeed foolish to suppose that armaments in themselves make wars or that the lack of armaments prevents them. Wars come through the quarrels of nations, and as long as the nations are fairly evenly matched they can be fought out whether they are armed or not. No nation for its size had fewer weapons or soldiers than the United States when the American Civil War began.

It is not the weapons but the grievances which we should endeavor to reduce. End the quarrels and the weapons will soon be laid aside. Moral disarmament should be the aim. The rest will follow.

Indeed, it may be argued that in many cases strong armaments and modern scientific weapons make not for war, but for peace; and that the lack of them would lead to war. If by the wave of an enchanter's wand all explosives of every kind could be rendered innocuous in a moment; if no shell or cartridge, bomb or torpedo could detonate—that would be the greatest measure of physical disarmament that the world could conceive. It would be a far greater disarmament than anything yet suggested by the most enthusiastic pacifist. But what would follow? War would follow at once.

Costly Disarmament

Enormous numbers of lusty Germans would pour into the frontiers of France, to be encountered by a furious French *population armed with clubs and empty* rifles. The war would be equally ferocious and would probably last longer as invention slowly sought the vanished arts of making explosives. Scientific armament indeed gives the power to smaller nations to defend themselves more effectively against a mass invasion by huge barbarous neighbors.

And most of all is the danger of war brought nearer when the peace-loving, peace-interested powers disarm while those who are dissatisfied and wish to alter the situation are vigorously arming.

Of course the first and surest of all methods for maintaining the peace of the world would be an understanding between Great Britain and the United States whereby they would together maintain very powerful air forces, and navies decisively stronger than those of other countries put together; and secondly that they would use these forces, as well as the whole of their influence and money power, in support of any state which was the victim of unprovoked aggression.

This would involve no undue expense; *indeed, when unemployed capital and* labor are the evil of the time, the development of American and British strength would have favorable effects upon their economic position. Everyone can see the arguments against the English-speaking peoples becoming the policemen of the world. The only thing that can be said upon the other side is that if they did so none of us would ever live to see another war; and once this menace was removed, confidence and prosperity would return to the world in a healing tide.

It is, however, vain to expect such commanding foresight and prudence from modern governments.

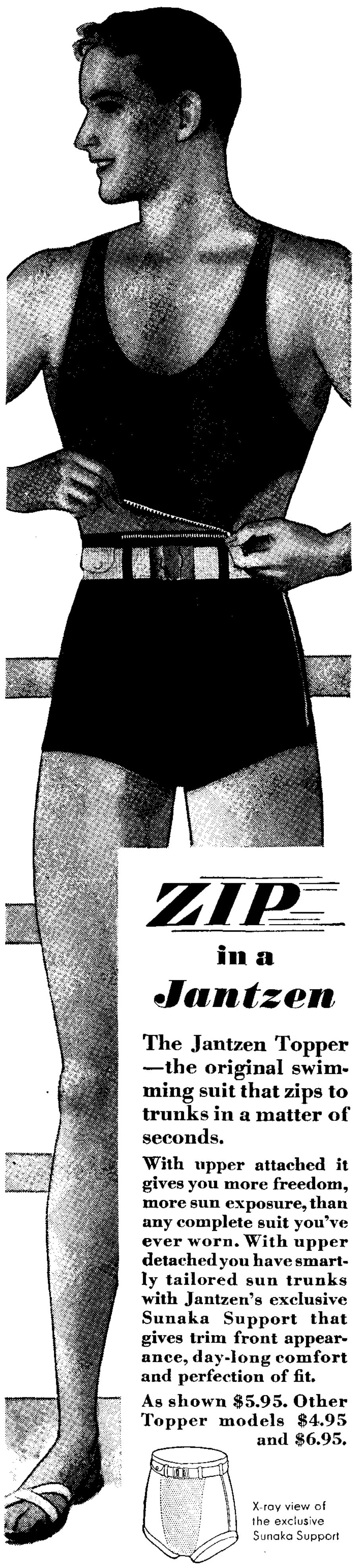
Answering the Challenger

Failing this grand solution, we must fall back upon the less certain but nevertheless effective measures which are open to Europe alone. We see in the League of Nations a court of sixty nations which, if they act with loyalty and unity in declaring the guilt of an aggressor, will undoubtedly pronounce a world judgment about any quarrel or breach of the peace. It would be useless to expect that these countries, so differently situated with so many varying degrees of interest, could be induced to take any unanimous action: that must be left to those members of the League of Nations who are most directly endangered. All that the rest are expected to do is to lend moral sanction.

The question of the illegal armament of Germany and her violations of the solemn treaties which she signed should be brought by France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and other countries affected, before the League of Nations. The League should then examine their complaints and if the case is proved that there is a danger of war arising from violation of plighted faith and the growth of German armaments, then the League should call for volunteers among the countries most closely involved to take effective measures in order to give added protection to the peace of the world. Whereat it might be hoped that eight or ten powers, all disturbed and uneasy at the conduct and character of the German government, would, under the sanction and with the full authority of the League of Nations, maintain by agreements between one another such ample forces by land, sea and air that it would be quite impossible for Germany to challenge them.

The League of Nations would not press these powers to disarm. On the contrary, it would exhort them to maintain the largest possible forces they could afford and to concert together *through their military staffs* the best plan for meeting an unprovoked attack. Having thus got into a position of indisputable superiority and strength, the League could then parley with Germany without fear, without the antagonisms that come from fear and with the sincere desire to do justice and to remove grievances wherever possible. Once the German government realized that they could make no impression upon the mighty, padded, but solid barrier which had come into existence around them, there would be the best hope that they would enter into amicable relations with their neighbors and patiently discuss their grievances in the full comity of nations.

It might well be that the dawn of such a process would give an even greater reward than the averting of the present particular danger. Forces and units which had come into being to meet that danger might, if it had been warded off, form the nucleus of an international armed power to which every state would be ready to contribute its quota, and thus provide that lasting security against the ruin and horrors of *another world war for which all good* men in every land should faithfully strive.



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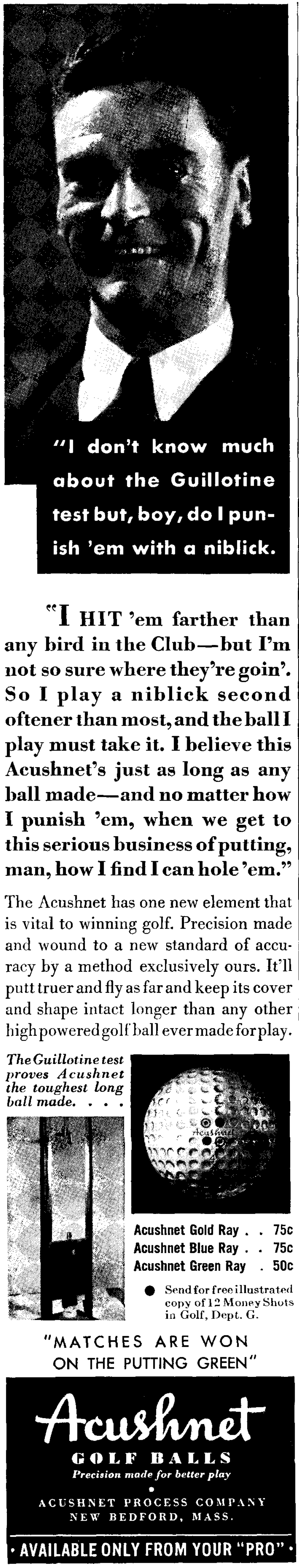
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GOLF BALLS
Precision made for better play
ACUSHNET PROCESS COMPANY
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

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Secret Marriage

Continued from page 9

Mary looked at her brother and said: "Do you think you'll go back to college tomorrow, Peter?"

"Gosh, no; not tomorrow!" Peter answered. "They want you and me to come down to the bank, and all that."

This of course made one feel solemn and important. Business. The Burleigh estate. Mary had a moment of serious thrill.

"I suppose so," she said. Tomorrow would be Wednesday. Chrissie and Bart must go back to school. Perhaps she would have to write them excuses for today and Monday. Mary had never written excuses; she began to phrase them in her mind.

"My dear Miss Tuttle: You will understand that because of the terrible loss—the terrible blow—the sudden bereavement that has—our recent great sorrow—"

SHE would have to write a great many acknowledgments of flowers and of neighborly acts of sympathy and kindness too. Perhaps she should have black-edged paper. She could not go down to Tutwilers'; perhaps she could telephone—

"How is your mother this evening, how is your dear mother?" Aunt Joan asked.

"She's resting, Aunt Joan," Mary said gently, and she heard Lindsay sniff on a sudden little sob.

"I looked in her room, coming down, Mary. She wasn't there."

"No."

"Mother left her affairs in kind of a mess, according to old Meyers," Peter said. "He was talking to me about it when we were sitting up last night. He said that we'd have to lick the whole thing into shape and find out just where we stood."

"Banks," said Aunt Joan. "They have the money!"

"Mother drew checks on the First National. I found her bank book yesterday."

"That's where Dad's insurance was deposited, Meyers says. But he doesn't know much about rents, things like that. He asked me if Mother left a will."

"Oh, heavens, no!" Mary spoke with quick distaste. Somehow it was horrible—it seemed so calculating—to be thinking of these things so soon. But much later in the evening she returned to the subject of her own accord.

THEY had wandered about somewhat aimlessly after dinner. Chrissie had telephoned to her chum, Connie Pitcher, to ask about home work; Barty had struggled with American history; the older three had begun a game of parcheesi, had stopped it half finished for sheer sleepiness and weariness and lack of interest. At half past nine the Burleighs had trooped upstairs to bed.

Now Peter, looking clean and comfortable, was in bed, and had summoned Mary with a shout to come in for a minute, and Lindsay had come along with Mary. Lindsay was brushing her fluffy, silver-gold hair, turning her delicately poised little head almost upside down as she did so; Mary sat on the foot of Peter's bed while they talked.

"Here's the thing, Mary. Do we go on with this house?"

Mary looked startled.

"Oh, Peter! What else?"

"Well, Mr. Meyers asked me; asked me if I was going back to college, and sort of rubbed his chin, and said it was a pretty expensive business."

"This house isn't an expensive business," Mary said positively. "We don't pay any rent. We only have two servants—the Moultons have five. Well, and Antone—we have Antone to take care of the place, but we'd have to have someone. Mother always thought we were managing marvelously, because when she first came here they always had four servants and then a nurse for us when we came along."

"Dad was making money then. It's been all outgo, since he died. At least that's what old Meyers said."

"Well, if we have to economize we'll economize," Mary said resolutely. "What do you suppose a place like this is worth, Peter?"

"Oh—hundred thousand at least."

"Not really?" Mary's eyes lighted. "I didn't know that," she said slowly.

"Well, we've half the block. They could put half a dozen places back on Hanover Street. And it's central—right in the heart of the finest residence property. I'll bet it's worth a hundred thousand. Then Dad left fifty thousand life insurance; there's that. And he had property. It ought to clear up into something pretty good. We'll have to have an allowance until they get it all settled, you know. They'll make us a family allowance."

"H'm!" Mary was thinking. "Maybe I ought to talk to Lena and Agnes about their wages; Mother said they'd sort of gotten behind," she suggested. "And there are bills—nurses' bills, and from the drug store, and all the—" She hesitated. "All Kremer's bills," she said in a lowered tone. "And I suppose Doctor Poett's bill."

"I don't believe I'll be able to go back to school until after Christmas," Peter said, as if forced to an unwelcome decision. Mary could only look at him speculatively. Nobody could make Peter do anything he did not want to do, now.

"Do you suppose we spend—what do you suppose we spend in this house every month, Peter? I know coal is frightful, because, after all, there are twenty-five rooms to keep warm."

"I should think it would cost us at least three hundred dollars a month to keep this place going," Peter speculated.

"Three hundred! Good gracious, I could run it for half that!"

"Paying Lena and Agnes and Antone?" Lindsay said, flinging her hair back and looking at Mary interestedly.

"Oh, well—let me see, I don't know—let's see," Mary said. "But I should think you could," she added, a little flatly.

"Three hundred dollars a month is ten dollars a day," Lindsay observed.

"You could run anything on that!" Mary said.

"Looky," said Peter. "We don't pay rent—good. Dad's life insurance is fifty grand—wait a minute—at five per cent—let's see. That'd be about two hundred and fifty a month. Then he's got a big safe-deposit box, with deeds and bonds and all that in it; that's something. Then there's the place in Green Oaks—"

"That's a wreck though, Peter. It hasn't been rented for years. Mother was trying to sell it."

"Well, anyway, we have it, and two lots out on the Bayshore, and an interest in the Royal Market."

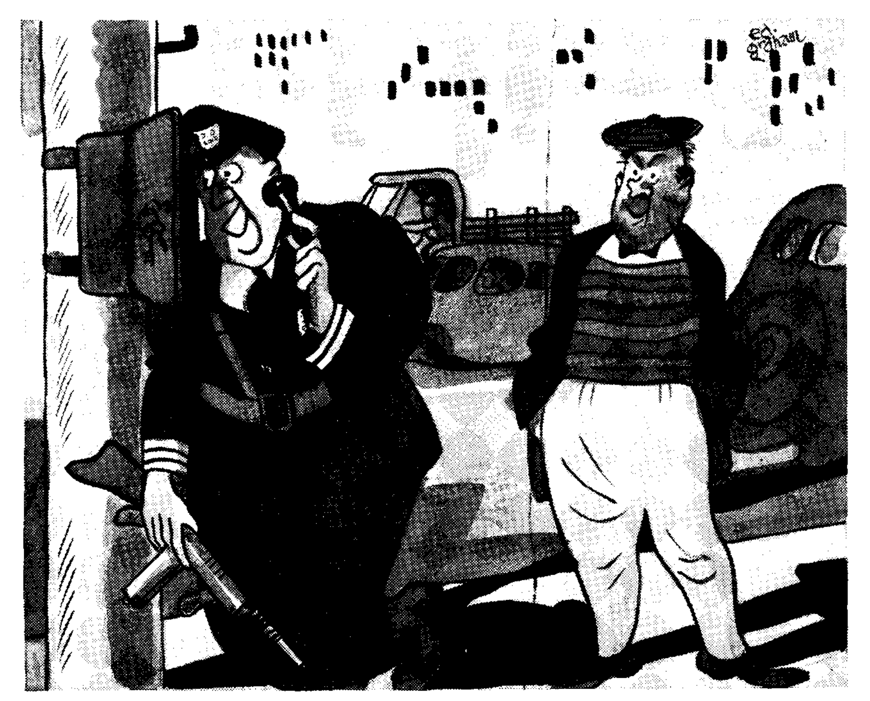
"Oh, have we an interest in the Royal Market? I didn't know that."

"Yep. Meyers said so last night. He said he'd been trying to get Mother to dispose of it, but she had a lot of confidence in what Dad did, and she wouldn't sell it."

"WELL, then we're all right, Peter?" Mary asked, a little anxiously. She felt as if great doorways were opening on every side, as if the draft of the world's cold airs were blowing straight upon her. Business was frightening; expenses were somehow disturbing things; one had to steel oneself to great responsibilities. She liked it—she could do it—but it was a little staggering just at first.

"You won't have any trouble," Peter said reassuringly. Mary presently kissed him good night, and went out into the big dim upper hall to meet Agnes coming upstairs with the silver basket; Agnes and Lena always carried the flat silver upstairs at night, and locked the cake plates and tea set in the sideboard downstairs. Agnes looked tired and stout and gray and old tonight; she was terribly tired, poor thing! And she had loved Mary's mother.

"Everything locked downstairs?" Mary asked, in her new position as



"He says you told him he could have a tommy gun!" ED GRAHAM mistress. She felt a little ashamed when Agnes answered only with a heavy look; of course everything was locked. Agnes was worth ten Marys nineteen years old and showing off on the very day of her mother's funeral. Agnes knew ten times better than Mary what ought to be done in the house!

Lindsay was reading in bed when Mary went in. The girls shared a bedroom, and years ago had turned the adjoining bedroom into an upstairs sitting-room, with all their souvenirs, their desks and bird cages and book shelves in it. As little girls they had delighted in moving from room to room about the enormous house, sometimes rejoicing in a balcony, sometimes in a bath of their own; but for several years now they had been established here, and one of their father's last kindnesses to them had been to turn a third adjoining room into a luxurious dressing-room and bath, with big closets and a green-tiled tub.

"It seems funny to be reading," Lindsay said in apology for her book.

"I don't think so." Mary sat down and began to take off her shoes and stockings. It seemed days at least since she had put them on for Mother's funeral that morning; put them on, and put on the new simple black dress and the black hat, had buttoned herself into the new plain coat. She got into blue pajamas, cold-creamed her face and brushed her short mop conscientiously; she must begin her new life with character and efficiency.

The house seemed very still without the stir of Mother's illness. Usually at this time one of the nurses would come in for a few minutes' talk with the girls, would go on her way with her cup of soup or her hot-water bag or her decision to telephone the doctor. Then Mary had always slipped in to say good night to her mother. She would find the invalid reading, or dozing, or lying with opened eyes looking at the shaded light. Or sometimes they were rubbing her with alcohol; it would shine wet and cold on the thin clean arm or leg that chanced to be extended free of the blanket. "You make me giggle," Lily Burleigh would say brokenly, gayly, when they came to her chest. "You tickle me!"

MARY deliberately did not open her book tonight. She wanted to read, but not as much as she wanted to do what would make her feel dignified, feel right in her own soul. One did not read a novel on the night of a funeral. Mary lay straight and flat and young in her white bed, and thought, or tried to think, of her mother.

But in spite of herself her thoughts would wander in excitement and in a strange satisfaction to tomorrow, to a vision of herself in new black going down to the bank with Peter. The Burleigh orphans, straightening out Harry Burleigh's estate. "Tell us exactly what we shall have to spend every month, Mr. Meyers, and we'll manage on that."

"This sister of yours has got the makings of a good little business woman in her, Peter. Your father would be proud of her!"

Lindsay's light snapped off. The sisters exchanged good nights affectionately, as they had every night of their lives. The rain went on splashing and slopping in the garden; the old house sighed once or twice. Mary had meant to cry herself to sleep tonight, or rather had thought that she must do so. Her heart did ache pityingly whenever she thought of her mother. But somehow she had never felt more electrically alive; somehow she had never felt less like crying.

The solemn thrill was with her when she awakened the next morning, and went with her through the breakfast hour, through the important business of getting the children off for school. Excuses had indeed to be written; Chrissie and Barty were demoralized after the break in routine during which they had been so petted and humored, and would have broken into open rebellion with the slightest encouragement. Agnes was sick, and Mary tried to send her back to bed immediately breakfast was over. "You've done too much. You're exhausted. Go back to bed and take the whole day off. We'll manage!" Mary said.

Agnes would not go to bed. But she would lie down.

Lindsay did not want to go to the bank. She was going to stay with Aunt Joan and the cats, and maybe work in the garden. The sun was shining in a day that might have been spring, and the ground was soft and manageable from the rain. Lummox, Lady, Rajah, Champ and the unnamed vagrant cat were all out on the drying paths, rolling and scampering in an ecstasy of release after the wet weather. "Mrs. Burleigh has gone to join my brother in Chicago," Aunt Joan said to Antone, the Portuguese man of all work. "Sure. Gooda theeng," Antone said approvingly, with a swift oblique glance for Mary. He knew Miss Burleigh's trouble; everyone in town knew it.

MARY and Peter took the car and drove down to the bank. They had to park half a block away. Everything was stirring and busy on this brilliant morning; scores of country women had come into town to take advantage of the fine weather for shopping; the curbs were lined with cars. Various persons recognized them, of course, but they did not have to bow to anyone; they kept their eyes down, talking quietly to each other as they walked to the bank.

John Tait, the manager, was there. He had been a friend of their father, had always been nice to the Burleighs. He introduced his nephew, Calvin Tait. Calvin had finished at Yale last June; he was going to be with his uncle now in the bank. Mary thought she knew all the Taits. Had she ever met him before?

While Peter talked to the senior Tait, Mary sat on a sun-flooded window sill in the president's office and young Calvin talked to her.

"Not in mourning?" he asked, in the kindest, gentlest, most grown-up voice Mary thought she had ever heard from a man who could be no more than twenty-three or -four at most.

"My mother," she said, feeling, with mingled emotions, tears prick into her eyes. She looked up, looked quickly away, hating herself because the tears were so right, were so perfectly what and when they should be, hating herself because she was thinking of them at all, and yet knowing all the time that any man's heart must be stirred by such a picture of youth and bereavement.

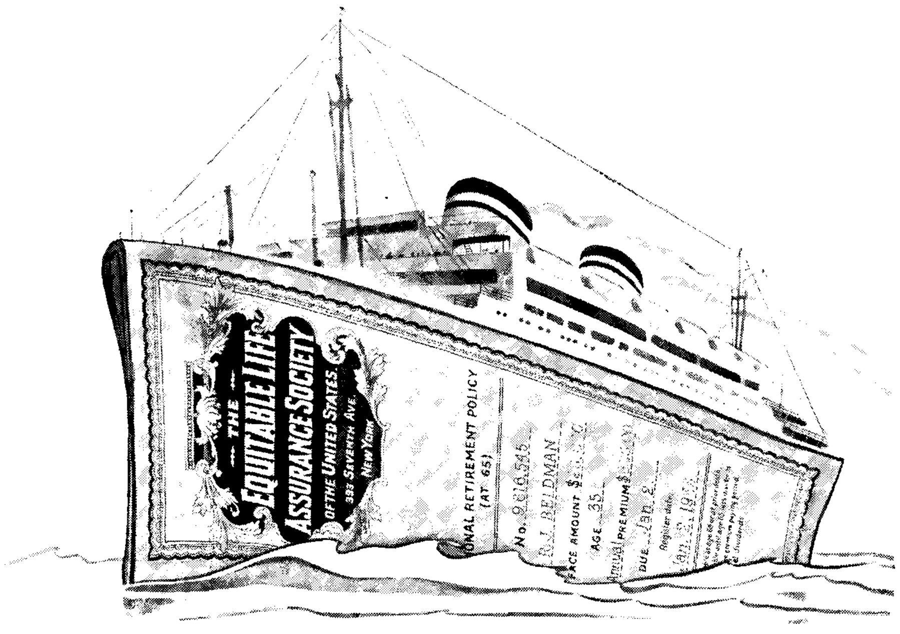
"Your father?" Calvin asked. And she found it fine in him not to flounder away from the unfortunate topic as some of the boys she knew would have done. No, he was pursuing it seriously, as a concerned friend.

"My father was killed in a motor accident almost ten years ago. I was nine. Mr. Tait's—your uncle's—brother-in-law—wasn't Mr. Leonard Willetts your aunt's husband?—was killed at the same time."

"I remember that," he said, struck. "I remember him too. We live in Boston, you know; I haven't been here very much for years. But wasn't he a lawyer?"

"He was my father's lawyer. We called him 'Uncle Len.' Dad loved him." He is one of the nicest-looking men I ever saw, Mary thought of her com-

(Continued on page 52)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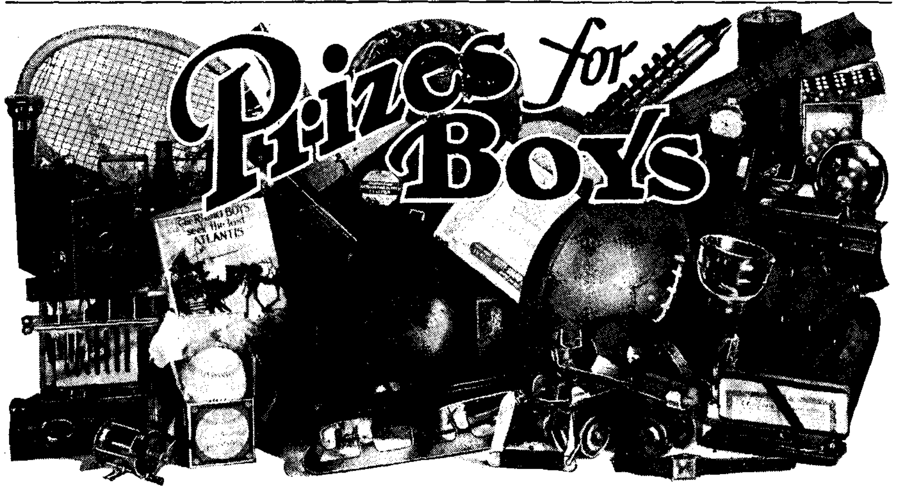

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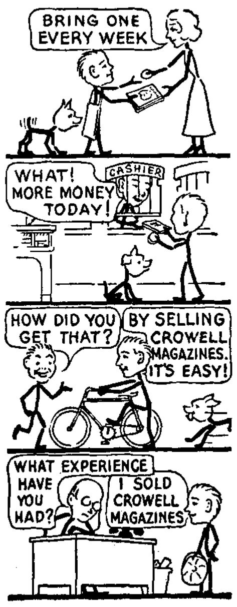
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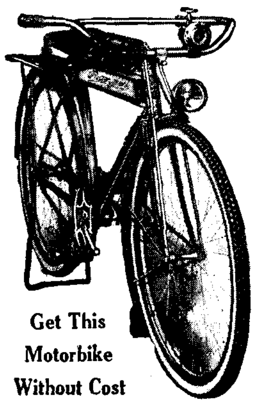
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(Continued from page 51)

panion. Not handsome really, but with such a smooth skin and such nice yellow hair. Only when he smiles—but he is handsome. Or else athletic. Hard and athletic and sort of ugly. "There are six of us," she answered his repeated question, aloud.

"Any of you married?"

"Oh, no!" She could laugh faintly even today at the mere idea. "My brother Peter's only twenty, and my youngest brother is ten," she explained.

"You poor children!" Calvin Tait said.

Old Bernard Meyers came into the room and shook hands with Mary without speaking. Peter and John Tait had returned; they were all standing.

"You're Mary?" Calvin Tait said in an aside to Mary. "I'll see you soon, Mary." She remembered that even though most of the details of the business she and Peter had come to settle remained vague in her mind.

THE elder Tait went for the safe-deposit box; the younger Tait disappeared. Peter and Mary sat with old Mr. Meyers and talked somewhat constrainedly. Bernard Meyers was the richest and the most important business man in town; he was kindly and simple and good, and somehow impressive, too.

"My father left a life insurance of a large amount, I think," Peter said. The old bank president glanced at some penciled notes on a paper that lay on his desk.

"Your mother has been drawing against that for some years; in fact, since your father's death," he said thoughtfully, after a pause. "Did you know that?"

"Using the interest, you mean?"

"The interest," said Bernard Meyers, "would have been only some two thousand a year, even if she had invested it. She did not, as I understand it, invest it at all. She kept it as a checking account. However, we'll see."

John Tait came back with a safe-deposit box. Peter had the key; it was unlocked. Mary saw old Meyers put his hand in and take out everything the box contained: a flat sheaf of papers with an elastic about it. And she perceived, with a dim premonition of something being wrong, that both the bankers were surprised.

"These are deeds and the records of a mortgage," Bernard Meyers said. "There are no bonds, Mr. Tait?"

"Apparently not, sir."

"Your father had some bonds, I think?" the older man said.

"He certainly did, sir," Peter answered confidently.

"These are the deeds to the house in Birch Crescent and the Bayshore property," Meyers said. "This stock certificate in the Royal Market is of no value. The Royal Market failed, as you probably know, some months ago. Here is the deed for the old place in Green Oaks. At the time he bought it your father was interested in the manufacture of some sort of patent fuel—"

"The tar-carbon briquettes," Peter supplied smilingly.

"That was the name of it. At that time he picked up the Green Oaks place with the expectation of putting a factory there. But instead he sold his patent. I believe he put that money into utility bonds; I think we handled it for him. Where are those bonds?"

"Could Mother have put them somewhere?" Mary asked.

"I don't know. When Mrs. Burleigh came down to cash in her coupons, Mr. Tait, did she ever say anything about moving the bonds?"

"Mrs. Burleigh never came to the bank, Mr. Meyers. If there was any question of money, I went to her. She kept no track of what she spent, sir, and as a matter of fact that estate was never settled. She was sole executrix, and she let it go from year to year."

"For ten years—isn't it almost?" said the old bank president, looking disturbed. "That seems incredible!"

"Not so long, sir. Five, I should say."

"Nearly ten. More than nine," Peter supplied. John Tait said: "Is it possible!" and there was a pause.

"What's this mortgage?" Peter asked.

"Your mother placed that mortgage on the residence some years ago. She had been advised to buy some oil stock. We were opposed to the investment and advised her against it, but she was quite determined."

"Mortgage for what amount?" asked Peter. Mary was feeling somewhat floored; talk of mortgages and missing bonds and the remembered patent fuel that had never amounted to anything made her feel oddly uneasy. She could only feel proud of Peter's courage.

"For thirty-two thousand," John Tait said, handing him the paper. "It was in Nineteen-twenty-four, I believe. Everyone was rich, everyone was making money. She was persuaded that she would double any money she put into Daingerfield Oil."

"But she had money in the bank. She could have used the insurance money," Peter said.

"She had drawn heavily on that even then. How does Mrs. Burleigh's account stand now, Mr. Tait?" Bernard Meyers asked.

John Tait glanced at a memorandum.

"Sixteen hundred and eleven dollars and eleven cents," he said. A great wave of relief went over Mary. There was plenty of money left, anyway!

"Out of fifty thousand!" Peter exclaimed.

"Out of more than that," John Tait said gravely. "Besides the insurance money, your father had an open account of several thousand. But that was nine years ago."

MARY'S alert blue eyes moved from face to face; she tried to understand. Mr. Meyers and Mr. Tait were talking with great gravity; they seemed to feel that the situation was serious, somehow; Peter was rather red and bewildered and stuttering. But there was a tremendous lot of money left—sixteen hundred dollars, or was it sixteen thousand, or sixteen hundred thousand—No, it couldn't be that. That would be nearly a million, wouldn't it? Mary mused in her thoughts. Oh, no, of course, it wouldn't! But yes, it *would*—

"What do you think about it, Peter?" she asked, when she and her brother at last were free to walk out into the winter sunshine to the car.

"Well—" Peter began dubiously. He changed his tone. "They'll fix it up!" he said. "The only thing is," he presently added, somewhat hesitantly, "if we could locate those bonds."

"How many were there, Peter?"

"Well, that's it. Nobody knows."

"But they know that there were bonds?"

"They think there were. Mother's whole fortune was in bonds. Except for the life insurance, that is. She went on drawing on the life insurance, that was cash, and she never seemed to get around to any of the other things. She even let taxes slip, Mr. Tait said. You heard him."

"I didn't understand it all. They sort of said things to each other. Peter—"

They were almost home now. Peter turned the car into Birch Street.

"Peter, could men like Mr. Tait and Mr. Meyers steal bonds, if they wanted to?"

"Well, sure they could."

"Yes, but *would* they?"

Peter laughed. There was no other logical answer. Everyone knew the honorable reputation of the Taits, and the fineness and generosity of Bernard Meyers. Mary felt reassured.

"Calvin Tait," she recommenced, with a natural transference of thought. "Isn't he nice, Peter?"

"You used to hate him, the time he left you on the chicken-house roof."

Mary stopped her brother on the little balustraded side porch, caught at his arm.

"That isn't Busty Tait!"

"Certainly it is."

"Oh, Pete, and I never knew him; I talked to him as if he were a complete stranger! He'll think I'm a half-wit! I'd forgotten he existed."

"Don't you remember the time the big boys had a cave out in Carter's lot, and you and I went out and they put you up on the shed roof, and you wouldn't cry, and I came bawling home and told the old gardener we had then—Caspar, what was his name?"

"Why, I remember it all perfectly now! And that's Busty Tait. I never knew his name was Calvin!" Mary flung aside the black hat and went into the dining-room, a half-smile on her lips and in her blue eyes.

BARTY and Chrissie were already at the table, eating with the exhausted hurry of children made jaded and ravenous by morning lessons; Lindsay was there, flutteringly helping the scrambled eggs and macaroni; Aunt Joan was as absorbed as a child in a crippled bird she had brought in from the garden. It was wrapped carefully in cotton, laid on the table among the knives and plates and glasses. Occasionally it made a frantic flop for freedom.

"Someone shot him an' he's dyin'," Barty casually suggested, upsetting his milk glass as he attempted to negotiate a forkful of food without removing his eyes from the bird.

"No; he's not shot. He fell—fell right in the path," Aunt Joan said anxiously.

"Maybe he's going to have babies," Chrissie offered, with a little self-conscious glance at her elders. They needn't think she didn't know anything! "Her, I mean," she added hastily, noting the sudden uncontrollable twitching of mouth muscles that betrayed the carefully blank expressions on the faces of Peter and Mary. There was no use reproving Chrissie; the only way was to ignore her.

"Fish have babies," Barty said.

"That's *enough*," said Mary. Well, *somebody* had to say these things to the children, now that Mother was not here. But the surprisedly amused expression on Bart's freckled face, and Chrissie's upflung head and amazed eyes, like those of a rearing young horse, made her flush again.

However, there was a certain subdued sense of importance in this day that was soothing. The children rushed off to school again after lunch; Vivian Parker and Maria Elena Moulton came to see Lindsay. Mary was conscious of being a little tired after the tremendous strain of the last few days; Peter asked her if she would like to drive down and see the place at Green Oaks. It was a part of their property, they knew it only vaguely, had seen it perhaps once or twice when their father had been, living, when he had been interested in possible developments down there.

"Are Harry and Lily still in Chicago?" Aunt Joan asked, standing in the drive with her trowel, when they were getting into the car. "People travel so much nowadays. I went to Yosemite when I was young—horses, we rode horses then. Harry had a bad accident in the car, didn't he, Mary? Too bad. Poor Leonard Willetts was hurt—blood all over my skirt. There's a sweet kitty, Mary, crying. He's lost, Peter! No; he's gone over the fence."

"I'm not even sure how you find the place," Peter said, driving. " 'Green Oaks, one mile.' It's down this road, anyway. Look out for more signs."

"It was an enormous place, I remember that, and it had one big tree on it, because there was a cow, and you and I ran for the tree the day we were down here with Dad," Mary said. "Here, Peter. Green Oaks Union Grammar School. And isn't it magnificent! Now let's look—it seems to me I remember that grocery—"

"This is it. That's the house back there under the oak. Gosh, what an awful place!" Peter said.

They got out of the car at a dilapidated gate that sagged in a long straggle of broken barbed wire fencing. The path that led to the house Peter had recognized was one long puddle; he and Mary walked on the wet, spongy grass alongside. The enormous property of their childish memories had shrunk to a shabby acre, with a deserted house in the center of it, under a big oak. Behind the house was a rabble of collapsing buildings: sheds, fences, chicken-runs, a windmill and a lofty hay barn. On all sides was a litter of broken and rusted machinery; tin cans, boxes, ropes, wires, rubbish of every description, soaked by many rains and burned by many suns, lay in confusion on the bare, ugly earth.

The property all about was hardly more inviting, even although most of it was tenanted. All the houses were poor and mean, crouching against a poor, mean earth under the close, hard sky of October.

"It's a sweet place," Mary said. "Our country home! Dad bought it for what—a factory?"

"As I remember it he was going to do something with the tar-carbon thing. But that was before it was 'Green Oaks.' It was just a part of the Vershayne Cannery property then."

"There's the cannery over there. I suppose all these people work in the cannery? Of all desolate, shipshod, dismal, poverty-stricken *jumping-off* places—" Mary began. "We ought to sell it, oughtn't we?"

"I don't suppose you could get anything for it. Mr. Tait kept saying this morning that real estate was a 'buyer's market' this year."

"I heard him. What's *that* mean?"

"That the people buying were luckier than those selling, I guess."

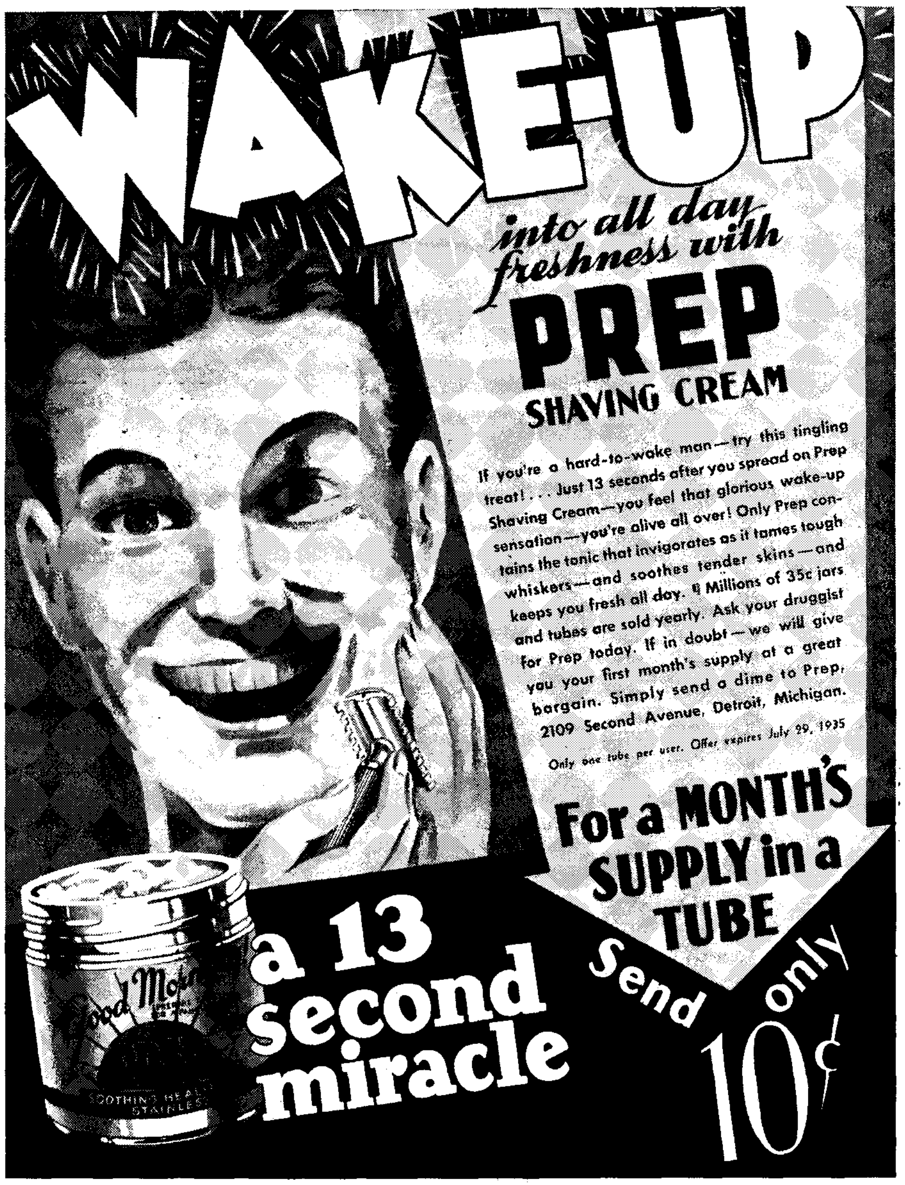
A WOMAN came out of a dirty pink plaster house down the lane. She was dressed in colorful flannel pajamas in a brilliant design of red lilies and green leaves; her dyed gold hair was permanently curled and tied into a black veil; her swarthy face was sharp with stupidity and discontent. As she passed the Burleighs, who were moving back toward their car, she burst into a sudden shrill scream.

"Shoy-*lee!* Shoy-*lee!* You come right in here with Mamma or you'll catch it good!"

As she poured forth this incredibly violent noise she looked straight at Mary and Peter, almost as if she were calling them. A thin, sickly-looking child of perhaps seven, with naturally straight hair also dyed gold and artificially curled, came running toward them, however, panting out an apologetic, "I'm here, Mamma!" Her eyes were on the strangers as she ran, and she presently stumbled and fell headlong. The mother's strident accents and the child's roars of pain followed the Burleighs as they went on their way.

It was good, Mary thought an hour later, to forget bank business and the children's obstreperousness at luncheon, to forget the forlorn property at Green

(*Continued on page* 54)



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(Continued from page 53)

Oaks and the leaden cold of the autumn afternoon, and to find, after a hot bath and a change of clothing, the luxury of the library fire, the softly-murmuring radiators, the comfort of three new magazines. Lindsay was in the library, painting, as all of them used to paint on quiet days; drawing pictures, dipping the little brush into the yellow, into the blue pigment.

It was evident, Mary thought, that Lindsay, bewildered by the day's quiet mood of strangeness and lonesomeness, had turned to her little-girl amusements again. On dull afternoons they had always painted. Lindsay was missing her mother; she wanted things to go back to what they had been.

MARY herself did not feel at all like a child today. She missed her mother, too; she felt acutely the strangeness and silence of the house. But with all that went a keen sense of her own importance. It was good to feel important at nineteen. It was good to feel oneself equal to new responsibility, the girl of all girls to deal with it. Property and bonds and taxes and mortgages; she and Peter must decide about them all. Her signature; old Bernard Meyers had asked her for her signature. It must be "filed," he had said. It was all exciting.

"I would strongly advise you and Peter to invest your father's bonds and stocks, when we find them, in small rentable properties," old Meyers had said. "The town is growing. And this is a buyer's market."

"Could Dad have had a deposit box at some other bank?" Peter said, speaking into her thoughts. Mary moved her eyes to him affectionately; today had made her feel very close to her brother. He had come in unobserved, and was in Dad's old chair that had been Peter's for almost ten years.

"He *could,*" she said thoughtfully. "Put some more wood on, Pete. Your hands are freezing."

"I went up to school and saw Gilbert," Peter said. "I've fixed it. I'm not going back probably until after Christmas."

Mary felt a little pang of misgiving. Peter had never been an enthusiastic scholar. Mother had worried about that.

"But you will go back, Pete?" Mary asked quickly. His look in answer told her that he would do exactly as he liked, and that no maternal authority had descended to her. And again Mary felt that odd little shamed sense of being snubbed, of being hurt, when her intentions had been of the best, when her hope had been only to carry things on exactly as Mother and Dad would have wished.

"Hello!" said a man's pleasant voice, from the shadows about the hall door. Mary looked toward the sound and her heart jumped with a sudden ecstasy. In a flash the vapors of romantic girlhood were forgotten, all the silly things she and Catherine Kendall and Alma Rossiter had discussed on their way home from school on so many idle afternoons. This was real. She was a woman, sitting here by the fire in an old russet velvet gown, and a man—a real man, graduated from college and working in his uncle's bank, was calling on her. Calvin Tait.

In confusion and eagerness and shyness she was on her feet; his cold, hard hand held her warm, soft, smaller hand; there were introductions, for Aunt Joan had come in, and Lindsay had not met him. Then they all sat down, or at least Mary and Calvin Tait did, and Lindsay unobtrusively took her grubby young hands and her black tin paint box and her painted sheaf of wet papers away, and Aunt Joan roamed on to the conservatory, calling Rajah. Rajah was the shy cat who had always to be coaxed.

"Pete," Mary began, glancing at her brother, who was standing at the fire, "reminded me this morning that I didn't have to be introduced to *you!*"

"We knew each other years ago."

"Yes, but I'd forgotten! You seemed such a grown man then. The day I was up on the chicken-house roof, remember?"

"The Harrison boys and I had a cave in the lot."

"But they called you 'Busty.'"

"And they called you 'Pussy.'"

"Oh, yes; so they did! I was 'Pussy' until I got into high school. No one ever called me Mary."

"Mary," Calvin said musingly, glancing at her from under his fair brows, glancing back at the fire. Thick fair brows, and tawny thick hair beautifully smooth, and a clean fresh skin. He really was handsome; anyway, he was the nicest-looking man she had ever seen, Mary thought.

"You've been in the East for years. When'd you get back?" Peter asked.

"I've been in Boston. My stepfather and my mother live there." Everything he said had a sort of grave charm, a kindly seriousness. "I got home—let's see, just a week ago," he said.

"You have my chair—you're one of the Starke boys," Aunt Joan, standing near him with Rajah alarmed and fluffy in her arms, said flatly to the visitor. Mary liked the quick simple way that Calvin grasped the situation, abandoned the chair, placed it conveniently for the feeble little old lady, answered her respectfully as he seated himself again.

"My mother was Emily Starke; you're quite right. They tell me I'm like her family."

"Did Harold and Minnie get the Hanover Street house built?" Aunt Joan pursued. Calvin sent a fleet inquiring glance toward Mary; a glance that made them conspirators. The Harold Starkes' house on Hanover Street had been finished almost ten years ago. After a moment's pause Calvin answered simply:

"Harold—that was my uncle. Oh, yes; he and Aunt Minnie used to live in Hanover Street. They're in Minneapolis now."

"NEXT street to this!" said Aunt Joan. She lapsed into silence, or rather into a low murmuring intended only for Rajah. The other three talked a little spasmodically of old times and old friends, Calvin's nice eyes moving from the fire to Mary's eyes, to Peter's. No young man had ever called in quite this way upon Mary before; there had been plenty of boys in the house, of course—Peter's college friends. But this was different. This made her feel grown, made her feel a woman, made her feel as if she were floating into some ethereal realm where everything was music and fragrance and dreams.

She thought of tea; she wondered if Calvin expected to be asked to dinner. It was a part of her new dignity to dismiss both ideas almost as soon as they came to her. He knew that this was a house of mourning; it would be as improper for them to offer entertainment as for him to accept it. Grief did give one a certain protection from social obligations.

Calvin did not stay very long. When he had risen to make his goodbys, and Mary and Peter were accompanying him to the front door, he asked suddenly:

"Did you locate your father's bonds, by the way?"

"No; and that's a funny thing, too," Peter said. "I believe they were going to telephone some other banks and see if they could find them. But it's a funny thing. He did all his business at the Meyers First National Bank."

"My uncle was speaking to me about it at lunch. He asked me to go to the other banks."

"No news?" Peter asked.

"Not yet. We'll probably run them down tomorrow."

"If we don't, Mary here and I are in a jam," Peter said, grinning. "We've got a promising little family to raise—*Lord,* I wish she wouldn't do that!"

The last ejaculation referred to Chrissie, who, long-legged and wild of hair, had come shrieking down the long stair railing by means of the bannister. The bronze lady holding the lamp shuddered violently, relapsed into offended immobility again; Chrissie catapulted against Peter's legs, and was hauled to her feet, to stare at Calvin Tait through a maze of hair.

"Chrissie dear, you *mustn't!*" said Mary.

"The Butler boys ate their father's pills, and they were all sick in school and they had to have a stomach pump!" Chrissie volunteered breathlessly.

"What did they do?" Calvin said, concerned. "George Butler is in the bank."

"Threw up," Chrissie answered simply, quietly.

"Isn't *she* disgraceful!" Mary exclaimed, on a burst of shocked laughter. She put her face down against Chrissie's face for a kiss, straightened the rumpled dress, smoothed Chrissie's wild mop.

"I brought you some flowers," Calvin said, extending to Mary a firm, square white box. He continued putting on his scarf, his overcoat, his big gloves; Mary stood holding the box, one arm about Chrissie.

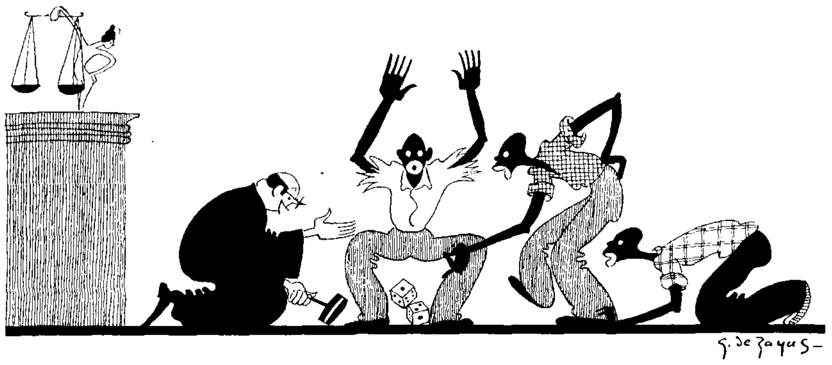
WHEN Calvin had gone she went upstairs and put the wet scented flowers into a clear green glass bowl, Lindsay and Chrissie enthusiastically helping. There had been a great many flowers in the Burleigh house this week; there had been a day when Mary Burleigh had thought that she never again would want to smell their heavy hot-house fragrance.

But she would never forget these violets—her first flowers from a man who liked her. The joy of them, their imperishable beauty and significance were cut deep into her heart, like white letters on white marble, never to be effaced. Calvin Tait had come to see her, had sat there beside her library fire talking kindly, pleasantly, of old days, showing her with every quiet word and every quiet look that he was thinking of her, that that strange moment that impresses a woman's existence upon a man had come to him. Mary stooped down, when her sisters at last left her for a moment alone, and laid her face against the delicate dark blooms. It was like touching her cheek against his cheek to feel their sweetness so close; the earthy, piercing perfume of them drowned her senses in a dream of unknown enchantments.

The grief that had so recently reigned in this airy, old-fashioned bedroom was for the moment gone as if it had never been. There was no room for anything but joy in her heart.

After awhile, automatically, Mary went to the window to draw the shades against the blackness of night and cold. The supper bell rang somewhere far downstairs; she did not hear it, nor Chrissie and Bart bumping themselves down in the favorite sitting position that was forbidden as a means of transit from one floor to the other. When Lindsay finally came up to tell Mary that they were all waiting she found her sister still at the window, with one hand half-raised toward the shade, and the room sweet with the scent of Calvin's flowers.

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Recently the judge of an Atlanta police court decided to settle the case of several Negroes arrested for shooting craps by getting down on the floor and rolling a game with them to see how well they could play, the stakes being freedom, a fine or a sentence. But the prisoners were no match for this expert. All received both fines and sentences.

Considering the entire world, far more women than men are engaged in selling commodities at retail. In fact there are some cities such as Lhasa, Tibet, where the trade is entirely in the hands of the women.—*By Dr. I. H. Perry, San Francisco, California.*

At least 23 civilizations have existed during historic times. The five in existence today are the Western (Western Europe and the Americas), the Orthodox Christian (Russia, Greece, etc.), the Islamic, Hindu and the Far Eastern. Among the 17 others were the Hellenic (Graeco-Roman), the Syriac, Hittite, Egyptiac, Sinic, Mexic and the Yucatec.

The United States Navy is well protected against air bombers. Its anti-aircraft guns can lay a withering barrage around an enemy plane —flying at any height—as their shells, fired at the rate of one every four seconds from each gun, explode in the air and endanger any kind of aircraft within 268,000,000 cubic feet.

Horses, it is believed, are not natural jumpers, although they have been trained to clear eight-foot hurdles with a rider on their back. In Australia they have been known to die of thirst in sight of water-holes from which they were separated only by a very low fence.

The most complicated and perfect ventriloquist's dummy ever made is electrically operated and controlled by an assistant behind the scenes, thus permitting it to act independently of the ventriloquist himself. It makes 51 bodily movements, such as sitting, walking, saluting and scratching its head, and 17 facial expressions, denoting such emotions as fear, wonder, sorrow and astonishment.

Paradoxically the tablet which marks the spot of the world's most famous assassination—that of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia—contains only the name of the murderer. The inscription is: "On This Historic Spot Gavrilo Princip on St. Vitus' Day, June 28, 1914, Heralded the Advent of Liberty."—*By J. C. Donovan, Buffalo, New York.*

The age-old belief that night air is unhealthful still persists despite the fact science has proved it is the cleanest and purest to be had in the 24 hours. Not only does it contain less dust, smoke, humidity and organic and inorganic gases but it possesses 30 per cent more radioactive matter than day air.

Twins live shorter lives than singly born persons. In the United States today, the average length of life of singly born males is 59 years and that of females 62 years, while the expectation of life of male twins is only 46 years, that of female twins 50 years and that of mixed twins 48 years.—*By J. M. Gillette, Grand Forks, North Dakota.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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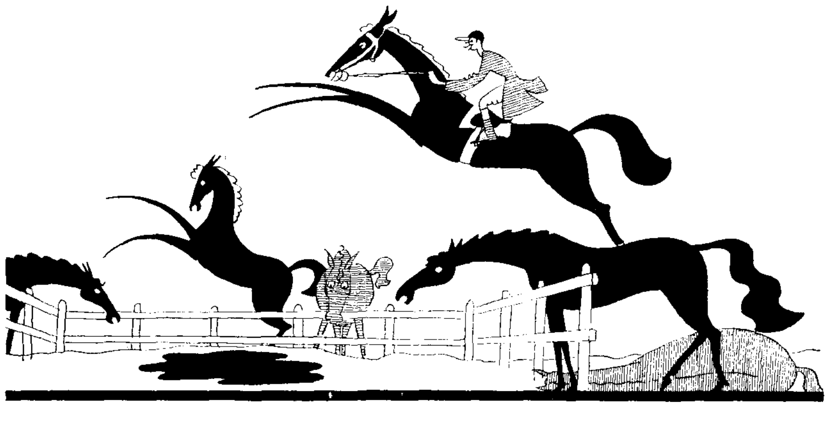

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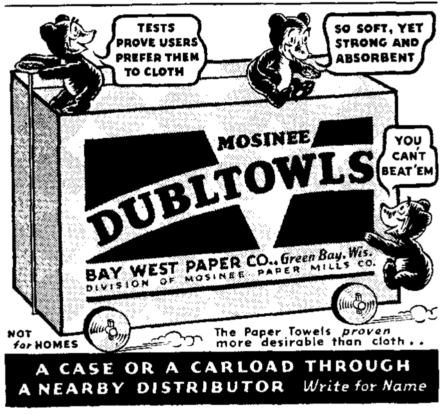
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Too Much Ice

Continued from page 22

Frank Dawson: "Them little jitneys dive in wherever they is a place eight feet clear."

MIKE SULLIVAN, officer on duty at the Ferry Building: "The nigrah boy come over white as a sheet the way he acted and yelled out that a man had been shot in a taxicab. I folleyed him to the taxi. There was poor Misther Hoffman shot three times through the lungs and from what the doctor said not a chance in the world for him to live."

James Lee: "Who was the doctor?"

Officer Sullivan: "Some good Samaritan that didn't like the poor blicity of a man dyin' right in his face. I've seen him many times. He had a musstash. I don't know his name."

James Lee: "How old was the doctor?"

Officer Sullivan: "He was a middle-aged lad somewhere between forty and sixty. He had a musstash."

James Lee: "Thank you, Sergeant."

GRIFFIN MILBURN, redcap at the Ferry Building: "Yass, suh, Mistah Lee. I remembers de gruesome details mighty well."

James Lee: "What did the doctor look like?"

Redcap: "Look like a middlin' able-bodied doctor. Sho quick on de trigger. Had poor Mr. Hoffman's coat an' vest unbuttoned an' wipin' de blood off his face befo' anybody figgered on ringin' for de ambulance."

James Lee: "I want to find that doctor. Tell me something about him that will help me. What was the difference between him and a thousand other doctors?"

Redcap: "Lemme see . . . dogged if I knows. . . . Wait a minnit! He never smelled like no doctor."

James Lee: "What do doctors smell like?"

Redcap: "You knows whut dey smells like, Mistah Lee—sort of a cross between deodorizin' a henhouse an' hospitals. You know whut de medicines smell like whut dey uses around hospitals. All de doctors smells like dat."

James Lee: "What did the doctor who examined Mr. Hoffman smell like?"

Redcap: "He never smelled like no doctor—smelled more like a doghouse. . . . I don't mean a doghouse—smelled somethin' like a dog."

James Lee: "Do you mean he smelled like a wet dog—like a dog smells after he comes in out of the rain all wet and dirty?"

Redcap: "Naw, suh, dat ain't whut I means at all. Dis man smelled like a dog smells whut is travelin' on de Overland. High-toned. You knows de aroma of dem nigh-toned dogs, Mistah Lee."

James Lee: "You wait right here—I'll be back in five minutes."

James Lee, returning from a drug store one block from the Ferry Building, facing Griffin Milburn, the redcap, hauled a bottle of Rover's Mange Remedy out of his pocket. "Shut your eyes," he said to the redcap. "Is this what that doctor smelled like?" Mr. Lee removed the cork from the bottle of Rover's Mange Remedy and waved it within six inches of the redcap's nose.

Griffin Milburn agitated his nostrils and then, quickly, "Yass, suh, Mistah Lee! Dat's exactly de medicine dat de doctor smelled like! Just like whut a fust-class dog smells like whut travels on de Overland wid rich folks—travels in de baggage car, dat is. . . ."

In a room adjoining the offices of the captain of the guard in San Quentin, facing Roy Miner, "I want to talk to you about the Hoffman murder," James Lee said.

"Go ahead and talk," Roy Miner sneered. "I got lots of time. Twenty years. I pulled a murder of my own."

"Well, let's talk about your murder," James Lee suggested. "Off the record, why did you kill Sugar Eva?"

Roy Miner scowled. "On the record I killed her because I caught her with Barber Joe Crane."

JAMES LEE smiled thinly. "I think you're a liar. Sugar Eva was no prize. Why did you kill her?"

"I killed her because I caught her with that damned greasy Crane."

"You pulled a messy job and now you're trying to pull a messy story. Come clean."

"I'm giving it to you straight. She was slobbering around over that man the same way she slobbered around over that rat-faced poodle that she always lugged around with her."

Evenly, "You slipped on the poodle detail. You overlooked a bet!" James Lee said. "He barked too much."

"I know it," Roy Miner nodded. "If I'd bumped off the dog I'd have been in the clear. The damned little mangy cur barking until the landlady opened the room and . . . found Sugar Eva."

James Lee yawned. "Well, we all make mistakes. I've made half a dozen of them on this Hoffman murder. What I want you to do is to help me line up a few ideas. You know all the big shots in the diamond racket. Which one of them killed Hoffman?"

"Probably Edith Arnold."

"Don't kid me. She was in Berlin."

"Then it was Fat Sam Kent. He has always been a killer."

"Don't kid me a lot more. Fat Sam was in Bermuda. You're in here for twenty years on the Sugar Eva deal. Help me out on this Hoffman thing and I'll do what I can for you with the parole board."

Roy Miner gritted his teeth. Under his breath so that the two prison guards in the captain's office could not hear him, "To hell with you," Roy Miner snarled, "you crazy fool. I'll help you into hell the first chance I get."

James Lee shook his head slowly. "Maybe not," he said gently. "I just thought of something. I'll have to ask Barber Joe Crane about it."

IN LOS ANGELES, following a check of Roy Miner's alibi in the Hoffman murder, James Lee asked the police department for the exhibits in the Sugar Eva Brady killing. He devoted three minutes to a brief inspection of the photographs of the bullets that the surgeons had removed from Sugar Eva's fat body. Then to the police lieutenant in charge of these exhibits: "Please ask one of your men to get me a reservation on the first eastbound plane to Chicago. Lend me your car, will you? How much time have I got?"

In a moment, after a quick look at the airplane schedules: "You've got forty-five minutes. I'll phone out to the airport and have them hold the plane."

"Thanks, Lieutenant. Do that, please. Goodby, old man. Many thanks for all the favors." Hesitating then for five seconds: "I wish you'd wire the chief of police in Chicago over my signature to bring in Barber Joe Crane. Ask the chief to hold him till I get there."

IN CHICAGO, facing Barber Joe Crane in the chief's office, "Who shot Karl Hoffman?" James Lee asked.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I'll tell you what I mean. Roy Miner killed Sugar Eva Brady. He says he found you with her. That's his reason for killing her. Sort of a joke, isn't it?"

"I don't get you."

"You'll get me in a minute. Roy Miner is no love killer. He and Sugar Eva rigged the Hoffman murder. What I want to know is who killed Hoffman. Did Eva shoot him or did you?"

Barber Joe sneered. "You're crazy."

"What were you doing in San Francisco the night Hoffman was shot?"

"I wasn't in San Francisco."

"You were in San Francisco. You and Sugar Eva trailed the old man down Market Street in his taxicab. One of you shot him. Listen to me. The bullets that killed Sugar Eva and the bullets that killed Karl Hoffman were fired from the same gun."

Barber Joe Crane's face went white. "I don't know nothing about that. I never done it."

James Lee nodded. "Very well," he said pleasantly. "You've got a poor memory. I'm not going to bother with you. I'm out for the diamonds. What did you do with them? Sugar Eva turned them over to you, didn't she? That's the reason Roy Miner shot her. That's the only reason he'd shoot her. Where are the diamonds? How many of them have you sold? The chief's men tell me you've been too prosperous lately."

Continuing: "You might as well come clean. They're going to hang you for the Hoffman murder. Tell me where you've got the diamonds. Maybe I can break the sentence down to life for you."

Barber Joe Crane stared straight ahead for a moment. Then he gulped his lungs full of air. "I've got the diamonds in my box at the bank," he said quietly. "Do what you can for me, will you? I sold three of them. . . . Don't let 'em hang me, Mr. Lee! I didn't shoot Hoffman. Sugar Eva shot him."

James Lee nodded. "That's what I thought," he said quietly.

TO NEWELL SAVAGE over long distance, "You can cable the London office that we have recovered all but three of the diamonds," James Lee reported. "Sugar Eva Brady shot Hoffman. Roy Miner was the phony doctor who looked him over at the Ferry Building."

"But they were in Los Angeles!"

"They were there before and after the old man was killed," James Lee explained. "Two hours up to San Francisco and two hours back on an airliner."

"Well, I'll be darned! . . . You've done the slickest piece of work I ever heard of! How did you crack the case?"

"I'll tell you all about it Thursday. I'm flying back tonight."

Late Thursday afternoon, "The redcap at the Ferry Building gave me the lead on the case," James Lee explained to Newell Savage. "When he described the doctor who examined Hoffman he said that the doctor smelled like a dog. I played a hunch. I remembered the barking dog in Sugar Eva's murder. The doctor was Roy Miner. The smell on him was the poodle's mange remedy. That's all there was to it. The minute I compared the photographs of the bullets that killed Sugar Eva and Karl Hoffman the case was cinched. . . . Maybe you'd better hand that redcap the reward check. His nose saved your company a lot of money."

BUT MOTHER, I TOOK A LAXATIVE AND I *Still* FEEL HEADACHY!

Laxative action IS NOT ENOUGH ..YOU MUST ALSO CORRECT ACIDITY

See what a marvelous difference in the way you feel when you take Sal Hepatica—the laxative that cleanses system and combats the acidity that accompanies constipation!

How often have you said to yourself, "That laxative worked . . . Why don't I feel better? Why do I still feel 'tired', listless, headachy?"

Do you want to know why? Because that laxative you took did only *half* the job! For while the usual laxative does cleanse your intestinal tract, it is not designed to correct the general acid condition that accompanies constipation!

What remarkably different results you get from Sal Hepatica! For this is the *one* laxative that does BOTH—that gives you prompt laxative action *and* combats acidity!

Just take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Almost at once the alkaline action of this mineral salt laxative begins to correct your acid condition and to restore your alkaline reserve.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS FOR . . .

Sal Hepatica
(ORIGINAL)
Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

- COLDS
- HEADACHES
- INDIGESTION
- UPSET STOMACH
- NERVOUSNESS
- UNNATURAL FATIGUE

★

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

At the same time, it gently yet thoroughly cleanses your intestinal tract . . . frees your body of clogging wastes and poisons!

Take Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative! And see what a difference it makes when you correct acidity as well as cleanse your system!

★ ★ ★

TUNE IN! "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Every Wednesday night, over National Broadcasting Network.

7:10 A. M. Feels unnaturally "tired", listless, has nasty headache.

7:15 A. M. Takes 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water.

9:15 A. M. Just 2 hours later. Feels great. Fit and ready for day's activity.

SAL HEPATICA *The Mineral Salt Laxative that corrects acidity*

Collier's

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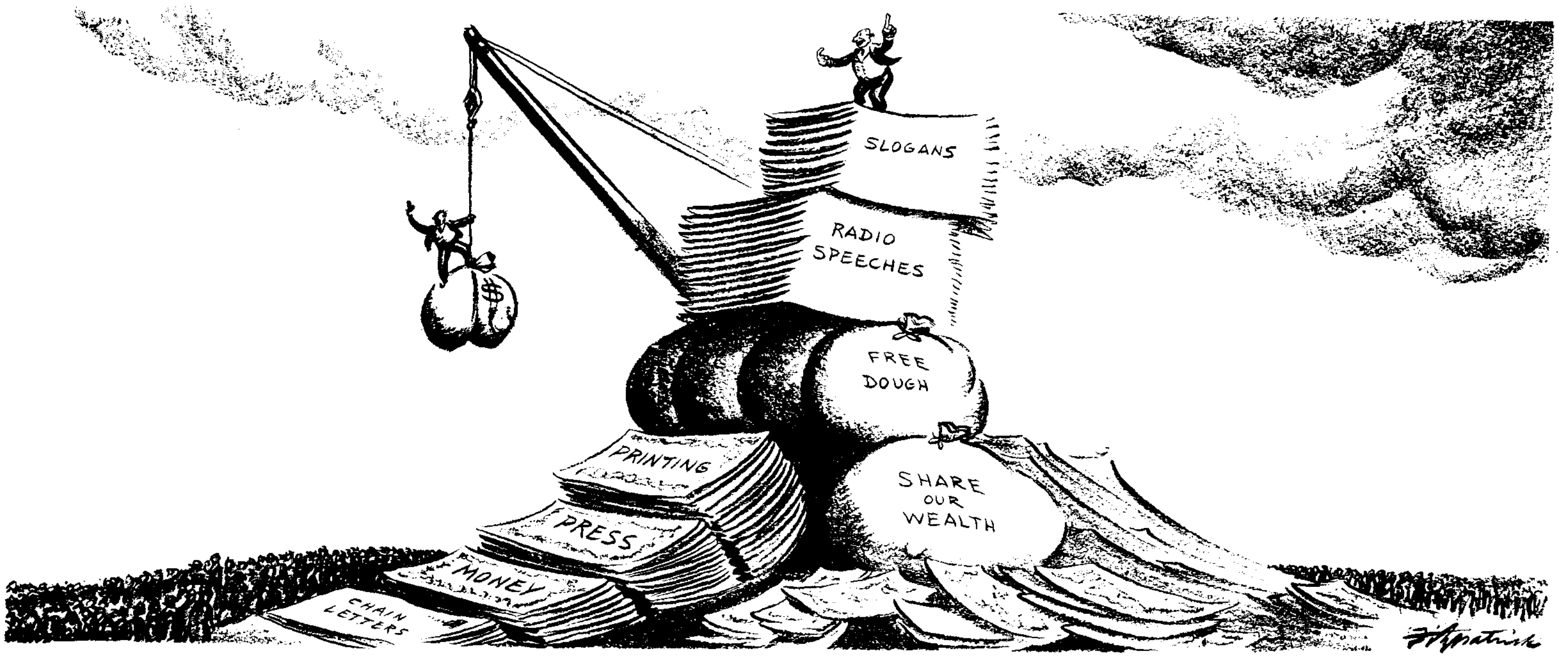


Let's Not Go Goofy

WHEN a peddler pleaded in a Brooklyn court that he had not enough money to pay for a license, the magistrate gave him this remarkable advice:

"Take home relief. The city has plenty of money. Taking relief is not charity: it's just a redistribution of wealth."

This judicial pronouncement might well be entered in any competition open exclusively to outpatients of Bedlam. It would be hard to find a looser or a more foolish or a meaner interpretation of the really magnificent effort of the nation to feed the hungry and to care for the helpless during a great period of stress and emergency.

What one light-headed city magistrate says in a minor court is important only as it is typical of what more important people say and as it expresses a national tendency. Unfortunately, too many people in the United States think that the public till is inexhaustible and that it is no sin to get what is obtainable from the public pocket for any purpose and by any means.

This is a very stupid and a very menacing attitude. After all, the strongest group politically in this country consists of taxpayers. Once the taxpayers are persuaded that relief money is being frivolously wasted, immediately a reaction against all relief will set in.

People in a reactionary state of mind are seldom either generous or discriminating. Certainly now the friends of public relief will be well advised to do everything possible to keep relief on a sane and honorable basis and not to confuse it with half-baked doctrines of revolution.

Redistribution of the national income is in the air. Governor Philip LaFollette of Wisconsin, for example, said frankly enough for his Progressive Party: "What we'd like to see the government do is to consciously assume responsibility for the distribution of income."

Governor LaFollette says he does not expect the government to assume "the responsibility of administering every shoe store and small factory." The little fellows are to be left free to get whatever profits they can. He seems to forget, however, that national income is not a lump sum to be neatly distributed by an all-wise and just government. National income is the sum of the productive efforts of all the people, big and little, farmers and garagemen, manufacturers and dancers, torch singers and movie stars. Distributing it is a large program for the United States.

Governor LaFollette hopes, no doubt, to help small business men at the expense of large corporations. To favor the little business man and to stand against the large corporation has always been popular politics in the United States. The LaFollettes have been sincere in advocating this principle.

Other politicians using the same words have been sincere and some, of course, are just demagogues. Desire to help the little man and to frustrate the big corporation accounted for the deep-seated hostility in Congress toward the NRA. The sentiment is widespread. Unfortunately, it is weak on the side of reason and experience and just now it is badly confused with such extraneous ideas as the redistribution of national wealth and similar slogans of middle-class radicalism.

There is room enough in logic and reason for great diversity of opinion and principle. We would doubtless be better off if we had strong and consistent bodies of radicals and conservatives as well as liberals. Soft-headed parties of any breed are not, however, of much use to the country or to their members. Wishful thinking gets nowhere.

If a political group, whether radical or merely liberal, wants to stand on the principle of redistribution of wealth, it must be practical. It is, for example, wholly useless to talk about redistributing wealth and at the same time to talk about helping the small business man against the big business corporation.

If the small business unit is to be forcefully aided by the government and the big business is to be set back, then we must face the fact that our total national income will be smaller. Big business produces more. Communist Russia understands this. So the Soviet government encourages mass industry and copies the technique of American manufacturers in order to increase Russia's national income.

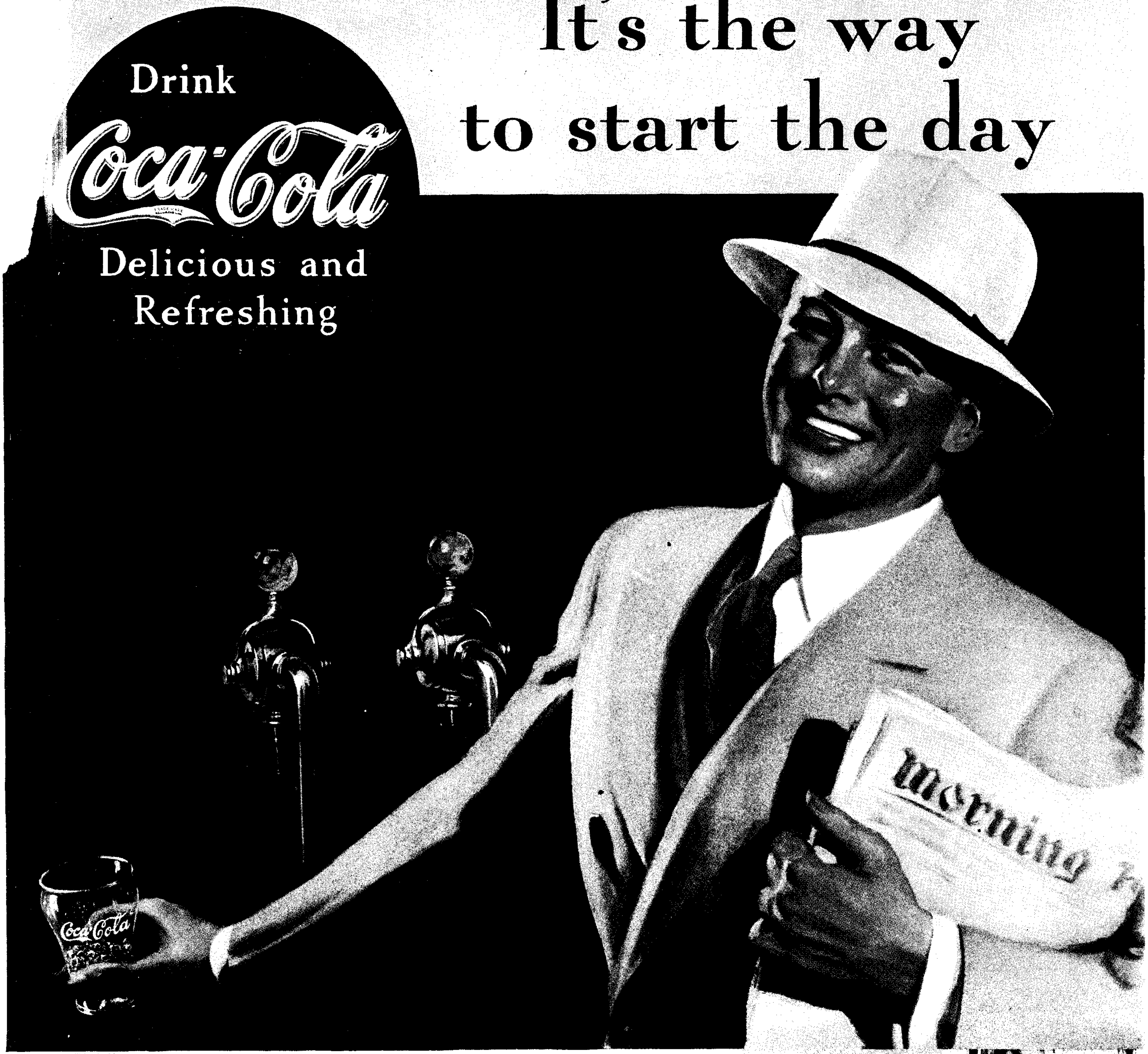
Governor Floyd B. Olson, of Minnesota, is another shining exemplar of fuzzy political talk. He says: "Our economic system, instead of being run for profit, must be run on a basis of production for use."

As a program of recovery, or of revolution for that matter, his slogan is meaningless until some practical policies are announced. Industry in this country is and always has been both for profit and for use. If the automotive industry or agriculture did not produce articles which could be used, neither would exist very long. Even in Russia a particular industry must make a profit if it is not to be a parasite on industries which do make profits.

We need, as seldom before in our history, clear thinking and plain speech from sincere leaders of public opinion. Not often have so many goofy crackpots preached so much nonsense to so many people. A few are very realistic. Senator Huey Long talks about redistributing wealth and proceeds within a few months, as an attorney for Louisiana, to collect for himself a considerable fortune from corporations doing business in the state over which he presides as political boss. Practical but not new or revolutionary!

Affairs are mending in this country and in due course we shall unquestionably work out the problems which now are difficult and troublesome. We shall proceed faster in whatever direction we take if we insist on straight talk from the whole group of those who claim our attention and offer their wisdom for leadership.

It's the way to start the day



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Old Dutch gives you something not found in any other cleanser...

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These colorful new Old Dutch holders made of highly polished Plaskon are attractive bathroom, kitchen or laundry accessories. Easily fastened to the wall, they're smart and practical . . . save many steps . . . the handiest way to keep the world's handiest cleaning aid.

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